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A NEW VALLEY OF WONDERS

By F. S. Dellenbaugh

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

MANY years ago, while engaged with Major Powell and Professor Thompson in their notable explorations of the Southwest, I had occasion to pass near to a locality dominated by a butte so gigantic that all its neighbors were dwarfed. Neither at that time nor when again at the threshold some years later, was I able personally to explore this splendid region; but a constant desire remained with me, and in 1903, twenty-seven years after my last glimpse of the vicinity, I found myself once more in "Dixie," as Southern Utah along the banks of the Virgin River is designated, with this Titanic mountain of bare rock, the Great Temple of the Virgin, lifting its opalescent shoulders alluringly against the eastern sky. Immediately behind the aggregation of enormous cliffs composing it was our ultimate destination, a marvellous valley, early named "Little Zion" by the Mormons who had settled near its lower end, and spoken of by the natives as Mukoontuweap, a valley practically unknown to the outer world, yet rivalling in beauty and grandeur even the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, and perhaps the Grand Canyon. So this monster butte became our beacon as our "prairie schooner," well laden with paint-boxes, photographic materials, and provender, held steadily on its course under fair May skies, steered skilfully by Brother Brigham, our Mormon pilot, its white sheeted top gleaming in the dazzling sunshine like the bold banner of a Crusader.

Brother Haproy, fresh from the shambles of Wall Street, a mere Lamb in this strange environment, alternated with me the privilege of conversing with Brig, in the pilot-house of the schooner, or of guiding the wayward nose of a youthful mare scarcely yet endowed with a sufficient abundance of horse sense to make riding an absolute delight. Thus we three went forth to our promised land. Close on our left lay the long blue line of the Pine Valley Mountains lifting their snow-streaked summits far above the wonderful labyrinth of many-colored cliffs and buttes and lava-beds threaded by our road, which, now rocky and dry, now sandy and dry, but ever dry, led continually up the deep basin of the river, a region scarcely less extraordinary than the valley of our destination. Except where water can be spread over the ground, the surface all through this country is so devoid of moisture that nothing but plants requiring a minimum is able to exist. Vegetation, therefore, is scattering, aggressive, threatening. At the same time one is surprised by its abundance, as well as by the richness of color and the profusion of exquisite blossoms in spring, the varieties of cacti especially being laden with flowers whose tender petals and soft beauty are a marvel in contrast to the parent stem as well as to the chaotic aridity of the environment. It seems as if a lion and a lamb were verily slumbering at our feet. And not only the cacti, but the "live oak" with its thorn-set leaf, the rabbit brush, the sage, the greasewood, and all the others have their blossoms, while in between, scattered thickly over the unfriendly earth, are mul-

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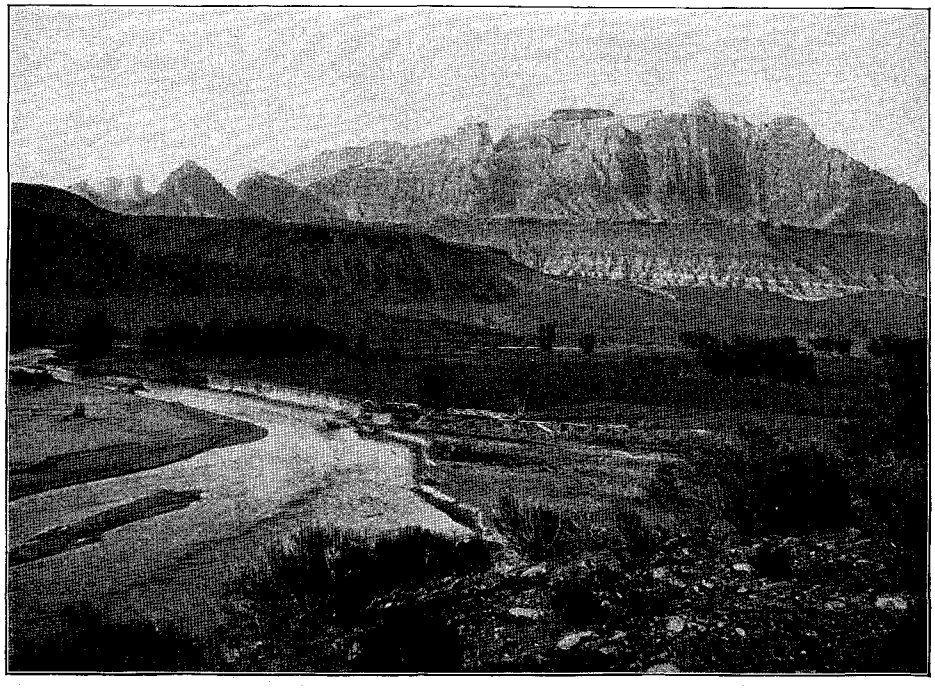
titudes of smaller flowering plants strange to all but the botanical traveller, and some of them, I fancy, still strange to him, yet as fascinating as the pampered products of a hot-house. But where water can be fed to the soil it becomes instantly prolific.

The Mormons being past-masters in irrigation, the rugged land contains a number of districts that, by contrast with the surroundings, rival the Garden of Eden. Here the surroundings of comfortable country life. Again a turn, and the mellow beauty vanishes—not a drop of water then anywhere in sight.

Through such interesting, shifting scenery our schooner sailed on for several days, when Virgin City came in sight. As we approached this oasis we beheld the Great Temple, in full view from barren uplands, looming nearer and ever nearer. At



The Great Temple from Grafton.—Page 6.

grapes, peaches, almonds, figs, pomegranates, melons, etc., of choicest flavor are yielded in abundance. Every few miles the eye is surprised and gratified by the green fields and foliage of one of these bright oases, flowing, also, with milk and wine and honey. Nothing could be more refreshing than a sudden encounter with a broad green stretch of this kind after miles across arid wastes where one begins to imagine meadows, farms, and shady brooks to be mere phantasmagoria—when, lo! a magic turn of the road reveals a sweep of emerald with ditches of dashing water, plume-like poplars of Lombardy, fan-spreading cotton-woods, vineyards, roses, peach and apple orchards, fig-trees, and all

noon we heaved to our craft near the brink of a sharp canyon some five hundred feet deep, a mere gully amidst this extravagant topography, through which the waters escaping from the far up-country fume and fret, though without averting the harness; for the ever industrious Mormons have pushed into the depths and guided the stream by strategy to fields miles below. Around us in every direction tower incredible cliffs, buttes, pinnacles, gloriously painted, astonishingly sculptured, yet rendered insignificant by that masterpiece of Time, the Great Temple. Under the noonday sun it glows with an iridescence that intensifies its magnitude. The delicacy of the merging tints of red and white

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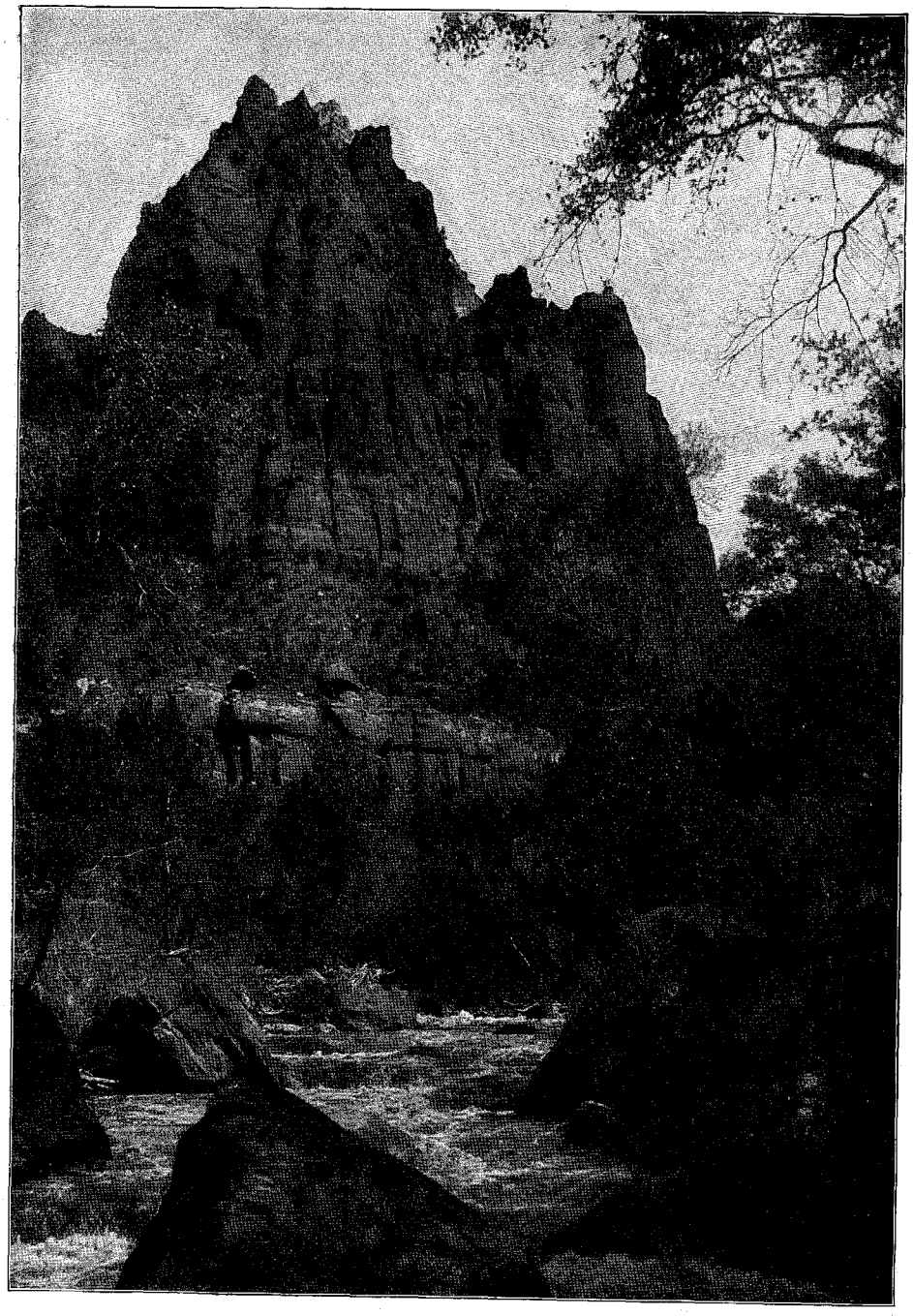

A huge vermilion pyramid whose precipices cleave the sky.—Page 15.

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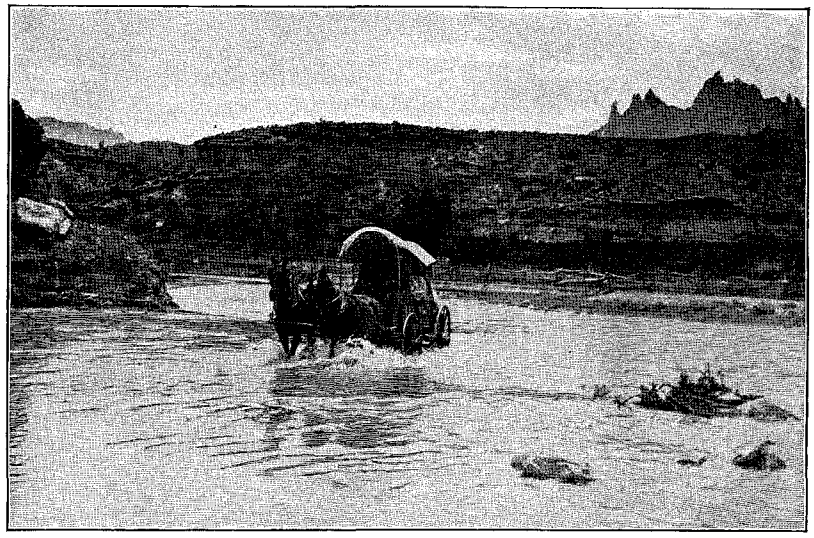
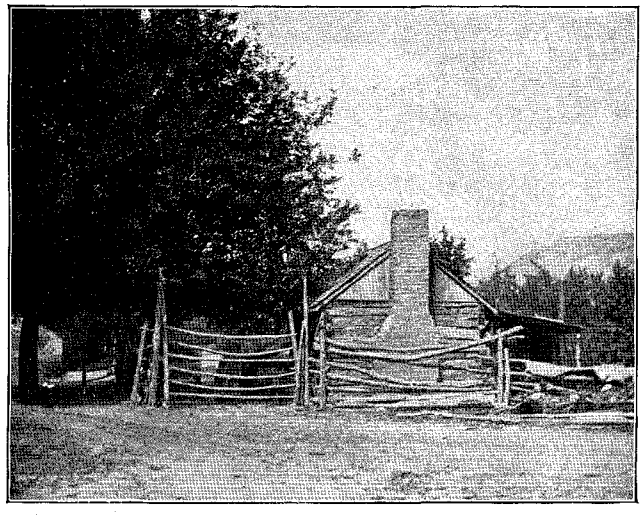


Entering the valley from the Paroonuweap.—Page 11.

and creamy yellow, with tones of soft vermilion spread here and there athwart the white, like Alpenglow transfixed, is discouraging enough to the brush of the painter crouching in the shadow of the schooner. The foreground is gravelly desert sprinkled with the exquisite green of the sage-brush, inhabited, apparently, only by lizards, one large, active specimen resenting our intrusion by a series of angry hisses. Away below, sage-covered slopes extend to the distant green of Virgin City, overshadowed by the towering magnificence of the Great Temple, standing unique, sublime, adamantine. One hardly knows just how to think of it. Never before has such a naked mountain of rock entered into our minds! Without a shred of disguise its transcendent form rises preëminent. There is almost nothing to compare to it. Niagara has the beauty of energy; the Grand Canyon, of immensity; the Yellowstone, of singularity; the Yosemite, of altitude; the ocean, of power; this Great Temple, of eternity—

"The Titan-fronted, blowy steeps
That cradled Time."



A typical frontier home, Southern Utah.

One feels here in sympathy with Childe Roland halting before the Dark Tower, yet is uncertain whether, like him, to blow a blast of defiance or, like a Moslem at Mecca, to fall in prayerful homage.

Indeed, we are at last face to face with the Unattainable; no foot of man has ever touched the summit of this silent shrine, 7500 feet above

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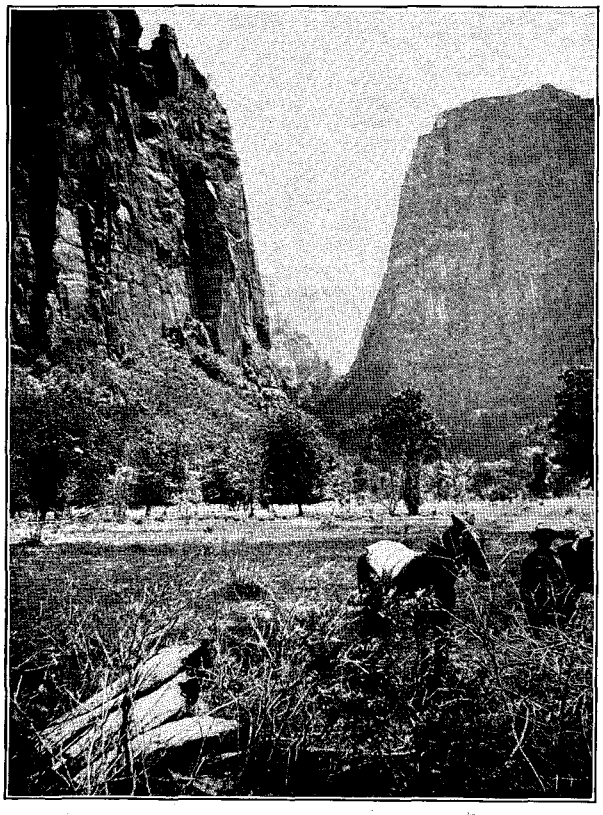
the level of the sea, 4000 above the valley before us. Storm, night, the stars, the sun and moon, the elements, alone hold communion with that pristine crest. Under its shadow we may almost touch the latch-string of eternity; almost see ourselves in the dull mirror of Time. There comes a mounting, darts shafts of light across the summit, the outlying pinnacles are set aflame; gradually the whole array of colors burns out again with all the intensity of yesternoon. To the left the white and red rock-domes of Colob Plateau stand luminous also, the color everywhere in-



Above the Wire it is properly a canyon.—Page 17.

feeling that it ought to speak, to roar, to belch forth fire and brimstone, to give some sign of the throes of world-birth it has witnessed since these rocks were dyed in the antediluvian seas. But only the silence of the outer spheres encircles it; in all that wondrous expanse of magnificent precipices we hear no sound save our own voices and the whisper of the wind that comes and goes, breathing with the round of centuries.

In the morning we discover that the great butte, like a chameleon, has changed color. The rare opalescence has vanished; instead, the rock-mountain palpitates with a heavenly blue, as if metamorphosed to sapphire in a night. But the sun, creasing in brilliancy as the sun falls, till the entire landscape appears kaleidoscopic, yet never harsh or crude. To eyes prejudiced by the soft blues and grays of a familiar Eastern United States or European district, this immense prodigality of color is startling, perhaps painful; it seems to the inflexible mind unwarranted, immodest, as if Nature had stripped and posed nude, unblushing, before humanity.

And the lavish display of color multiplies as we advance along the river, fording the stream occasionally, for in this whole region there are no bridges. At Grafton the poplar-studded fields present their welcome green, intensifying the radi-

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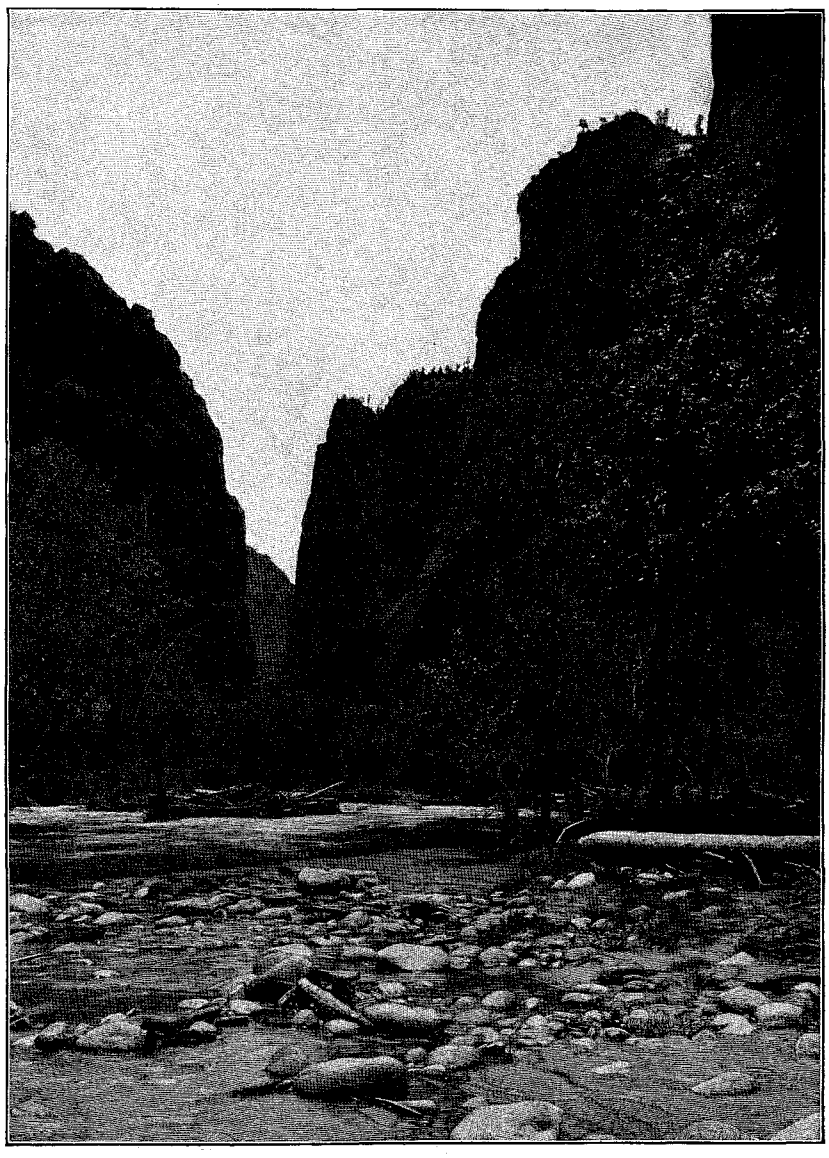

Ever narrower grew the canyon.—Page 17.

ance of the bounding rocks, the Great Temple ever rising supreme. The seven miles from Virgin City to Grafton have brought us more within its spell, yet, though no less overpowering, it now appears less mysterious, less Sphinx-like, less forbidding; the arrangement of the mighty precipices and resplendent colors is better seen, better understood.

The south flank immediately adjoining Grafton is more than a thousand feet lower than the main butte, yet its summit, which has been scaled from the opposite side, is some three thousand feet above the river, at least half this height being perpendicular and seamed by vertical lines of columnar projections from top to bottom. The face of this cliff, being slightly curved toward the south, forms an enormous sun-dial for the people of Grafton, the shadow marking the hour of high noon with considerable exactness. Once

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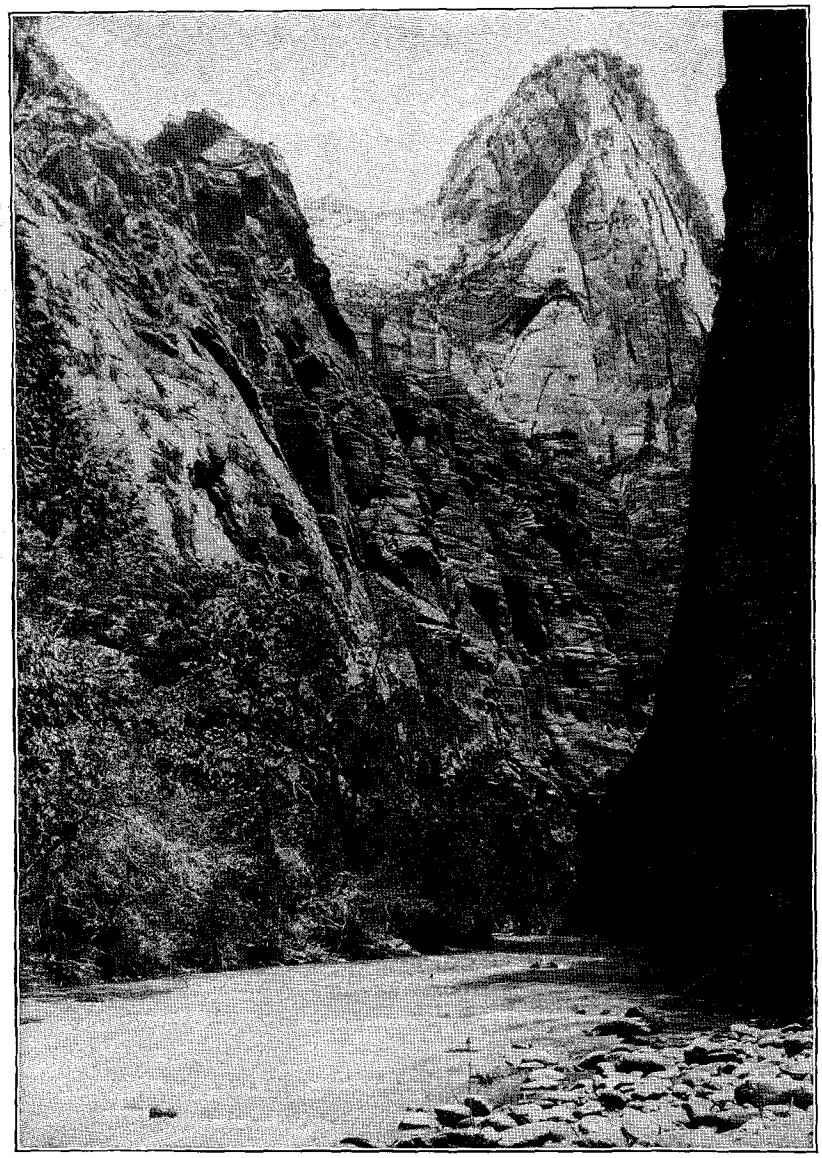

Straight into the jaws of the narrowing chasm.—Page 17.

in a while, as if to strike the flight of the ages, a mass of rock breaks away and crashes in dust and thunder to the bottom.

Grafton has a situation that must some day make it famous, yet one dreads to think of this land being overrun by the ennuied tourist. But with an altitude of only 3000 feet, a superb, dry climate, mild winters, magnificent environment, and a supply of delicious fruits, it cannot long remain unvisited if a railway ever is built within easy reach. The Mormons came here as early as 1861, but in 1867 the entire region had to be vacated on account of Indian troubles, and it was not till several years later that the settlers could return. Now there are twenty-three families, forming a total population of 115. Cliffs and buttes of all sizes, shapes, and colors enclose the valley. Up the cliff-wall to the south a road has been built. There is no way of getting out of the Virgin Valley

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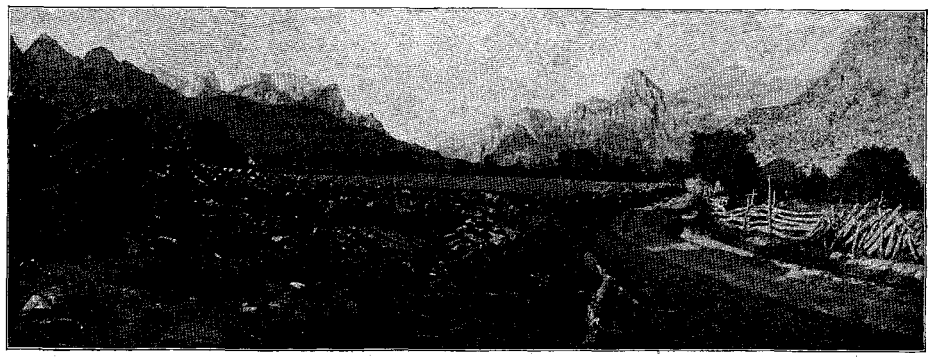
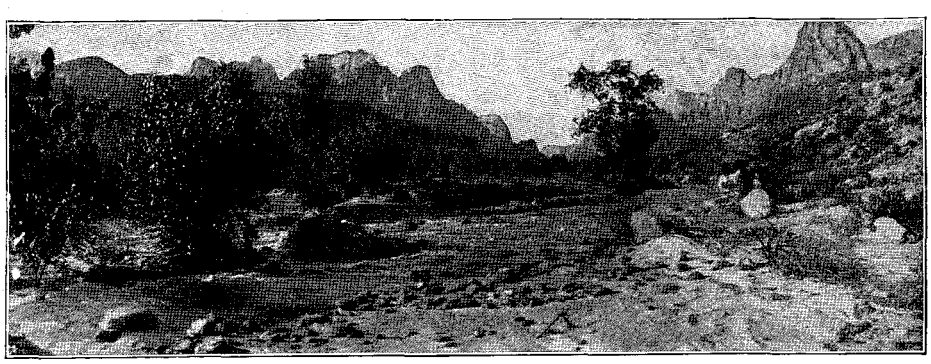


Lower end of the valley.—Page 12.

without a climb of at least a thousand feet, and this is about the height the road at Grafton reaches. From the brink above, a startling vista opens up and down the valley, now seen to be in reality a wide, deep canyon, similar to the Grand Canyon, though on a smaller scale. It is perhaps four miles wide at top, with the bounding rocks broken into a multitude of fantastic buttes, crags, cliffs, towers, temples, pinnacles; and it is this extraordinary *variety of form* which makes the locality so attractive. Continuous straight, high canyon walls, while impressive, are apt to grow monotonous because of their regularity. Here every possible form of erosion seems to be represented.

The immediate flood-plain of the river is only about one-half mile wide, and green, cultivated fields gleam like gems wherever opportunity offers, the stream meandering through them in a mud ravine 900 feet wide, with vertical sides some ten feet high. At flood times the booming waters slash into the sides and sweep away acres of arable land, so that the fields are being constantly diminished in area. Wing dams would afford protection, but the inhabitants are too few to undertake extensive works. This stream appears to me to be only the remnant of a once perennial torrent, the original sculptor of this valley in some past age when ice and snow on the high plateaus to the north afforded a bountiful reservoir. The whole country rises toward the north in a series of Cyclopean steps, and it is through these at right angles that the Mukoontuweap is cut, the Great Temple being but a remnant of the million billion tons of rock-strata which have been carried away by the rains and rivers through eons of time. In this long process of denudation there have doubtless been periods when corrosion was far more rapid than it is now, hence the deep canyons of this locality appear to be sawed down through a landscape which had already been brought to something



Seductive as the realm of some Sleeping Beauty.—Page 12.

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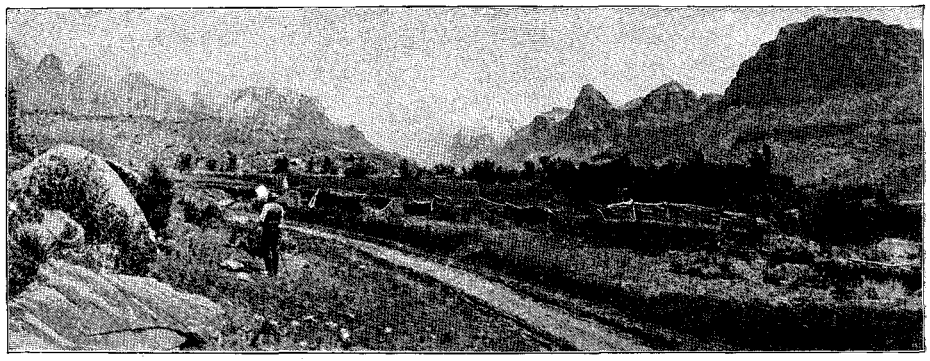
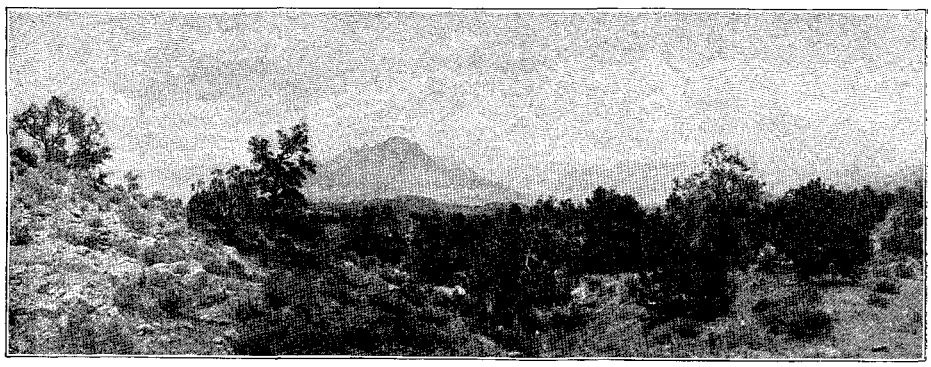


A double line of majestic sculptures.—Page 12.

of its present configuration before they reached their depth. The Virgin River is one of the conduits by which the floods from the High Plateaus of Southern Utah reach the sea, and in their flight they have carried along the incredible amount of denuded material which has been removed in the elaboration of these magnificent cliffs, and temples, and canyons. It has two main branches leading up into the heights of Colob and the Markagunt—the Mukoontuweap and the Paroonuweap, the former the more direct and monopolizing a greater area than the latter, which is compelled to share its waters with the Kanab Canyon, leading more speedily to the Colorado. Consequently the Mukoontuweap, or "Little Zion," is deeper and finer than its companion gorge. These two are, probably, the most extraordinary canyons, so far as width in relation to depth is concerned, in all the West. For a number of miles in each the walls, unbroken and vertical for 2000 feet or more, approach to within twelve or fifteen feet of each other at bottom, and are very close at top, so that they are really merely deep, narrow gashes in the rocks, over-leaning at times to shut out the sky. Major Powell was probably the first white man to traverse these canyons, having gone through the Paroonuweap, at least, in 1872, on foot, of course. The enormous chasms are mainly cut through Triassic sandstone with a capping of the Jurassic, the latter extremely homogeneous. Some of this upper stratum, which apparently has no defined separation from the underlying Triassic, is so soft on the surface that fragments of it crumble at a touch. It is the homogeneity of these rocks which has brought about the extraordinarily massive character of the unparalleled forms designated by the term "temple," a word that seems applicable, for they are not domes or pyramids alone, but often complex aggregations of giant precipices for which it is difficult to find a descriptive name.



Last view of the Great Temple —Page 18.

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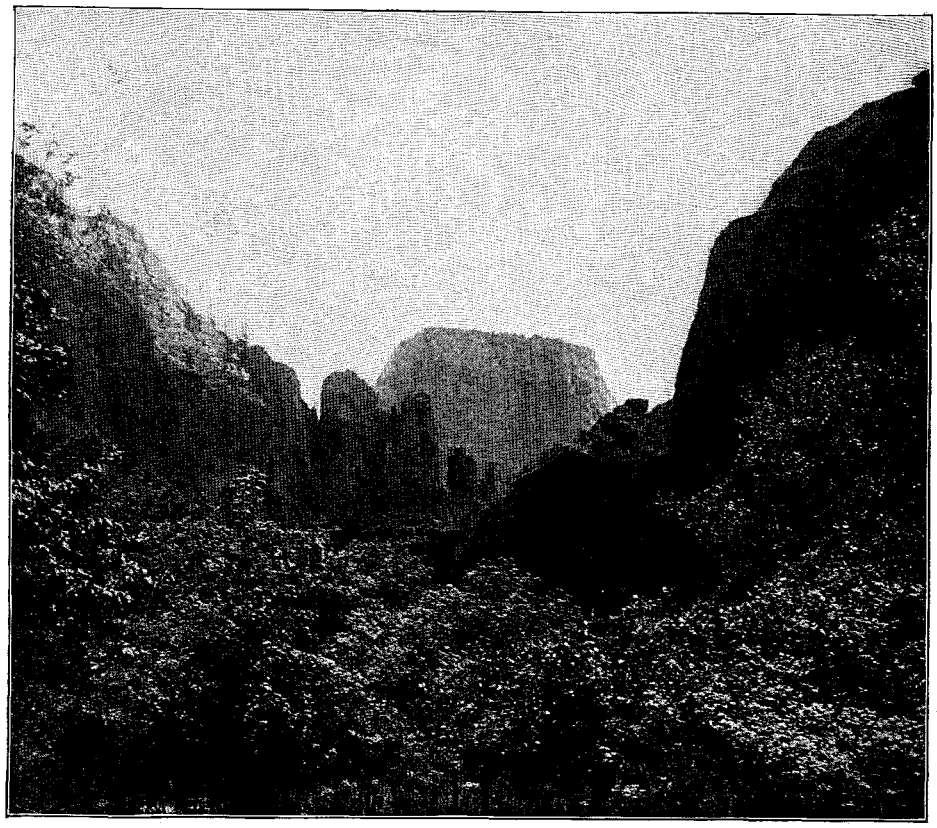

One of the high cliffs, through a break in the red wall.—Page 17.

Fording the river once more at Grafton, we pushed on up the valley, passing in about two miles the village of Rockville, just above which is the mouth of the valley we were particularly to examine; but instead of turning into it we went on up the Paroonuweap branch to a spot called Shoonesburg, once a village of perhaps fifteen families, but now, owing to the encroachments of the river on the fields, reduced to one, occupying a stone house on a naked hill above the group of deserted dwellings. Around, on every side, towered high broken cliffs, forbidding and desolate, making this as weird a location for a solitary family as could well be imagined. Desiring to pitch our camp where we would not be intruding, I mounted the barren, stony hill to make inquiries at the house, which finally stood before me bleak and mysterious like the abodes of the ogres in fairy-stories. The dreary appearance prepared me for a rather unpleasant reception. Hearing strains of music issuing from one portion, I went up to the door and knocked. I opened, expecting to be rather curtly met; but a handsome young fellow, playing a mandolin, most cheerfully said we were welcome to camp wherever we liked. A yard of one of the deserted cabins was selected for anchorage, and beside the tumble-down, half-log, half-adobe affair, long swept by the elements through every door and window, we halted the schooner. Near by, two large rose-bushes in full bloom were reminders of the home life that once went on here. Some declare that there is no home life among the Mormons, but this does not agree with my own observations. Presently an old, old man, neatly dressed as if for church, the day being Sunday, came to see us. He was the master of the bleak house on the bluff, and for forty years had watched the sun ride athwart these toppling rocks. I wondered if it now seemed

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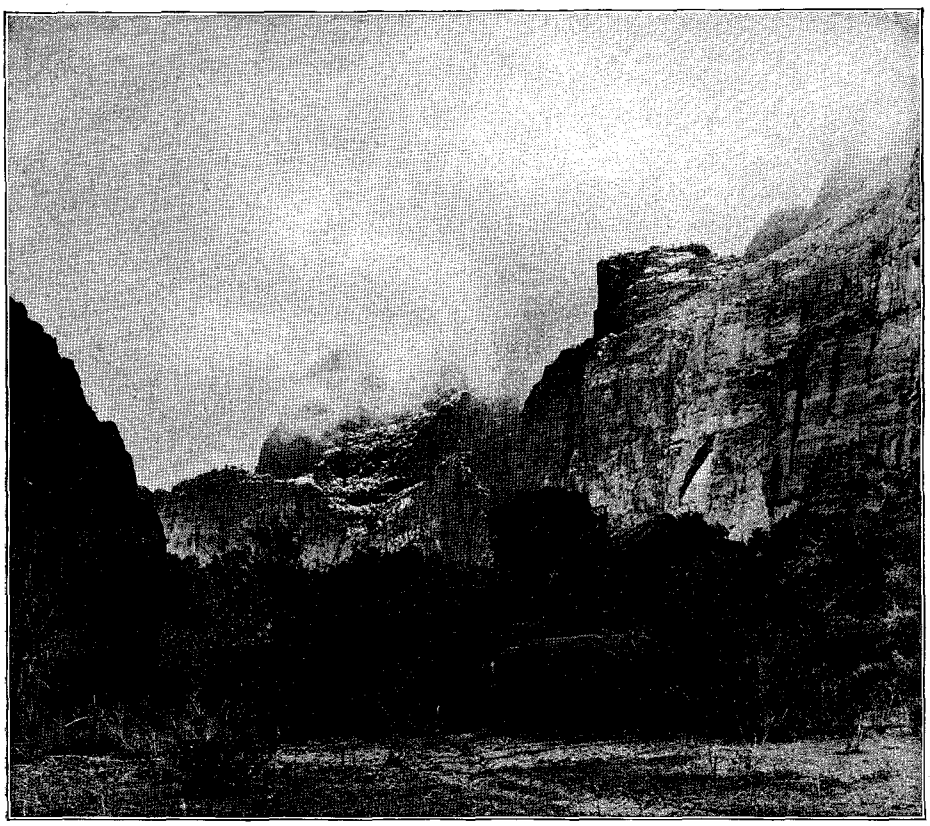

The opalescence was veiled by low-drifting clouds.—Page 16.

to him as much like home as the fair New England meadows of his boyhood. The world here seems still in the making, and humanity scarcely sheltered from the blows of Nature's sledge.

Leaving the schooner anchored by the roses, we explored on horseback up the Paroonuweap Canyon as far as we could conveniently go, splashing back and forth across the stream and breaking through underbrush which at length, after about four miles, became so dense that the swift-flowing water full of bowlders was the only path open to us. We therefore turned about and reached our camp again just before dark. It is a beautiful gorge, but above Shoonesburg is less broken than below, and consequently not so interesting pictorially. Five or six miles above the point we reached is the mouth of the narrowest part, the deep gash in the strata before referred to. Sailing down from Shoonesburg we came about noon to the forks, and, fording both branches, stood at last ready to enter the Mukoontuweap, the Little Zion. At a solitary house I secured a specimen of the ancient pottery of the locality, dug from a grave. Pottery-making was extensively practised by the Indians who occupied all these valleys and canyons long ago. Those Indians who were living here when the whites first came belonged to the Pai Ute branch of the Shoshone stock. Just what their relationship to the pottery-makers was has not been determined. The Pai Utes have all been gathered into the neighborhood of Santa Clara, near St. George, so an Indian is a rarity on the upper Virgin.

No sooner had we fairly swung into the entrance of the west-branch valley than we perceived its immense superiority in point of grandeur and coloring to all else save the Great Temple. The latter, however, is itself a part of the rare valley, for it forms the western gate-post, and is the forerunner

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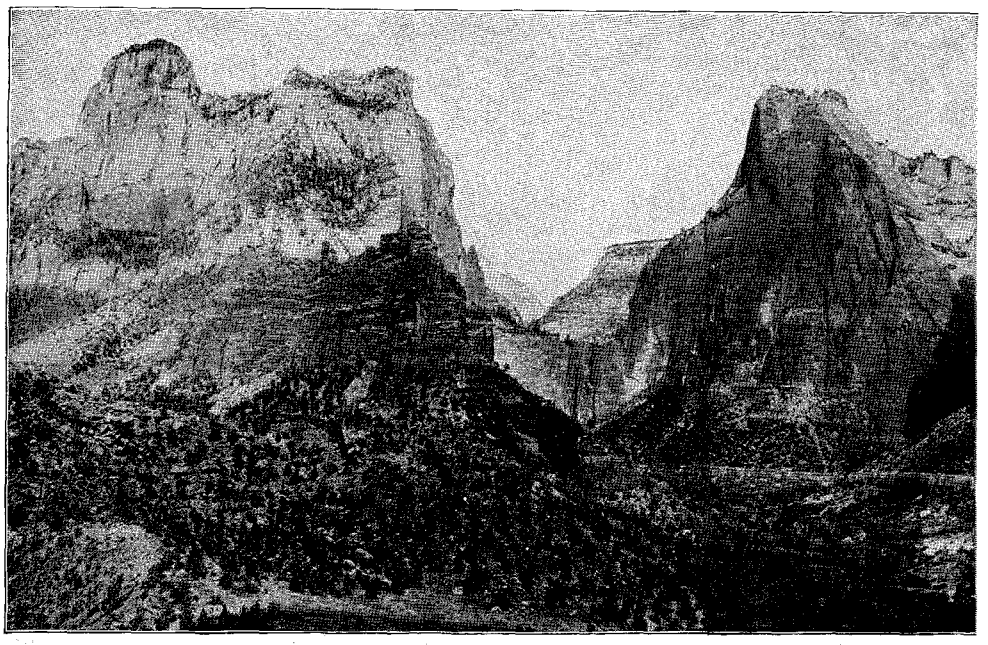

The Amphitheatre—the very heart

of numerous other temples, some of them reaching up close to the altitude of its own mighty head. With the Great Temple on the one hand looming 4000 feet, and on the other one of more than 2000, the spectator is instantly enveloped in the maze of cliffs and color, a double line of majestic sculptures—domes, pyramids, pinnacles, temples, sweeping away to the north, dazzling with vermilion, orange, pink, and white—all scintillating in the burning sunlight with an intensity not comprehensible to those who have never had the good fortune to breathe this lambent air amidst the overwhelming profusion of color. And the splendor of all this exquisite Nature-painting is enhanced by the soft green of the cultivated fields and foliage of Springdale, the last settlement in this direction. The white summits of carved stone shine and shimmer like snow mantles against the sky, whose enchanting blue, flecked here and there by a drifting cloud, repeats on high the azure of the shadows, and gives the finishing touch to the panorama—to the opalescence of the valley. Yet with all this wonderful play of colors there is nothing garish or bizarre about this Opalescent Valley; sky and cliff and bottom-land are blended harmoniously into one picture.

The Great Temple, as it is approached from the west, at first appears ominous, forbidding, and we might expect the valley which it guards to offer a similar impression; but now the Temple from this point seems quite indifferent, in its attitude, while the Opalescent Valley itself opens wide and smiling, seductive as the realm of some Sleeping Beauty. But fairy-like though it is, we are sharply reminded by certain inward pangs that man cannot live by sight alone, and as we rumble along the single street of Springdale we look about eagerly for some propitious spot where to set a mid-day blaze in honor of Epicurus. Bishop Gifford kindly placed his yard at our disposal, and into its capacious harbor our schooner sailed to a comfortable anchorage. A wide-spreading mulberry-tree threw its thick boughs above us, and from there we could peer out at the amazing back of the Great Temple, a hopeless wall of adamant. The highest point yet reached by the boldest mountaineer is easily distinguished from this spot. Some think there is a chance that one day the apex will be attained. If some reader wishes to vanquish this rock monster, the way for trial is plain. Springdale is the best starting-point, and the Mormons will treat him

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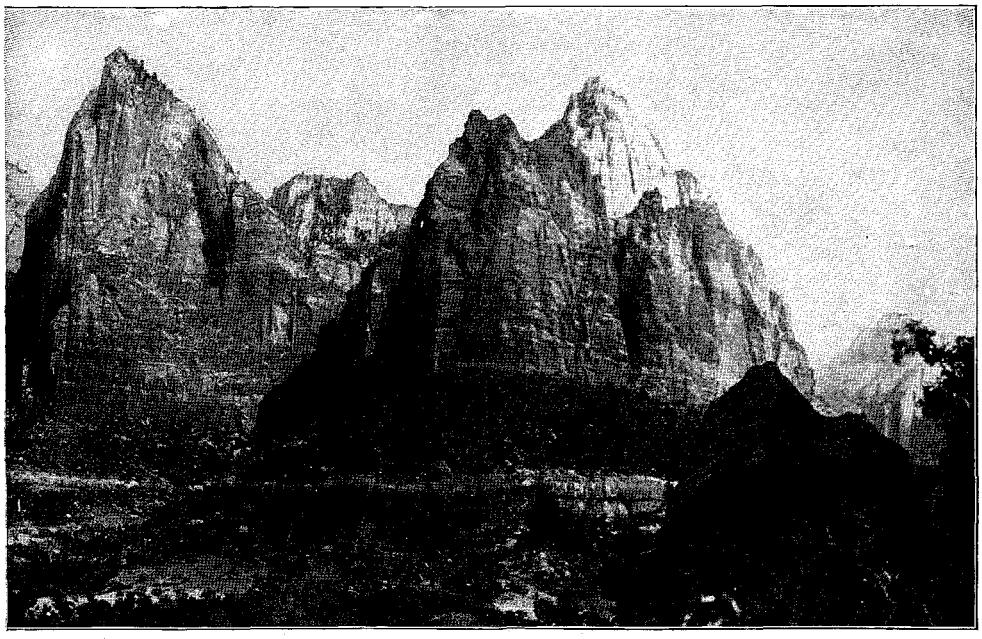

of the Opalescent Valley.—Page 18.

well. They are always agreeable and accommodating, and our stay in this beautiful valley was rendered more delightful by this fact. In an experience extending over a period of some thirty odd years, off and on, I have always found the Mormons kindly and helpful. The Indians being harmless anyhow, and gathered together at Santa Clara; there being no desperadoes in the country; and the Mormons themselves being always orderly, travel is perfectly safe and firearms are a useless burden. The laws prohibit the killing of game out of season, and, as the season for most animals is very short, a gun is useless also for hunting. Springdale vies with Grafton in the romantic quality of its location, and it is difficult to decide between them, though the views at the former place are even more unique. Climbing, as a sport, can be carried on here with an unlimited field. Hundreds of summits have never been surmounted; scores of minor canyons have never felt the touch of a white man's foot. As for water, the visitor must not be fastidious. That of the river is wholesome enough, albeit rather gritty. Residents fill barrels in the early morning from the ditches which traverse every village, and allow the compound to settle. After a few hours it becomes palatable—at least so it seemed to me, though Brother Haproy thought otherwise. A few wells have been dug, but they have not always been superior in their product to the muddy fluid of the river. Swiftly it carries the mud along between the mighty rock-forms, its tide a mixture in color of topaz and amethyst. It was well up now, and rolled down its gravelly bed with a vigor that betokened some trouble for our schooner, the way being no longer altogether dry, but, in view of the necessity of crossing some ten times between Springdale and the "Wire," and no bridges, quite the reverse. The Paroonuweap road had also been of this order, but we perceived from the greater volume here that our schooner might possibly ship a sea or two. However, some one had been as far as the Wire, only a day or two before, and the tide was reported at a possible stage, so we set sail with full confidence of reaching our destined port without serious difficulty. The frequent mention of this Wire in conversation made us curious to know about it. A wire was a strange thing to receive so much attention. Inquiry revealed that it was about seven miles further up the valley, the result of the cogitations of a Springdale

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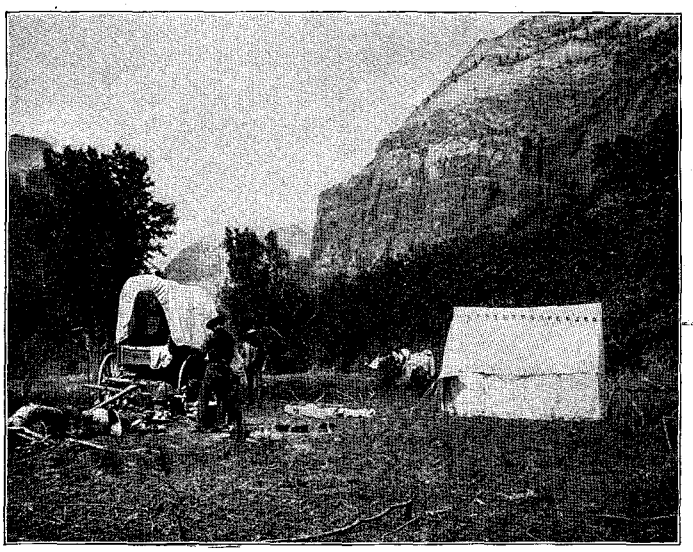
genius, and quite an engineering feat in its way. A trail had been built at the point mentioned, up the cliff to the Colob Plateau, for the purpose of enabling the Springdale people to drive cattle for the summer to the heights, where there is good grazing. Immediately to the right of this trail is a well-nigh vertical cliff, about 3000 feet up from its base. On top of this cliff, on the very brink, young Flanagan constructed a windlass. Down below he built two others a distance apart. Around the three attempting to traverse it slipped and was dashed to death down the precipices. Though now transformed into a horse-trail, it is still a *mauvais pas* enough, and when cattle crowd each other a carcass or two is the result at the foot of some wall. The drive for the season was to be made the day after our arrival at Springdale, and we were invited to accompany the expedition, but other affairs prevented our accepting. As one first approaches the Cliff of the Wire and searches for the trail one



Amphitheatre camp.—Page 18.

he succeeded in passing a series of wires forming a continuous cable. By revolving one of the drums the wire travels up or down, as the case may be, and any object attached ascends or descends at will. By this means supplies are sent up to men staying on the plateau, and various objects are passed both ways. On one occasion a wagon was taken up in parts; on another, a dog was treated to the aerial flight, tied in a basket. It was a week before the dog recovered fully, and since that time the vicinity of the Wire is a place he never visits.

The trail just to the left of the Wire is built along the lines of an old Indian path, formerly a precarious means of getting in or out of the upper end of the valley on foot; how precarious, may be judged by the fact that one of the last Indians knows to be somewhere there, it seems impossible for man or beast to find an exit.

Two miles above the village we passed several houses, the final ones in this direction; henceforth we had the entire valley to ourselves; henceforth these mighty towers and temples reared their stupendous fronts for us alone; for us the river sent up its angry growl as if resenting our intrusion within this realm fit only for the Titan gods. Nearer came the domes and precipices, perpendicular for twice a thousand feet; closer came the great bowlders and bluffs by the river, till we were creeping along a roadway hewn out of the low hills by the Springdale people, who utilize some of the lands above. Without this no wagon could go farther. For a couple of miles the bottom is forbidding, the river roaring at our feet, the precipices leaping to the sky. Ahead are vistas

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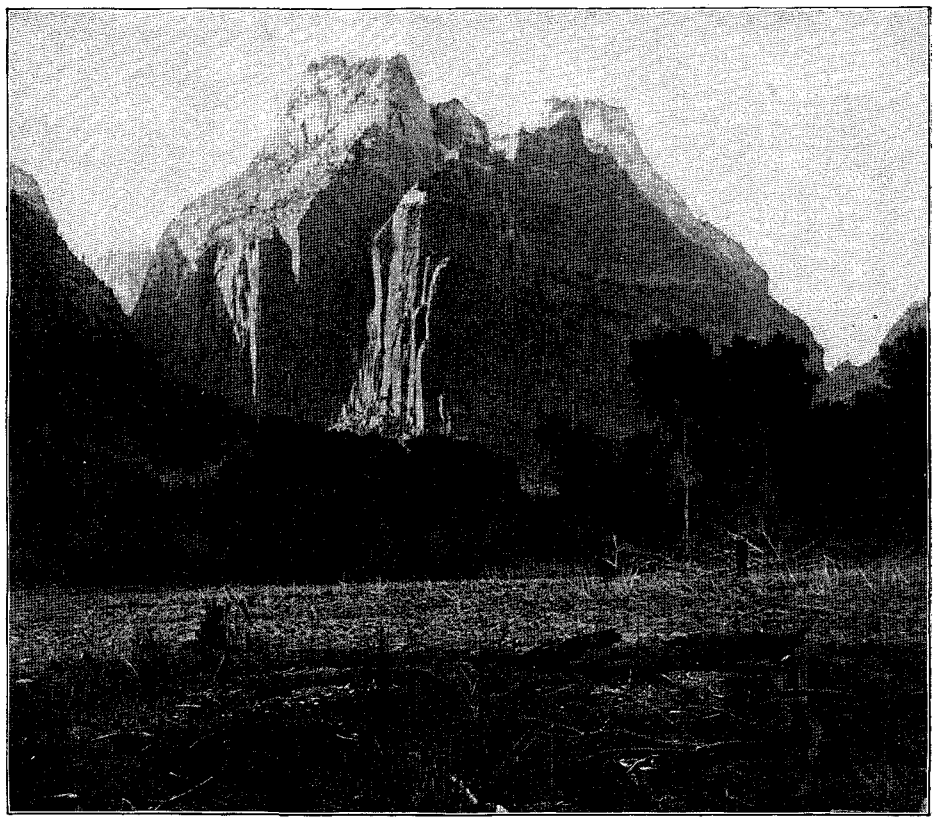

The semblance of some Cyclopean organ.—Page 16.

of even greater pyramids with foreground of beating waters. These seem, indeed, to be balanced in the zenith. They are extraordinary, and though they have not the base-bulk of the Great Temple, they astound us by their beetling, towering character as much as did that giant butte. Words fail to express the sensations inspired by these excessive heights of naked rock. The river constantly forms an appropriate foreground, and at length as we near the upper end of this particular division, one of the most complete pictures of the whole valley unfolds before us. In the foreground are the chaotic masses of red rock through which the river tears its way; green cotton-woods and bushes then inject their note, leading on to a huge vermilion pyramid whose precipices cleave the sky in the May-day sun like a battle-axe, behind and above it rising the still, white rocks of the yet greater pyramids. A little farther on, the road leads out into bottom-lands again, where another phase of the valley begins. I mark four phases in all between the entrance and the upper chasm: the open phase as far as the beginning of the ravine, then the ravine, then the amphitheatre phase extending to the Cliff of the Wire, and finally the last narrowing phase from the Wire to the chasm.

Coming out of the head of the great ravine as upon the floor of another story, the magnificent series of pyramids on the left disclose their full majesty; the little river no longer frets amidst bowlders, but glides with a concentrated intensity. To the west opens a deep alcove, aiding to form here a huge amphitheatre. There are thick groves of cotton-woods in the wide, level bottoms; on the slopes of talus, cacti bloom gorgeously; there also are manzanita with its rich red stem and waxen leaf, sage-brush, and many other plants, cedars, piñons. The blue sky above again touches the right chord in the symphony. Up and

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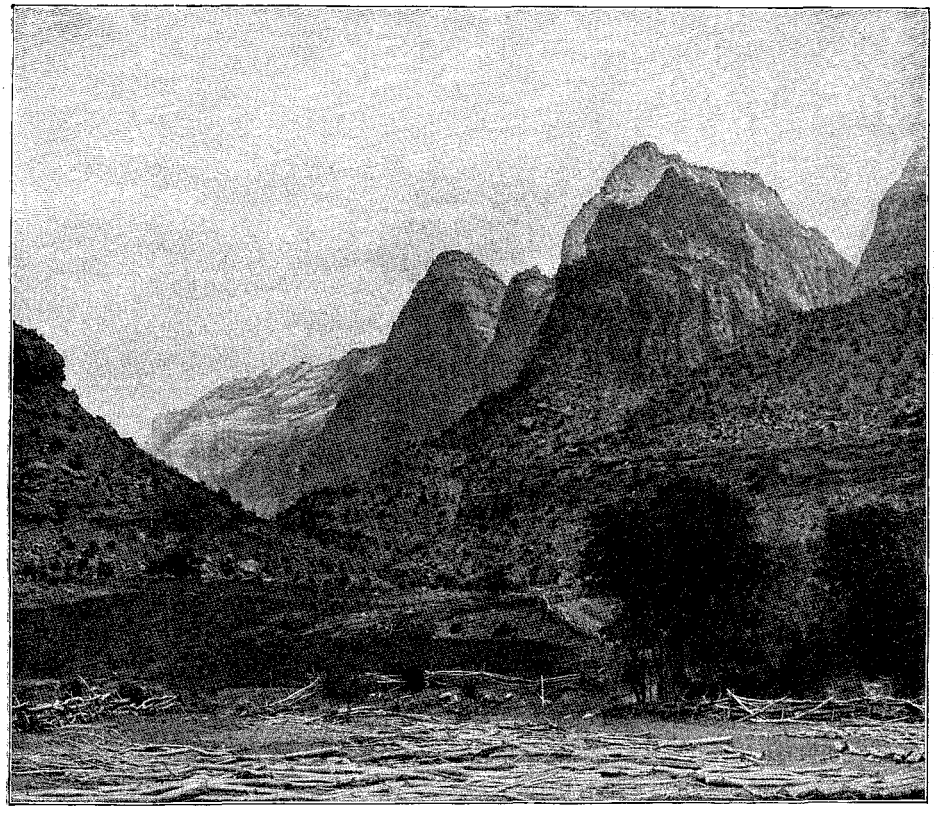

The precipices leaping to the sky.—Page 14.

down, east and west, extends the labyrinthian array of giant rock-forms so magnificently sculptured, so ravishingly tinted. Again we are impressed with the marvellous beauty of outline, as well as the infinite complication, of these Titanic buttes. It is doubtful if in this respect the valley has anywhere its equal. Not even the best part of the Grand Canyon offers a more varied spectacle. There is an isolation of each temple here that is rare, yet all are welded together in a superb ensemble.

A little farther on a particularly separated, enormous composition of naked rock—naked like all the others, except for a scattering of pine-trees on the extreme summits or along some precarious ledge—shot up on the left in the semblance of some Cyclopean organ, its flutings brought out by the waning sun—the Temple of Æolus. The muddy river was much in our way, as we were forced to cross it often, and though it was not too stormy for our schooner, it yet flowed with determination and there was chance of soaking our cargo. Brig's masterful hand, however, carried it through every obstacle—waters, underbrush, driftwood—till at last we paused opposite the Cliff of the Wire, having crossed the stream only ten times. Being in advance, I hunted out the trail with my glass and pointed its position to the others when they came up. For a moment they ridiculed the statement, but a glance through the lenses proved my assertion. Night was drawing on. We found this point to be the head of easy navigation for schooners of our class, so we came to, pitched the tent, tied the horses to trees to prevent their departing from so unpropitious a spot, gave them a portion of the grain and lucern we had brought to keep them a day or two from starvation, and prepared generally for a bad night. The sky looked ugly. There was no use turning the horses out to graze, for the winter

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had been so severe the cattle usually herded here had consumed every blade of grass; even cotton-woods had been felled that the nutritious bark might prevent starvation. Judging from the appearance of the cattle we saw, the margin was very narrow. All about, and everywhere up and down the valley, the fallen trunks lay thick, often threatening to bar the schooner's progress altogether. They will furnish firewood for Springdale later. Cotton-woods are rapid growers, and all along the Virgin are cultivated in the villages for firewood; so the places of these that have been cut will soon be filled again.

Night and the rain fall down upon us together. The clouds sweep and whirl across the brows of the great cliffs, and the Cliff of the Wire multiplies its 3000-foot verticality till it seems to be almost any height one chooses to imagine. The wind, the growling of the stream, the patter of the rain on the roof of the tent, all combine in a drowsy lullaby, and under our canvas we sleep undisturbed. When dawn crept shyly in, the opalescence was veiled by low-drifting clouds. The vast surfaces of bare rock had been soaked through the night, and now we saw shining cascades, quivering and feathery, dropping down from that upper world. These rain-cascades may be seen throughout the wondrous cliff-land of the Southwest, but those of the Mukoontuweap, and some I saw in the canyons of the Colorado, are the highest and most graceful that I remember. About noon, voices rang out from the upper air. But after all, the voices were not exactly angelic, and we knew it was some one descending the trail. A glass trained along the precipice discovered through the mist several small, moving, dark objects, distinguished as men and horses. They were of the party that had driven the Springdale cattle to the plateau. All day long, with one or two brief intermissions, the rain came down, and the clouds rolled among the summits of the cliffs. The air grew colder. Next morning found a thin layer of snow spread over the valley bottom, clinging to every available projection, and whitening the tops of the rock peaks. The horses, half starved and shivering, presented a sorry picture. For them the Opalescent Valley bore no charms. As the day grew older the storm broke, the heights came out in sun again, the snow at our level melted, and we saddled up and went on toward the head of the gorge, leaving the schooner and the tent to take care of each other. The valley so rapidly narrows above the Wire that it is properly a canyon. The walls shoot up sheer, after a talus of about 100 feet, and are from 2000 to 2500 feet in height, with occasional towers of the white sandstone still higher, seen through breaks in the red-wall bends. The color is deep red at bottom, with black streaks, merging into grayish white or whitish gray at the top. Every few hundred yards we forded the swift little river, the current sometimes making the horses feel rather wobbly under one as they slid across the stony bottom. Around one bend we saw, through a break in the cliff, into an alcove formed by the bend above, where a splendid fall five or six feet wide fell at least 800 feet, swaying in the wind. Ever narrower grew the canyon as we advanced, the vertical cliffs constantly approaching, till one felt like the prisoner of Tolfi, "in that rock-encircled dungeon which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive." The bottom was comparatively level, and at the Wire about 800 feet wide. This width fell to about forty at the point we finally reached, where farther advance was next to impossible at the stage of water prevailing. Finally, by plunging once more across the stream, now more concentrated, and back again to the east bank, I succeeded in dragging my horse along talus and through underbrush till I looked straight into the jaws of the narrowing chasm through which the river enters the valley. When Haproy and Brig came up, we concluded that the discomforts of progress onward at this stage of water outweighed advantages, and we decided to return. On the way back, as in going up, we forded the stream ten or twelve times. Adding to this the ten crossings between the Wire and Springdale, it made a total of about forty fordings before we should again reach the settlement. Most of these fords could be avoided by a comparatively small amount of work necessary for a wagon to pass along the foot of an occasional talus, or through thickets of underbrush and cotton-woods. In the event of a saw-mill being built on the high plateau,

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the people of the valley will construct the road. It is proposed to send the sawed lumber down on the Wire and haul it by wagon to Springdale.

Our horses now began to look gaunt and haggard from lack of feed. It was plain we could not linger at the Wire. Climbing the trail to view the wonders of the upper country, with its forests, wild-cats, cougars, mountain sheep, deer, and bear, was out of the question. We therefore reluctantly loaded the schooner again, put the helm hard aport, and went down with the current in the late afternoon. Never could the valley appear more resplendent than on that beautiful day as the sun streamed out of the West, sweeping the flanks of the precipices with a ruddy brilliance that intensified the gorgeous hues tenfold, while the shadow portions grew more sombre, fading at a distance into a rich cerulean bloom, broken by the dark green of cotton-wood groves. Surely it was a setting for a fairy-tale!

Just before the river, on the way down, breaks into the ravine, we made our camp on a piece of level bottom facing the grandeur of the mighty rock peaks of the Amphitheatre, and for a couple of days our eyes revelled once more in the play of color and grace of form abounding in this heart of the valley. Our enjoyment was enhanced by an opportunity we had through a passing rider of sending our famished horses down to Gifford's to be fed and sheltered. At night the solemn pyramids standing stark against the sky pointed vividly the terrific speed of the earth on its axis. We seemed to be watching the stars from a meteor express. Everything appeared to be shooting along at breakneck rate, till the mind felt dazed at the thought of such reckless whirling through space with these great sentinels of eternity.

It rends the heart to turn from the Amphitheatre, as any reader who may go there will testify; but nevertheless, with a firm resolution against these allurements, the schooner once more was directed toward Springdale, the restored horses pulling with a will, well spurred, no doubt, by recollections of the upper valley in the rear, as well as of oats a-plenty, ahead, down below. A charming day or two at the settlement, and we sadly turned our course toward the entrance to the valley. All too soon we passed beyond its giant gates, swung around the southern foot of the Great Temple, and arrived at Rockville, where for the last time we forded the river. With the help of an extra team, our schooner was towed up the long "dugway" surmounting the thousand feet of precipice that bind the valley immediately on the south, and on top of which our path lay off into Arizona, across broad plains. Mounting, ever mounting, the valley, the fields, diminish below; cliffs that seemed great melt away; others keep us company in their stead; while still others tower to touch the sky, with everywhere and always the Great Temple the chief note in the scale. At last we were on top, amidst a bewilderingly magnificent scene. The whole marvellous landscape circled around us now in one immense sweep, weird and wild to the last degree, with apparently no human life but ours within the vast radius of our vision. Mountain, canyon, cliff, pinnacle, valley, and temple stood forth, naked as in those first hours when lifted out of the enveloping seas; a wonderful, an appalling wilderness, of which Little Zion, the Opalescent Valley, is the heart and culmination. For hours, as we travelled, this all-pervading panorama, so varied and stupendous in outline and in color, threw its enchantment around us. Then nearer high cliffs veiled the Great Temple, its sky-swept crown of vermilion vanished, and with it all the kaleidoscopic region of Little Zion. Yet though the extraordinary cliff-land was gone, our schooner still coasted other cliffs of mighty outline and brilliant hue; still were we sailing through that wondrous "land of space and dreams."

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

I

ANTECEDENTS AND CAUSES OF THE WAR

THE War of 1812 was the second and last fought between the United States and Great Britain. Following that of Independence within the space of a generation, many of the subordinate actors, political and military, in the earlier struggle played leading parts in the later, and in the singular series of events which gradually led up to it. The traditions of colonial days were familiar to them, and they recognized with quick intuition that the British measures of which they complained, and which drove them into war, were closely analogous to, and derived from, the regulations characteristic of the previous colonial relation. The similarity of treatment thus undergone, before and after independence, was emphasized by the tone of leading British ministers toward the remonstrances of the United States. It thus became natural for American statesmen to speak of the acts of Great Britain as renewing colonial bondage, by the imposition, under the plea of belligerent right or necessity, of restrictions permissible to a mother country dealing with a colony, but irreconcilable with a national independence. Hence, the War of 1812 came to be regarded as a second War of Independence, and to be so called; not that there was any expectation of the country being subjugated, but because it had become necessary to resist by force of arms a course of action which practically restored the old conditions of dependence, wherewith the colonies were controlled in their intercourse with the external world.

The methods of Great Britain tended not only to constitute dependence in the general sense of the word. They reproduced specific measures, and embodied specific ideas, peculiar to colonial regulation. It becomes therefore desirable, in order to put this war into its proper relation with American history, to summarize briefly the theory and practice of colonial administration, and to indicate the essentials in which it was attempted to be renewed, under the conditions of independence. This is necessary, not only in order to show the substantial identity of the measures adopted in the two epochs, but also to understand the conflict of views and principles, which made it impossible for the United States to obtain its just freedom of action, unless by being prepared to fight. Such preparation being continuously neglected, the failure led to war; argument being wholly inadequate, because the other party was as satisfied of his right as we were of ours, and saw in us no readiness, and little apparent willingness, to back words with blows.

The theory of colonial administration in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was summarized by Montesquieu in the phrase, "Commercial monopoly is the leading principle of colonial intercourse." This was common to all nations having colonies, without exception. Passing over sundry minor, though important, details, by which the colony was made to minister to the individual welfare of members of favored classes, the monopoly was expressed under two principal heads—Commerce and Navigation. Under the first was comprised all exchange of merchandise between the colony and the external world. The mother country reserved to itself the right to send to the colony all needed supplies; not only of its own produce or manufacture, but of other countries as well, which must first be brought to it, and reshipped. In the same manner colonial products could be exported only to the mother country, which constituted itself a commercial centre whence they were to be

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distributed to other peoples. Thus the colonial market was reserved to the home merchant, and the colonist for his market was limited to the mother country. This restricted intercourse was called the direct trade; while the concentration in the mother country of supplies for the colonies, and of colonial exports, whereby she reaped the profits of storage, of handling, and of the commission of the middle-man, or broker, was known by the French word "entrepôt." This term will here be retained, as a convenient expression of the advantage pertaining to this feature of the colonial system. It is one perfectly familiar to our own time and thought, which recognizes unhesitatingly the local gains of a seaport, or of a railroad centre, upon which merchandise converges from many quarters; particularly if it must there be handled, reshipped, or stored for a period. The entrepôt system, by arbitrary enactment, bestowed upon the mother country this privilege at the expense of the colonist.

Under the name Navigation was comprised distinctively the shipping interests of the nation, of every kind—foreign, coasting, and fisheries. The two words, Commerce and Navigation, therefore expressed together the entire maritime mercantile movement: the material of commerce and its transportation. In the monopoly of colonial intercourse, Great Britain attached an exclusive and anxious importance to everything connected with navigation; a pre-eminence of consideration which she extended likewise to her own home trade, of import and export to the British Islands. Concessions of commercial monopoly were at times made, when to the benefit of the colony and not injurious to the home state; but British bottoms for British commerce was a principle jealously observed. This peculiar care was due to the particular circumstances of the English people, and had an especial and interesting history, which gave it a singular consequence in the mind of the community, both statesmen and populace. It was easy to realize that, owing to the geographical situation of the kingdom, and its small extent of territory and population compared to continental neighbors, its security rested upon naval power. Naval power is proportionate not only to the number of ships, but in a still greater degree to facility for ship-building, and to the numbers of skilled mariners readily obtainable. As a navy cannot be kept continuously on a war footing in time of peace, with any reasonable regard to economy, a reserve is necessary. This reserve was to be found in a great carrying trade, maintaining a large number of skilled seamen in constant employment, and in the power of impressing from it on emergency; impressment being essentially the institution of forced temporary military service, applicable to a particular class—the seafaring. In essence, the principle was just; but in application the practice of this right was characterized by a lack of system and a violence little short of outrage, and had none of the safeguards with which civil liberty is usually protected by English law.

These considerations of the necessities of the kingdom had been recognized, and provision to meet them had been formulated into a law, called the Navigation Act, which at the opening of the nineteenth century had been in operation for 150 years. Its first enactment, in 1651, under Cromwell, was due to the fact that English navigation was at so low an ebb that the greater part of English trade was carried by Dutch ships. Modified in details by subsequent governments, its leading and characteristic prescription was that trade with England—and subsequently with Scotland also—could be carried on only by ships British built and owned, of which three-fourths of the crews should be British subjects; as such, liable to impressment. The only exception to the rule was that a foreign vessel might bring the products of its own country: a Dutch ship, for example, could bring Dutch products, but not French. To prevent such privilege from giving too great development to foreign navigation, as a rival to British, it was guarded by the stipulation that three-fourths of the crew of the foreign vessel should be of its own nationality. The number of ships that could be manned by a given maritime population was thus restricted.

The objects of direct trade, of entrepôt, and of impressment, were thus the essential features of the English system of commerce and navigation. They in particular formulated the ideas which underlay it, as outward act manifests inward

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purpose. In application to the American colonies, including those which afterward became the United States, while commerce was held under strict regulation, the privileges of navigation were extended to all British subjects, colonists as others. In the result a very large American navigation grew up; the extent of which is suggested by the fact that in 1775, out of a total British tonnage of 979,163, in external trade, over one-third, 373,618, was American built. Of the general American navigation, however, the largest single factor was the trade with the British West Indies, which was internal to the British Empire. The needs of the islands in food, lumber, and animals, the three prime necessaries to their industries, were much more cheaply to be furnished from the American continent than from Europe; while the continent also took from them an article—molasses to be made into rum—for which Europe had no demand, but upon which the planter reckoned for his running expenses. In this way, and in the coastwise trade of the continental colonies, between which mutual intercourse was favored by wide differences of climatic and industrial conditions, there arose before the American revolt a large transatlantic navigation, which, while internal to the Empire, stood distinctly apart from that of the British Islands; a rival maritime system, an *imperium in imperio*. Of the total inward and outward tonnage of the thirteen colonies, barely twenty-five per cent. went to the mother country. Over sixty per cent. went coastwise, or to the West Indies. Into this drifted British seamen in continually increasing numbers, far away from ready reach by the press-gang. In this consideration, and in the increasing vigor and prosperity of this movement, were seen conditions tending toward separation of interest and independent existence, which were already viewed with jealousy before the War of the Revolution.

The course of that war demonstrated conclusively the dependence of the island colonies upon the continent. Deprived of intercourse, they had languished to the verge of destruction; the slave population wasted, and the planter lost heavily. When peace was restored, the former continental colonies had become a foreign country, subject to the restrictions of the Navigation Act, foremost among which was the entire exclusion of foreign flags from colonial ports. The younger Pitt, then prime minister, thought that the welfare of the islands, and the development of British navigation in general, would be promoted by introducing an exception to the rule, and allowing United States shipping to supply the colonies; but the proposition, when brought before Parliament, excited a general outcry. The Navigation Act was considered by almost all to have achieved remarkable success in its existence of a century and a quarter. In its entirety, as a matter of political combination and adjustment, for peace or for war, the general result appeared to most men of that day to be consummate in conception and development. In 1794 the French National Convention adopted its policy for France, in almost identical terms. The West India planters themselves, while begging for the proposed modification in detail, wrote, "The policy of the Act is justly popular. Its regulations, until the loss of America, under the various relaxations which Parliament has applied to particular events and exigencies as they arose, have guided the course of trade without oppressing it."

Beyond all considerations strictly economical in character, the Act was regarded with special solicitude as a protective measure, for maintaining the shipping industry as a handmaid to the military navy. In this respect even advanced economists, like Adam Smith, viewed it with approval; and Lord Sheffield, who, though furiously adverse to America, was by no means narrow minded as a student of commerce, rested his opposition to Pitt's bill chiefly on military necessity, as an unshakable corner-stone. This may be said to have been the prevalent motive in the decade following 1783. Under its influence legislative modification was denied, and the regulation of trade between the United States and the British Dominions left to the Crown. As regards intercourse with Great Britain, American vessels were now put on the same footing as other foreign shipping; but the carrying trade to and from the West India Islands was reserved to the British flag. So far as legal traffic was concerned, American navigation was excluded from this, which prior to independence had been its chief occupation.

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This rule remained operative until the outbreak of war between Great Britain and France in 1793. By that time a decisive change had taken place in the political conditions of the thirteen States, which had recently achieved their separation from the mother country. In their first relations of several independence, each regulating its individual commercial affairs, and contributing,—or not,—as it willed, to the general expenses, the absence of central unifying government left them as a body impotent to retaliate commercial measures of a foreign state, such as that which now excluded them from intercourse with the West Indies, except in British bottoms. The adoption of the Constitution, conveying to Congress the regulation of commerce for the whole body, and the installation of the new General Government in 1789, were a veritable revolution, no less momentous than that to which this word is commonly confined. Foreign states could no longer say that among thirteen loosely allied, independent communities, there was to be found no determinate authority able to enter into agreements binding upon all. In place of the previous mere aggregation of separate governments there was found a single organized system, wielding a power hitherto inefficient only because wanting means through which to put forth its strength. America now was in a position to treat; for she had something to give, as well as to ask.

These new conditions peculiarly demanded consideration by Great Britain, for not only was the United States one of the most important British markets, but she controlled the supply of the West Indies, then one of the most valuable of British commercial assets. It was upon the weakness and traditional mutual jealousies of the thirteen former colonies, under the first confederacy, that had rested the expectation of managing them all, thus divided in action, in support of the British exclusive system of navigation. Retaliation was not feared while the States remained disunited, a condition from which it was believed they would never emerge. In 1785, Massachusetts forbade import or export in any vessel belonging in whole or in part to British subjects. In 1786, Pennsylvania, then next to Massachusetts in maritime importance, repealed laws imposing extra charges on British ships, and admitted vessels of all nations on equal terms with those of her sister States. No combination among them could be relied upon, unless a political union under a single government could be effected. When this had been done, to the surprise and disappointment of those who had reckoned as certain upon the continuance of political division, of irreconcilable interests, and divergent action, the four years of the first administration, that of Washington from 1789 to 1793, produced legislative measures concerning commerce and navigation which proved that actual and competent power existed in the new government; and that to treat with it was both possible and necessary. Conditions of colonial subordination, hitherto successfully perpetuated, could no longer be maintained in peace against the concentrated power of the Union, if it saw fit to retaliate. The period for treaty and a new adjustment of relations had arrived.

Coincident with the establishment of the Union under the new Constitution came the outbreak of the French Revolution, bringing in its train war between Great Britain and France in 1793, as Washington's first term was drawing to its close. This gave the opportunity, and in its course entailed the exigencies, which led Great Britain to renew, under the form of exercising belligerent rights, the attempt, avowedly made during the preceding years of peace, to subordinate the navigation and commerce of the United States to British regulation, in favor of British interests. In peace, the effecting of such control is a matter of adroit manipulation, differing only in scale from any commercial competition between individual merchants. Success depends upon accurate appreciation of the several elements of strength and weakness in the two parties, between whom it is sought to impose such a reciprocal relation; but war, under color of maintaining the rights associated to it, affords the pretext for the use of force in interfering with neutral trade. The interpretation of these rights belongs in the first instance to the government and courts of the belligerent; and should the view taken by them differ finally from that of the neutral, the only redress for the injury is to be found in recourse to the same means by which it was

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inflicted—force. Just when the United States, by the institution of an effective government, had placed herself in a position to contend peacefully for commercial advantage in the open market of the world, there was introduced into international relations this new and disturbing factor, in which she was markedly deficient, yet by which her commerce and other maritime interests were to be grievously afflicted, contrary to international law, as by her understood.

Great Britain found the weapon for her first blow in the system of colonial regulation, as then universally practised. Trade between colonies and countries other than their mother state being generally forbidden in peace, and confined then to the national navigation, she had ruled, forty years before, that in time of war it was unlawful for neutral vessels to undertake it; because in so doing they performed the part usually reserved to native shipping, relaxed only because of war, and thus endeavored to cover with their flag cargoes otherwise liable to capture. Upon this interpretation, an Order in Council was issued by the British Government, November 6, 1793, to stop and detain all ships laden with goods the produce of any colony of France, or carrying provisions or other supplies for the use of any such colony. There was already a very considerable trade between those colonies and the United States, authorized in peace by the French Government, and therefore, under the British ruling itself, not open to molestation. Doubtless, after war broke out, the danger to French vessels had given an additional impetus to the employment of American carriers; but this could not affect the fact of such intercourse having been sanctioned in peace. The British Government speedily recoginzed this error, and two months later, in January, 1794, revoked the Order as far as the United States was concerned; limiting captures to vessels bound directly to Europe from the French colonies. Over two hundred American vessels had then already been seized and sent in, to the great loss and distress of their owners.

The United States Government did not content itself with this partial revocation of the first Order, but challenged directly the general principle upon which it was founded, viz.: that a traffic which was not permitted to neutrals by a nation in time of peace could not be extended to them in war, because the neutral was thus used as a war resource to protect property otherwise liable to capture. It was urged in reply that the regulation of commerce between a country and foreign peoples was a matter of national right, existent equally in war as in peace; and that, if the government saw fit under some circumstances, such as those of war, to remit its usual regulations, it had a right to do so, and—what was the real point at issue—the neutral had an international right to avail himself of the remission. The two contentions were sufficiently plausible for each to be held with all earnestness by the parties concerned, in accordance with their several interests. Personally, I find the British the stronger. They adhered to it to the end, as did the United States Government to its view.

The seizures under the Order of November, 1793, were the immediate cause of sending to England a special envoy, John Jay, then Chief-Justice of the United States, to treat concerning general commerce with British dominions, wheresoever situated; for admission to trade with the British East and West Indies, as yet forbidden, was greatly desired. Many other matters were committed to Jay for negotiation; but the important question, relative to the War of 1812, was undoubtedly that of trade between the states at war with Great Britain, and their colonies, against which the Order was directed. On this point no concession of the principle could be obtained. An article was agreed upon, by which the several seizures already made should be submitted to a joint board of commissioners, whose decision in every case should be final; but that decision was to rest upon the merits of the particular case, as viewed by the commissioners, the treaty making no pronouncement upon the principle. At a later period it was especially affirmed, by high legal authority in Great Britain, to be existent and operative. Jay's mission, while unsuccessful in this point, was in many others fruitful. Matters of acute difference were satisfactorily settled, and admission to the coveted East and West Indian trade was granted under certain limitations.

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The treaty as a whole was ratified by the Senate, with the exception of one article—the twelfth. This concerned the trade with the British West Indies, which, though so much desired, came coupled with a qualification outweighing the advantage derived. In return for the concession of open trade between these British colonies and the United States, Great Britain demanded the stipulation that, during the time for which it was granted,—the continuance of the existing war and two years longer,—American vessels should not carry to any part of the world "molasses, sugar, coffee, cocoa, or cotton"; in short, the principal products of tropical countries, British or other. This struck at a very important branch of American external commerce, the importation from the rich French and Spanish colonies to the United States, and the subsequent re-exportation of the articles to the continent of Europe. To what this amounted during the hostilities is seen by a few figures, which explain also the jealousy felt by Great Britain over the interference of neutrals to carry on the commerce of her enemies. In 1792, before the war, the United States exported to Europe, of sugar, 1,122,000 pounds; of coffee, 2,136,742 pounds. In 1796 these amounts had risen to 35,000,000 of sugar and 62,000,000 of coffee.

The meaning of these figures was, that American merchantmen had taken the place of French navigation, which had been driven from the ocean; and that the neutral flag was covering property which otherwise could not cross the sea at all, except at extreme risk of capture. It was, however, admitted by the British courts, as a principle of international law, that these staples, having been imported into the United States under the conditions of duties and other charges which admitted them to use there, became as truly American in character as articles of native growth, and as such could be re-exported to other countries. As a matter of bargain in a treaty, it was perfectly legitimate for Great Britain to insist upon this concession in return for the opening of her own West India trade; but ten years later she endeavored to stop the same traffic by force, upon grounds of interpretation as to what constituted a real importation. The motive at both periods was the same, the diminution of American trade to the continent of Europe, because it there competed with British colonial products by introducing those of the French colonies, the interests of which received thus a protection not otherwise obtainable; but in the first instance the object was sought by legitimate negotiation, in the second by the assertion of a right to determine what the United States must do in its own ports, to constitute a real importation into its own territories.

Notwithstanding the rejection of the article named, the British Government, by executive order, admitted the United States to trade with their West Indies. This was not for concession, but because, through the demands of the British navy for men, and of British navigation for both ships and men to carry on the general commerce of the kingdom, then rapidly increasing, it had become impossible to supply the islands by means of British vessels, to which the trade hitherto had been confined. The treaty otherwise was ratified, and established the relations of the two governments on a satisfactory basis during the war then raging, which ended in October, 1801. Frequent difficulties arose, but they turned on details applicable to special cases; no further principle obnoxious to the United States was enunciated or pressed. That which underlay the Order of 1793, however, was not discarded; it was only dormant, a weapon laid aside, but always ready for use. Under the prevalent system of colonial monopoly, colonial trade could not but remain a fruitful, if at times latent, cause of controversy.

The general quiet which obtained in maritime questions from 1795 to 1801 was due to the commercial well-being of Great Britain. The richest French colony, Hayti, by far the most productive of coffee and sugar in all the Antilles, had fallen into anarchy, removing the principal competitor to the British West Indies. Most of the French and Dutch colonies had been captured. In this way the tropical trade, and supply of the continent, came chiefly into the hands of British subjects. The monopoly of the entrepôt being thus established in the British Islands, by importation and re-exportation, similar to that practised in the United States with French products, the British planter, the

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British carrier, and the British merchant, with their innumerable subordinate employés, all shared in the general advantage. Under these circumstances the competition of the remaining hostile colonies, effected through the United States, was not burdensome; and the British Government even felt it expedient to extend to European neutrals the privilege, conceded to be the right of the United States, to carry on a direct trade from the hostile colonies to their own country, or to Great Britain. This was regarded, not as an abandonment of the right to interdict to neutrals a trade with belligerents which was not open to them in peace, but only as a momentary relinquishment. Although it did not affect the United States, it is noteworthy here, as indicating the favorable conditions of Great Britain, which led her to leave quiescent abstract principles that she had no immediate practical occasion to assert. It will be seen later that, when circumstances changed, the principles were again brought into play, with very serious influence upon the relations of the two English-speaking nations, and leading to the War of 1812.

The European peace which began with the signature of the preliminaries between France and Great Britain, at London, October 1, 1801, lasted only eighteen months. War between these two states again broke out in May, 1803. At the outset the attitude of the British Government toward the colonial trade was defined by instructions to cruisers, issued June 24th. As at the close of the preceding war, the privilege was continued to neutral ships of importing from the belligerent colonies direct to their own country. This was expressly so worded as to constitute only a temporary concession of the principle, which asserted the right to forbid the trade. It simply said that, "in consideration of the present state of commerce," British ships of war are instructed not to capture vessels so employed. It was soon realized that the state of commerce had changed considerably, to the detriment of British planters and merchants. For this there were several causes. Most of the captured colonies had been restored at the recent pacification. Spain was not yet a party to the new war, and the trade of her colonies was therefore not open to interruption. More serious still, the absolute and energetic rule of Napoleon was being effectively used to close to British commerce a great part of the European continent.

Under the operation of these several causes, British attention became angrily fixed upon the shipping of the United States, which, enjoying the advantage of neutrality, was becoming a good second to that of Great Britain. Having access to the ports closed to British vessels, it was raising the competition in the markets of the Continent to a point that threatened serious embarrassment. The navy, the planter, and the shipping interest, became centres of an active hostility, which sought a way for embarrassing this rival, and so reducing the competition. The way was found in the definition of the "direct trade" between belligerent colonies and Europe. All went smoothly, however, up to the autumn of 1804. Mr. Monroe, the United States Minister to Great Britain, had occasion to go to Spain on a special mission in October of that year, and before going reported that "American commerce was never so much favored in time of war." It was the calm before a storm of controversy, of injury, and of vindictive retaliation, which, with the exception of a few deceitful lulls, did not cease to rage until it had driven the two peoples into armed collision. When he returned, in July, 1805, he found that numerous seizures had been made of American vessels carrying to Europe the produce of colonies hostile to Great Britain, on the plea that no real importation to the United States had been made; and that therefore, although the cargoes had been in the United States, the voyage was in effect unbroken and "direct" from the colony to Europe.

The principal ground upon which this assertion rested was that, when produce thus imported to the United States was reexported to Europe, a drawback was allowed upon the duties paid upon admission, which practically annulled them. For example, in one leading instance, which became a test case, upon total duties of $5,278 the drawback was $5,080. This saving on duties enabled, of course, the cargo to be sold to the European consumer at a lower rate, yet leaving the American a high profit; consequently it made him, and the produce in which he dealt, the

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more formidable competitor to the British merchant and the British colonies. This concurred with the diminution of British profit through the other causes, before stated. The British Government held that articles had not really been imported where usual duties prior to consumption had not been actually paid; and if importation had not been effected, it followed there could not be a real re-exportation. The transit of the hostile colonial produce from the place of growth, not having been broken by importation, was continuous, or "direct." The United States, in reply, contended that the question of allowing drawback upon re-exportation was a matter internal to national administration, not open to review by any foreign state. The British Admiralty Courts, however, affirmed the position taken by their Government, ruled that the voyage was direct, and condemned the vessels.

The orders to seize had resulted from a change of ministry, which brought Pitt again into power. Upon his death, in January, 1806, a new administration was formed, of mixed character, but with an element believed to be more favorable to the United States. In particular, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Fox, was known to be so inclined, and generally liberal in his tendencies. To him Monroe stated that over 120 American vessels had been seized, several condemned, and all subjected to the loss incident upon detention and legal processes. It became apparent that Fox recognized the hardship, and of his own motion would not have instituted the proceedings complained of; but opposition, out of doors and in the Cabinet, constrained his individual action, the more so that the United States demanded not only desistance from further seizures, but indemnity for the past. He found himself thus in the end constrained to adopt as his own the interpretation of the "direct" voyage, and to tell Monroe that, to constitute a break, the British Government would require that the cargoes should be landed in the United States, and the duties paid. Monroe, in accordance with his instructions from Jefferson, through Madison, then Secretary of State, replied that "these restraints were incompatible with our just rights."

In this disputed question, in which Great Britain, as a belligerent, undertook to regulate American trade, the United States held that in two points principles were assumed contrary to international law: first, in denying to a neutral the "direct" voyage from a colony to any part of the world; and second, in attempting to prescribe to an independent state upon what terms she should import and export to and from her own territory. This attempted and enforced regulation, being without foundation in law, was an exercise of sovereign authority, and in so far a revival of the rule exerted over the United States when colonies. In consequence of these measures, Congress, in April, 1806, passed an act forbidding the importation of a large number of specified British manufactures, after November 15th of that year, unless equitable redress had by that time been afforded. This was the beginning of the various and varied measures of commercial retaliation by which the Administration for some years to come confidently expected to bring Great Britain to terms without recourse to arms. Further to mark the seriousness of the occasion, a special mission, the first since that of Jay in 1794, was constituted to negotiate the questions in dispute. In this Mr. William Pinkney of Maryland was associated to Monroe, and reached England in June.

Although Fox was annoyed by the Act of Congress, which in his opinion had an air of menace, he continued to seek an escape from the dilemma, without the sacrifice of alleged right. The solution reached by him was indirect—abstaining from any allusion to the facts, the principles, or the rulings, of the recent seizures, but by a new Order removing the occasion for their continuance. On May 16, 1806, a commercial blockade was proclaimed of the entire north coast of Europe, from Brest to the Elbe; that is, substantially, to the peninsula of Denmark. A commercial blockade, if effective, gives the belligerent power instituting it the right to turn away, or capture, all vessels trying to enter the ports affected. This measure therefore closed all the north coast of Europe to neutrals; but, having thus acquired a technical right, Fox proceeded to utilize it to arrange matters satisfactorily to the United States. The greater part of the colonial trade in dispute entered Europe

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by this coast, of France, Belgium, Holland, and North Germany; and the proclamation announced that, except for the limited strip between the Seine and Ostend, Great Britain would waive her rights of capture to any vessel, no matter what its cargo, if it came from a neutral port. A ship coming from the United States would therefore be asked no questions about her cargo, whether it had been landed, or duties paid. That she had sailed from a neutral port was sufficient. The principle of the recent seizures was not conceded; but no questions were asked as to whether it had been observed.

Fox's remedy was ingenious, and, although he would not admit its intention to be as described, it for the moment removed the immediate grievances. The means adopted, however, that of a blockade, the extent of which gave cause to doubt its validity, was the precursor of further misunderstandings; for it was a tenet of international law, admitted by all, that a blockade, to be binding, must be sustained by a force sufficient to constitute an obvious danger to vessels trying to enter. Great Britain maintained to the end that the blockade of May 16th was thus sustained; the United States and Napoleon asserted that it neither was, nor could be. Its chief interest, perhaps, is as marking a decisive change in the maritime policy of Great Britain, which henceforth sought to assert itself rather by blockades than by interference with colonial trade, as such. To this doubtless contributed the fact that the enemies' colonies rapidly passed into her own hands.

The essential feature of British policy was frankly avowed by the negotiators specially appointed to meet Monroe and Pinkney; Fox not being able to act, in consequence of an illness which in the following September proved fatal. In the tremendous struggle with Napoleon in which Great Britain was then involved, success depended upon her financial stability; and this was indissolubly connected with her commercial prosperity. One of her chief markets and sources of revenue was the continent of Europe, and the chief materials of commerce were colonial produce and British manufactures. In the former of these the United States was a competitor; unduly favored, it was urged, by the neutrality of her flag covering goods hostile in origin, and by the policy of Napoleon, directed rigidly to excluding all articles of British derivation. The American envoys wrote home that "the British commissioners were very desirous of burthening this intercourse with several severe restrictions; to place, as they did not hesitate to state, their own merchants on an equal footing with those of the United States in the great markets of the Continent." This purpose was successfully combated, although the restrictions finally admitted by Monroe and Pinkney can scarcely be said to have saved the principle maintained by their Government. As the treaty failed of ratification, the interesting point to be observed is the object thus candidly admitted; for it underlay the extreme and extraordinary measures to which the British Government was soon afterward provoked.

The treaty negotiated by Monroe and Pinkney was unsatisfactory to their Government in several particulars; but the cardinal issue on which it failed was that of Impressment. Through this practice numerous American seamen had been forcibly taken from American merchant ships and compelled to serve in the British Navy. There was no difference of opinion between the two governments as to the wrong of this particular result. Great Britain advanced no crude claim to impress American seamen, and admitted the necessity of redress when such an incident occurred. Her position was, that a British-born subject had no power or right to change his allegiance. Born British, he so remained throughout life. Hence, it was the right of the Government to seize such a man, if liable to service in the navy, wherever found, except within the territorial jurisdiction of another state. The high seas—that is, the ocean outside the belt of three miles width adjacent to a nation's shores—were not within such territorial jurisdiction. Therefore, if a British ship of war found a British seaman upon an American merchant vessel, or other neutral, on the high seas, she had lawful power there to impress him. The United States admitted that the high seas, as such, were outside of territorial jurisdiction of any particular state; but she thence deduced that the only jurisdiction there exist-

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ing over a ship was that of the nation shown by her flag and papers. The right to arrest anyone on board vested in that nation only; not in the belligerent, with the single exception of persons in the military service of his enemy. It was admitted that international law authorized the cruiser to examine a neutral ship, and, if the voyage appeared to be in violation of belligerent rights, she could be sent to a belligerent port, where the accustomed courts would decide on the merits of the case; but it was denied that this right of search involved any right to remove a seaman on board, whatever his nationality.

The right and practice of impressment under these conditions was asserted by the British Government to have been exerted from the earliest ages of British naval power. For a century past it had forborne to instruct its naval commanders to search foreign ships of war; but this concession was based upon grounds which did not affect merchant vessels. Monroe and Pinkney had been specially enjoined that no treaty would be accepted which did not explicitly renounce this procedure. The demand met at the outset a firm denial from the British negotiators, though their tone was in all ways conciliatory, and the wishes of the government for an accommodation evident. They said "they supposed the object of our plan was to prevent the impressment at sea of American seamen, and not to withdraw British seamen from the naval service of their country in time of great national peril, for the purpose of employing them ourselves. If they should consent to make our commercial navy a floating asylum for British seamen, the effect of such a concession upon their maritime strength, on which Great Britain depended, not only for her prosperity, but her safety, might be fatal. . . . The relinquishment of the right of impressment was a measure which the Government could not adopt without taking on itself a responsibility which no ministry would be willing to meet, however pressing the emergency might be. The prejudice of the country generally was so strong in favor of their pretension that the ministry could not encounter it in a direct form; the support of Parliament could not have been relied upon."

Thus the American claim, "that the flag should protect the crew," though advanced in conciliatory terms, was peremptory; and it was met by a refusal equally courteous in expression, but absolutely final. The American envoys then stated that their orders were precise; that their Government would not be bound to any agreement made by them, if this concession was wanting. In consideration, however, of the length of time, otherwise idle, which must elapse before new instructions could be received from Washington, it was decided to proceed with the discussion of other matters; and a treaty was drawn up and signed December 31, 1806. In a letter of a year later, elicited by the dissatisfaction of the Administration, Monroe wrote: "In every case which involved a question of neutral right, Great Britain was resolved to yield no ground which she could avoid, and was evidently prepared to hazard war rather than yield much. We had pressed the claims of the United States to the utmost limit we could go without provoking that issue." This statement not only accounts for the subsequent general course of the British Government; it contains also the clear warning, in the face of which the United States Administration was content to drift down the current of exasperating diplomatic letter writing, to the inevitable result of war, without any serious effort at preparation.

In candor to both the countries thus dragged irresistibly to collision, it should be clearly recognized that the position of the United States, though incontrovertibly logical, and containing the modern doctrine, was distinctly in advance of that then generally held; and, moreover, that it covered a condition of things grievously injurious to Great Britain, during an emergency the peril of which she did not exaggerate. There were a great many British seamen in the American merchant service. They were sorely needed in the British navy, the deterioration of which in point of crews was notorious, and a matter of widespread complaint. British naval authority for removing them had precedent which was well established, though remote, and rarely exerted or vexatious when the nationality of a neutral seaman had been sufficiently ascertained by his speech. It was the appearance of an English-speaking neutral, to which this test did not ade-

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quately apply, that at once raised the enforcement of an obsolescent precedent to the height of national indignity and individual outrage. The United States Secretary of State, in a letter to the British Minister, May 30, 1812, affirmed that "there is in this office a list of several thousand American seamen who have been impressed into the British service, for whose release applications have from time to time been already made." Whether the greater part of these were of British allegiance, as was widely asserted in the United States as well as Great Britain, was immaterial. It was beyond doubt that numerous American citizens were thus seized, and held in involuntary servitude for indefinite periods. The United States could not possibly recede without dishonor; though she did the next worst thing—submitted without preparing for war. It may be said that Great Britain could have desisted. She could not. Imminence of national peril, sense of actual national injury, and the tradition of assumed legal right, constituted a moral compulsion, a madness of the people, before which all governments inevitably bend.

On June 22, 1807, six months after the signature of Monroe and Pinkney's abortive treaty, the United States frigate *Chesapeake* sailed from Hampton Roads for Europe. When just outside the limit of national jurisdiction, she was accosted by a British vessel of somewhat superior force, which from an anchorage within the Capes had watched her movements and preceded her to sea. A demand was made for the surrender of deserters said to be on board. Upon the *Chesapeake's* refusal, she was fired into, and twenty-one of her people killed and wounded, after which she lowered her colors. The crew was then mustered by a British lieutenant, and four of them removed as deserters from the British navy. It will be observed that this was not a case of impressment. The men were reclaimed, not as constructively bound to service in the navy, but as actually guilty of the offence of desertion. The distinction, though perfectly real, is somewhat fine for an average inattentive apprehension; and the act of search, which preceded impressment, was essentially the same in both cases. In the actual violence used, none could now fail to realize the virtual violence to which American merchant ships were continuously subjected. Although the British Government at once disowned the act, the full reparation which alone could annul it was postponed for four years on technical grounds; and the incident drove home the shaft of humiliation in American sentiment. The Administration, somewhat weakly, permitted itself to couple with the demand for redress for this intolerable insult, a renewal of the requirement that the cognate practice of impressment should be formally renounced. The British Government not improperly declined to mingle two topics logically separate, and demanding different treatment. The subject therefore remained an open sore; the more dangerous because after this the United States could not with dignity make a further attempt to negotiate concerning impressment.

When war was declared, Impressment was enumerated among its leading causes. Opponents in America, as well as the British Government, clamored that it had not been so avowed in the previous discussions. It is difficult to see what greater emphasis could be laid upon a matter than to constitute a special mission, in which it was not only given pre-eminence over all other grievances, but made a *sine quâ non* to any treaty. The consistency of the Administration, by refusing ratification on this ground, gave the subject a definite standing, which could not be lowered by mere absence of reiteration. Doubtless, new matters of very grave import immediately afterward engrossed discussion and diverted attention; but they were cognate to the previous trade contentions, and therefore in no manner affected the precedence which had been given to this one wrong over others commercial in character,

When proceeding to sign the treaty of December 31, 1806, the British negotiators laid before the Americans Napoleon's Berlin Decree of November 21st. This remarkable paper, characterized by Madison as of "inarticulate import," recited, as subversive of international rights, various practices of Great Britain, many of which were not so. Her methods of blockade were, however, more exceptionable, and were given prominence, with evident reference to that devised by Fox the May before. It being evident, so reasoned the Emperor, that the object was to interrupt

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neutral commerce in favor of British, it followed that whoever dealt in British merchandise became an accomplice in evil. He therefore decreed, as a measure of just retaliation, that the British Islands were in a state of blockade, that the trade in English merchandise was forbidden, and that all merchandise coming from the manufactories or colonies of England was lawful prize. None could foresee what erratic action the Emperor, according to the mood or exigency of the moment, might hereafter base upon this decree. Strictly construed according to its terms, every neutral ship, American not excluded, sailing to or from Great Britain, or carrying a cargo of British origin, though of American ownership, could be captured and condemned.

Regarding this measure, Great Britain took the ground that, in view of Napoleon's military control over most European states, nominally independent, there was thus instituted by force a political system, violative of national rights, and directed to her destruction. The "system" transcended all international and belligerent law, and made neutrals its accomplices; unwilling, perhaps, but actual. The British Government therefore required that neutrals should resist the decree, as the Emperor demanded that they should enforce it, under penalty of seizures. Failing such action, the neutral would be regarded as taking a side; and the British Government announced its intention to retaliate, through neutrals, the injury of which neutrals were made the instrument. The British negotiators therefore informed the American that, as the stipulations of the present treaty might deprive His Majesty of some desired method of redress, ratification would depend upon "security given to His Majesty, that the United States will not submit to such innovations on the established system of maritime law."

The limits of this paper do not admit discussion of these rival positions of France and Great Britain. In the writer's opinion, the British view was accurate, that the Berlin Decree was not strictly a belligerent measure, but the initiation of a political system, founded on the military compulsion of neutral continental states. The bearing of this remark, if just, is upon the question when began the rival procedures, between which the chief maritime neutral, the United States, was battered back and forth for the succeeding five years. Was the first step Fox's blockade, or the Berlin Decree? The reply, I think, is that the blockade, even if possibly an abuse,—which is more than questionable,—was at worst a regular belligerent measure given extravagant scope. The Berlin Decree was not such. As regarding the high sea it might possibly be so considered, for its pretensions, monstrous though they were, could be enforced only by French armed vessels; but the shore regulation was that of municipal action forced upon neutral governments by a belligerent state, and as such was the initiation of a political system. Whatever the comparative right and wrong of the two parties in this matter, there seems little cause to doubt where it began; but each insisted that the other was the original wrong-doer, who must first recede. Thus was constituted a formal deadlock, against which American remonstrance beat in vain, and to which American resistance finally conformed its measures.

The British Whig administration did not wait to hear from the United States, but took a first step, January 7, 1807, when the ink was scarcely dry on the treaty of December 31st. By an Order in Council it was forbidden to neutrals "to trade from one port to another, both which ports shall belong to, or be in possession of, France or her allies." This closed coastwise trade over a great part of the Continent, including, besides France, Holland, Spain, and most of Italy. It was communicated to the United States as a measure painful to Great Britain; but necessary, and indicating "that forbearance and moderation which have at all times distinguished His Majesty's conduct." Madison in reply failed to recognize the moderation, and denied the legality, unless all the ports were effectively blockaded; which he reasonably assumed to be impossible. All parties now were caught in a current of events, which swept impetuously on with ever-increasing momentum. The British Whig ministry fell in March, being succeeded by one markedly Tory in character. The *Chesapeake* affair followed in June; and on July 8th peace between the Emperor and the Czar was concluded by the Treaty of Tilsit, which united both empires in the municipal en-

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forcement of the Berlin Decree, and in a summons to the other states of the continent, to take the same action. These, already vanquished in arms by Napoleon, were powerless to refuse this tremendous conjunction. As a result, the Decree became operative as a system over practically the entire continent of Europe by the end of 1807.

Consequent upon this ensued the full measure of British retaliation, promulgated by the Orders in Council of November 11, 1807. These, reciting the terms of the Berlin Decree, alleged as their own justification that "the nations in alliance with France were required to give, and have given, and do give, effect to its orders." It was therefore declared, on the part of Great Britain, as a measure of just and necessary retaliation, that all ports in Europe or the colonies, "from which the British flag was thus excluded, shall be subject to the same restrictions in point of trade and navigation, as if the same were actually blockaded by His Majesty's naval forces." This was the institution of a paper blockade, in retaliation for the like measure decreed against the British Islands by Napoleon. According to it, a neutral ship could be captured anywhere on the broad ocean, if bound to a forbidden port, though before the port itself no British cruiser lay. Great Britain admitted this had no ground in international law. She based its justification upon the acquiescence of neutrals in the French Decree, either by actual submission, or, in the case of the United States, by refraining from armed resistance; and also upon the fact that a forced political combination had thus been erected against her, to which self-defence compelled her to reply by a similar use of force, constraining independent neutrals by means of a navy, as France was constraining them by an army.

So far the measure aimed to destroy the trade of France and its allies, as the Berlin Decree sought to ruin that of Great Britain. Self-protection required further that British commerce should be nourished against the attempt to exhaust it. To that end there was made to the action of the paper blockade an exception, which revived in favor of the British Islands the entrepôt element of colonial monopoly. Though forbidden by the Orders to go direct to the coasts declared blockaded, a neutral was permitted to do so by way of Great Britain; that is, by entering a British port, landing there her cargo, and reshipping it subject to certain duties, she was afterward at liberty to proceed to her destination. The same requirement of touching at a British port was attached to the homeward voyage. The commerce of the continent, going and coming, thus paid toll in Great Britain as an entrepôt; and the system as a whole was formulated by the ministry in the phrase, "No trade except through Great Britain."

A political system of Orders in Council was thus set up over against, and in opposition to, that of the Decree of Berlin, and its successor, that of Milan. It is needless here to enter into the various modifications, or applications, of either, subsequently made by their respective authors. The essentials of their purpose and method have been indicated. In the disregard of international law, the words of Napoleon were full as violent and extravagant as the action of Great Britain, and the exertion of his power as extreme and more arbitrary, so far as it could extend; but it can be understood that toward the United States it was limited in scope, because her territory, and her vessels on the high seas, were out of his reach. Great Britain, on the contrary, was able to give effect to her orders of exclusion, and in considerable measure to subordinate trade with the Continent to the profit of British merchants, and so to the benefit of the British Treasury.

Under these constraints, readers can appreciate the force of President Madison's words, in his annual message following the declaration of war. "To have shrunk, under such circumstances, from manly resistance, would have been a degradation blasting our best and proudest hopes. It would have acknowledged that, on the element which forms three-fourths of the globe which we inhabit, and where all independent nations have equal and common rights, the American people were not an independent people, but colonists and vassals. With such an alternative, preceded by a patience without example, under wrongs accumulating without end, war was chosen."

It will be understood, also, how naturally there arose, out of the various trans-

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actions narrated, the phrase, "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights," as the expression of the grievances and demands which drove the United States into hostilities. Free trade meant, not opposition to a system of protective tariffs, but the right of a nation to order its maritime commerce according to its own free will, unrestrained by a foreign yoke indistinguishable from that of colonial bondage. Sailor's rights embodied, not only the claim of the individual American seaman to personal liberty of action, but the right of every seaman under the American flag to its immunity, in the voluntary engagements he was then fulfilling.

The claim of unexampled patience, advanced for the United States by Madison, can be admitted only as shown in abstinence from war and its preparations. The outrages of violence were undergone, without even an attempt to provide the menace of force, in retaliation for force. But retaliative injury of a kind was not forborne; its efficacy only was over-estimated. The Non-Importation Act of 1806 followed close upon the heels of the seizures of 1805; and, if its operation was deferred, it was so only in hopes of desired concession. Such self-restraint is not unparalleled. Upon the imagination that the United States had a decisive hold over Great Britain, through trade relations, was based a series of similar commercial coercive measures, by which it was fondly believed that a people, in a struggle for life and death, could be compelled to desist from proceedings thought essential to existence, and which they had the military power to sustain. It is the belief of the writer that, to the methods then adopted, Great Britain really owed her final success, and the deliverance of Europe from intolerable oppression.

The great Embargo of 1808, enduring for fourteen months and sustained with every legislative rigor, closed to citizens of the United States all import and export, and all external movement to American shipping. It was the immediate successor of the Non-Importation Act, and intended, like that, to compel Great Britain to yield through commercial depression. It was also the precursor of a succession of similar efforts, all most exhausting to American prosperity, which finally assumed the form of opening trade with both France and Great Britain, under a proviso that, if either recalled its obnoxious decrees, the condition of Non-Intercourse should revive against the other. The nation thus fell into line with the policy of both aggressors, by adopting, as the standard of its own policy, the unwillingness of both to be the first to admit original error by an act of retraction.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon by a trick, recognized from the first by Great Britain and finally exposed, but accepted by Madison as a real transaction, induced the United States Government to believe that he had recalled the Berlin and Milan decrees. Great Britain, refusing to accept a transparent deception, declined to cancel her Orders in reliance upon the terms of his revocation. Non-Intercourse with her was therefore proclaimed, going into effect February 2, 1811. This relation continued until the final rupture; and, in view of the equivocal terms of the French declarations, was naturally construed by Great Britain as distinctly partial and unfriendly.

The two nations now drifted inertly and rapidly into war; but, while the result became increasingly certain, no adequate preparation to meet the ordeal was made in the United States, beyond some scanty provision of materials. Not till January, 1812, was it voted to raise twenty-five thousand regular troops, additional to a nominal ten thousand already maintained. For this increase of over 150 per cent. yet to be enlisted, there did not exist in the country any nucleus of trained officers to fit them for the field. Fifty thousand volunteers were authorized, to be officered by the States, and called into service by the General Government; but it was left uncertain whether they could be compelled to serve in Canada. The Navy had been wasting in material force since the first inauguration of Jefferson, in 1801. Of thirteen frigates then possessed, nine only remained fit for service. A proposition was introduced into Congress to build twelve ships of the line and twenty frigates; a force which, had it existed four years before, must materially have modified the action of Great Britain, who was scarcely able to hold her own in the European war, and could by no means have endured an additional enemy

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so far distant from herself, menacing Canada and her West India commerce. All increase of the Navy was, however, refused by Congress, four months before war was declared.

In the midst of the confusion of counsel attendant upon evident unreadiness, the disconcerting intelligence was received that two American merchant ships had been burned by a French squadron; the reason assigned being orders so to treat all American vessels sailing to or from an enemy's port. As war with Great Britain was intended because the revocation of her Orders in Council had not followed the alleged recall of the Berlin Decree, this practical revival of the latter struck at the foundations of United States policy. It caused intense irritation, but the Government could not face the mortification of acknowledging itself cheated. On April 1st the President sent to Congress a message recommending an Embargo for sixty days, to retain merchant ships in port. On the 4th the measure, understood to be precautionary against expected hostilities, became a law, operative for ninety days. On June 1st another message advised an immediate declaration. This passed both Houses. The President's signature, June 18, 1812, fixes the formal beginning of the war.

Five days afterward Great Britain revoked her Orders in Council. The reason assigned was a Decree of Napoleon, declaring that his decrees of Berlin and Milan had ceased to exist toward the United States since November 1, 1810. This retroactive paper bore the ostensible date April 28, 1811, but was first made known to the world, including the nations chiefly concerned, on May 10, 1812. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs admitted that it had never been published, in itself a singular circumstance for a "decree" vitally affecting international relations; but he told the American minister that it had been communicated to his predecessor, and sent to the French minister at Washington. The predecessor stated distinctly that no such communication had ever been made to him; no trace of it was to be found in the archives of the American legation, and the French minister at Washington never received his copy. Whether the whole transaction was a barefaced deception, or a singular miscarriage, the purpose had been served of keeping in vigor the Orders in Council, until they had involved America and Great Britain in war.

(To be continued.)

FRANK BRANGWYN

By M. H. Spielmann

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ARTIST'S WORK

THE art of Great Britain of to-day presents few examples of men of such commanding ability that they may be said to dominate any section of the art world in which they practise. Talent, striking talent, happily, is frequent enough; it is even plenteous; but as for genius—you may count the great artists on the fingers of one hand.

The people of England are habitually sluggish in their artistic perceptions. They know that with Millais died the greatest of our painters; and they have been truly taught that in Mr. G. F. Watts is an artist of real greatness and that in Mr. Alfred Gilbert we have a sculptor such as is produced but once in a century. But it is with the slowest process of recognition that even the art-lover of Great Britain is realizing that in the person of Frank Brangwyn stands a man of genius in our midst. Long since, the continent of Europe has acknowledged it, and Brangwyn is a name that is honored in Paris, Munich, Berlin, Brussels, Venice—the museums and galleries of which testify to the sincerity of

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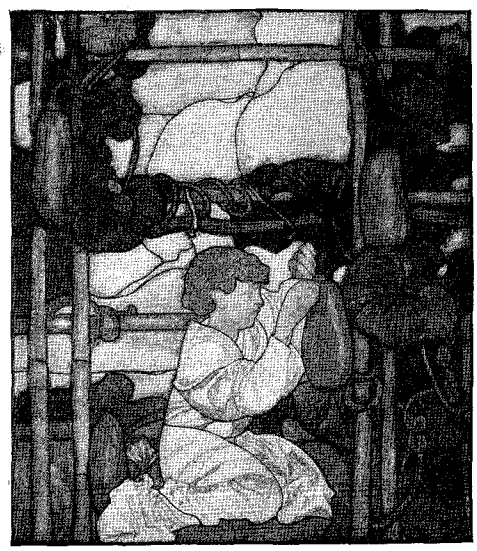
their appreciation. It is not that he has been misunderstood, merely that he has not been quite understood. The public may not have sympathized with his view of art; but at least they have not resented it as they resented the work, in turn, of Manet, Monet, Degas, Burne-Jones, Whistler, Pissarro, and Rodin. It is a matter of novelty, of education, and, in the future, of willing acceptance on every hand, and then the original genius of Frank Brangwyn will need neither champion nor expositor. As Froude said, genius only commands recognition when it has created the taste which is to appreciate it.



The Gourd.
Decoration for a stained glass window.

I am well aware that I am neglecting tradition—that I should begin on a low note and proceed *crescendo*. But I am not writing for effect. I know the meaning of my words and am satisfied that it needs but little to establish conviction in the artist's genius—that quality which, contrary to Buffon's foolish phrase, is the initial capacity for producing fine work without taking pains, though pains, of course, are needed for adequate expression. The strength of his originality lies in his having based his impressionism upon the most academic knowledge; yet scorning, as he must, the practice of the schools being forever imported into an artist's later work, he is wholly detached from the great band which is nowadays bringing chaos into art and, misunderstanding the trend of Shelley's thought, has adopted as its motto the poet's words:

> . . . Obedience,
> Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
> Makes slaves of men.

In short, Frank Brangwyn has risen to his present position through his own powerful individuality, which confines itself not only to painting, but expresses itself in the larger field of design, of which painting is but one form of utterance. Genius does what it can; talent what it must. If we apply the aphorism of Owen Meredith to Frank Brangwyn, we need trouble ourselves no further for an explanation of his active versatility in the arts which must here be commented on. With no more interesting personality in his own world could we occupy ourselves; and as a man's work is the flower of his youth, a few words concerning his early years are needful to render intelligible his curious development.

The son of Welsh parents settled in Bruges, where his father practised the art-craft of church decorator, William Francis Brangwyn—to give him his full name—was born in the Belgian city in 1867. When he was old enough he helped his father in making copies of designs for the church embroideries, on which the elder Brangwyn was engaged, and in due course was sent to steep himself by observation, so to speak, in the art displayed in the South Kensington Museum. Of art-schooling, in the ordinary sense, he had none, and he escaped the doubtful advantage of being taught "breadth" by being kept stippling away for a month on the shading of an antique cast of a foot. The quality of his work there was so manifest that William Morris, at that time, I believe, one of the examiners at the schools, carried him off as assistant. For the master young Brangwyn copied old tapestries, and, in time, would work out a carpet for which Morris had made a small sketch. William Morris would have apprenticed the lad, but in spite of the admirable character of this training for color and style, which was to

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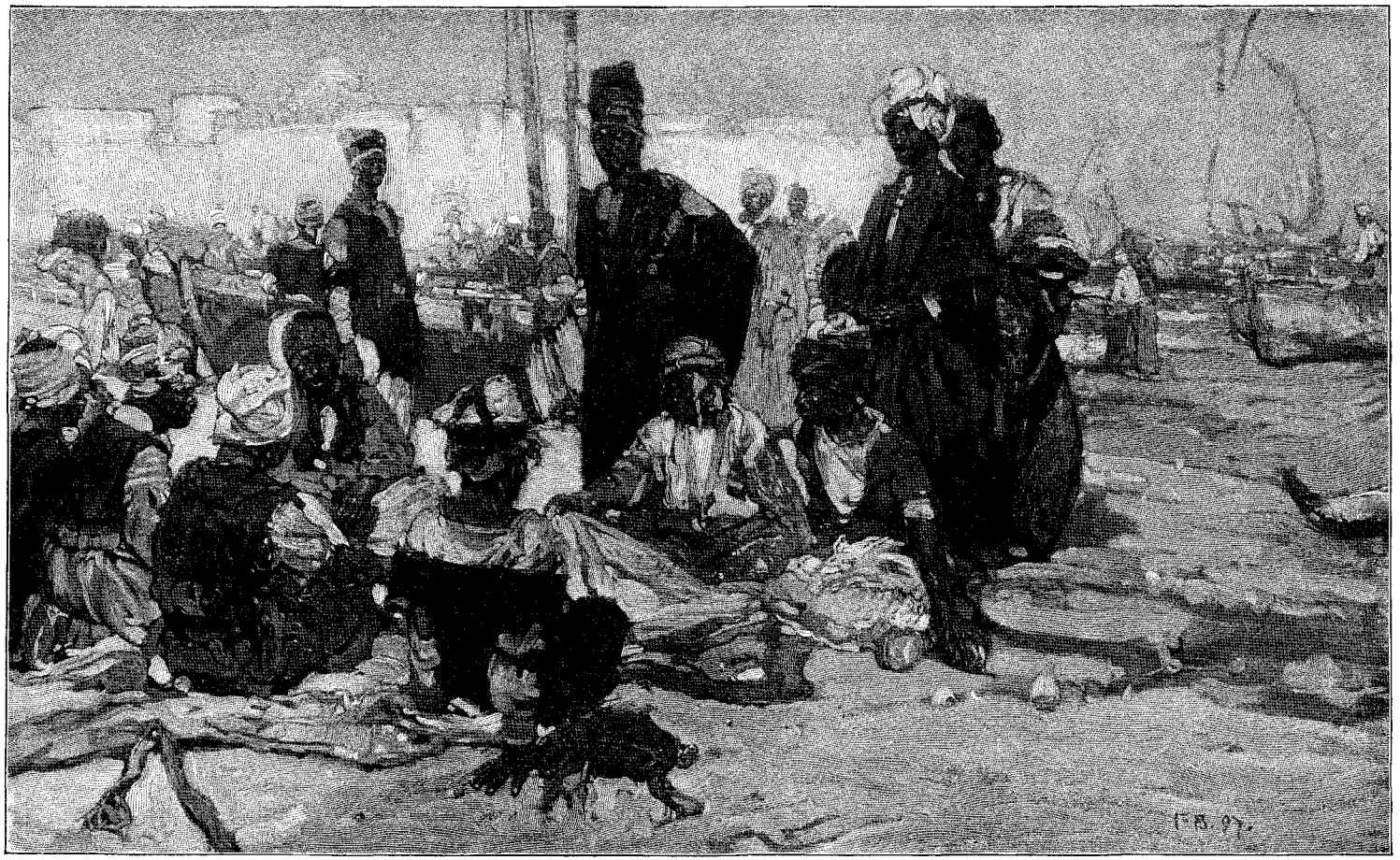

Trade on the Beach.

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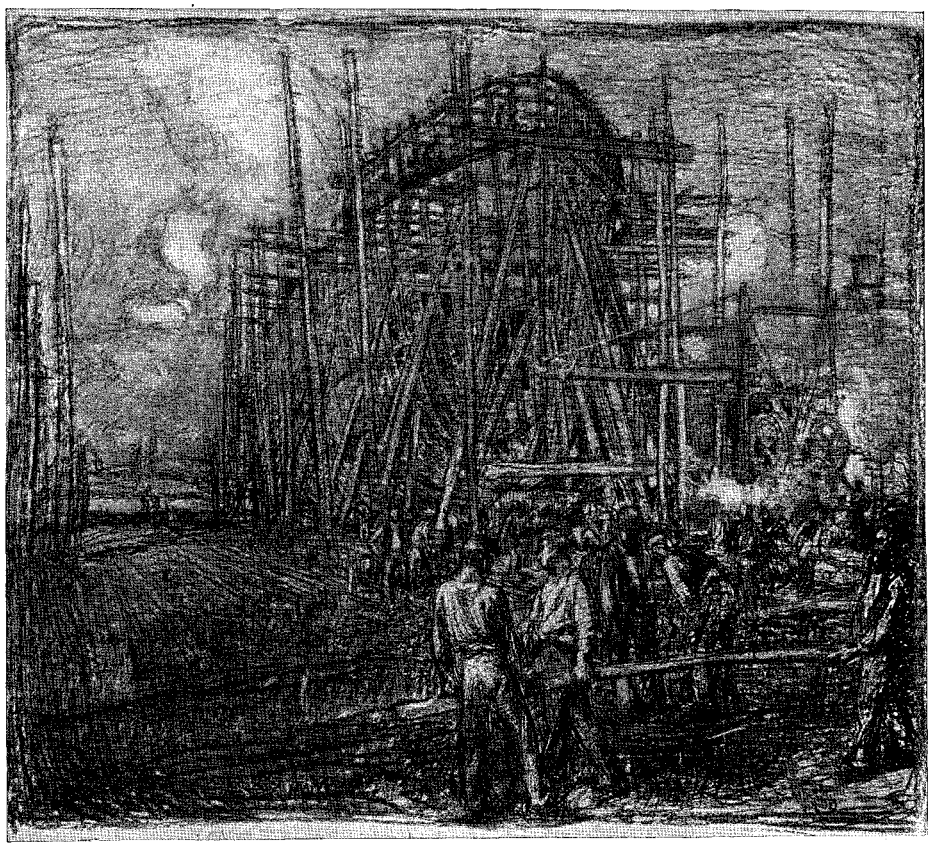
have so great an effect on his later work and career, Frank Brangwyn determined to leave the city behind him and to see the world, and so he went to sea in a coasting merchantman. More than once he sailed, coasting along Spain, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea, and learned how hard is life aboard a sailing vessel, and how beautiful the lands and how gorgeous the colors in Italy and Turkey, in Egypt, Morocco, and in South Africa. Sketches and notes poured from his busy hand; his imagination was fired by splendor of harmonies unknown in his own gray country, and some evidence was given of the ardor with which he was inspired, in two subsequent exhibitions of his work held in London—"From the Scheldt to the Danube," and "South Africa." This, as Rossetti put it, is "how he found himself"; this is the simple yet comprehensive training from which he evolved the manner which was new in British art, and in which, in spite of imitators and unacknowledged followers, he remains unique, inimitable, and unapproachable in his own appointed way.

Yet the growth of his talent was not so direct as this might seem to imply. Frank Brangwyn had been a picture-painter from his early youth, and, indeed, had earned money by the pursuit. His early pictures, representing knights receiving the sacrament in church, and the like, had been inspired by his study of mediæval, Germanic, Thirteenth-century art; and, in course of time, when he returned from his first cruise with the impression still vividly upon him of sea-life, in storm and sunshine, he produced a series of important paintings. Here truly begins his art career.

Not the sea alone, but strong dramatic episodes, engaged his mind. It is true



Ship-building.
From a charcoal drawing.

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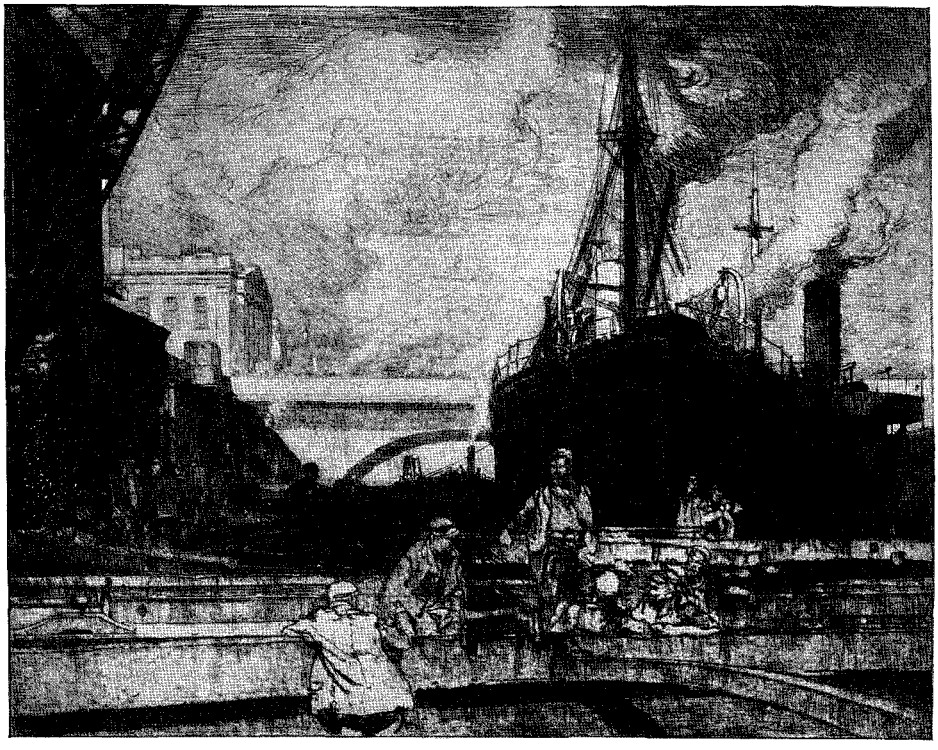

London Bridge.
From an etching.

that the whole of this passage of his art life was, as it were, an accident; he had turned from decorative work and was soon to come back to it again. Meanwhile, he aimed at showing us the grayness of it all, the melancholy of a sailor's life, the discomfort of such a ship when all is sad, and damp, and gray, and wet, and no comfort seems to be hoped for till port is reached again. Such romance as he gave he evolved for the most part—whether modern sailors or bold buccaneers. "Waterlogged," shown at the Royal Academy in 1886; "Ashore," at the Royal Society of British Artists in 1890; "Assistance," at the Royal Academy in the following year, with "Burial at Sea," the impressive view of a ceremony that tells so strangely upon the awkwardly conscious crew; "The Convict Ship" of 1892, which was awarded a medal at the Chicago Exposition, and "The Buccaneers"—how Robert Louis Stevenson would have rejoiced in them all! Here, I used to think, is the very man to illustrate "Treasure Island"; here is the man to picture DeFoe, be it "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Plague of London"—until I suddenly found that he was not less fitted to illumine the vivid pages of Flaubert and the glowing tales of the "Arabian Nights." But his pictures of real life struck the artist world, with the simple grouping, the realistic drawing, and the truthful lighting; when the quiet depression of the rough men, the risks and hardships of their toiling, hopeless lives, or the power of their coarse vigor convinced by their truth, and the air was heavy with the salt of the sea. In none of these the decorative idea was ever entirely absent, realistic though they were. Just as in the fine charcoal drawing of "Ship-building," with the great scaffolding and the busy, moving crowd of workmen about the shipways, the facts are all there, but they are marshalled by the mind of the artist with that success which is only obtained by the spectator being kept in ignorance of the marshalling that has been devised.

The same motive is apparent in Brang-

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The Cider Press.

wyn's etchings, too—the same great principle of decorative arrangement, broadly conceived, which gives bigness and simplicity to all his work, and secures a harmony and unity that set the artist on the pedestal I am attempting to justify and describe. As an etcher, doubtless, he is little known, for he makes his etchings, prints them in small numbers, and sells them immediately to eager connoisseurs; and they never come into the dealers' hands nor away from the collectors who hoard them. Whether these etchings deal with modern, workaday life, like the great "London Bridge," "The Tan Yard," or "Ship-building," or with figure and landscape mixed, like "Bark Stripping," or yet again, with pure landscape like "A Road, Picardy," or "Assisi," the note remains the same. It is the idea of power, of clear line and mass, of finely selected subject, clearly preconceived and firmly carried out to the inevitable end, that pervades the whole, absolutely personal, with indebtedness to no man. It is impossible to mistake these etchings for the work of any other artist. They are somewhat unconventional, and many of them, by their size, must be held to refute Whistler's "propositions" as to the limit of space that an etching should cover. The true axiom seems to be that an etching may be as large as the etcher can successfully make it without betraying weakness or sacrificing quality. Mr. Brangwyn's line is always finely and expressively drawn. In my opinion, too, in his instinctive love of finely placed masses of light and shade he some-

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Decorative panel.

times allows tone to take too great a part in the "making of his picture," as it is technically called, and occasionally he overdoes "foul biting" a little. But these are technical points on which others may differ, and they hardly affect the point that Brangwyn's etchings are a happy possession to the eclectic lover of the *eau-forte*, and can claim honorable consideration in the portfolio of the most eclectic and exclusive connoisseurs.

I suspect that just when he had determined to abandon the painting of pictures of realistic interest, and, having made some money, to return to decorative art, Mr. Brangwyn must have seen some of the drawings and pictures of Mr. Arthur Melville, and, through them, unconsciously, perhaps, have obtained a revelation of a style that was to become absolutely his own. It is always dangerous to hazard an opinion of the kind, which must necessarily be speculative; yet it seems to be inevitable that Melville must have fired him with a hint. Dr. Max Nordau sees in Brangwyn's work qualities of Delacroix and Frans Hals. I as clearly recognize the bigness of Watts and some of the fine character, as broadly treated, of "The Topers" of Velasquez. It is possible that he also looked at Monticelli, as Anquetin and others had probably looked at him. The result is a sense of "style," of *ampleur*, and monumental aspect, that come only from a man of largeness of vision and treatment—characteristics that raise him to his present height, and which almost alone would secure him a front place among artists of the day.

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The chief picture that marked his transition was "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh" —an Adoration of the Magi, which, containing some of the precision of the earlier work, has more in it of the breadth and harmony of quiet, graceful, and forceful color of later years. The repeated up-

Design for embroidered screen panel.

right lines of figures and trees, with cross lines in the costumes, ingeniously introduced, impart a squareness and solidity to a composition which was one of the chief successes the artist had obtained up to that time. Henceforward, opulence and ordered splendor of color and richness of composition—always nobly sensuous, always carefully restrained, when need be repressed—are the note of Frank Brangwyn's decorative pictures. The very accessories, the decorative details, are eloquent of his love—crates and cranes; oranges, melons, and bananas; scaffoldings and buildings in course of construction; carpets and boats; strong blue sea and sky and ruddy sails; cypress trees and red-brown earth; powerful torsos of men twisted to the effort and bending beneath the burden. All is power, robustness, and healthy manliness in Brangwyn's pictures, be their key high and delicate, vivid, or subdued. At times, they have points of contact with the strongest of Benjamin-Constant's Oriental and decorative pictures; but Brangwyn practically eschews the nude female figure, and finds in the male torso all the beauty—and that the highest type—which he feels he needs. These types are his own. Sometimes in the case of workmen and laborers, he adopts the magnificent convention introduced by Constantin Meunier—the great muscular body, from which sprouts the strong neck with a small, heavy-jawed head on the top, with little or no "back" to the skull: expressive of the physical development in sharp opposition to the intellectual quality; and even when he gives us a bouquet of colors in his canvas, as rich and apparently as varied as you see in Monticelli, the chromatic scheme is carefully restrained—an ordered riot and a calculated and a really very sober orgy of splendor.

And yet his wonderful effects are very simply obtained, so far as color resource is concerned. Indeed, it would be hard to find a painter who works with a more severely restricted palette. Here it is: Flake white, Yellow ochre, Raw Sienna, Burnt Sienna, Cadmium, Venetian red, Vermilion, and French blue. That is all. I know of no artist so ascetic in his choice of pigments, and none so correspondingly luxurious in the effect obtained.

The source of what I maintain is the "greatness" of Mr. Brangwyn's art is simplicity—not the simplicity which gives rise to emptiness or baldness, but that learned capacity, more of the instinctive than acquired, which recognizes and seizes the essentials, and ignores the rest. It was that power which made Phil May great as

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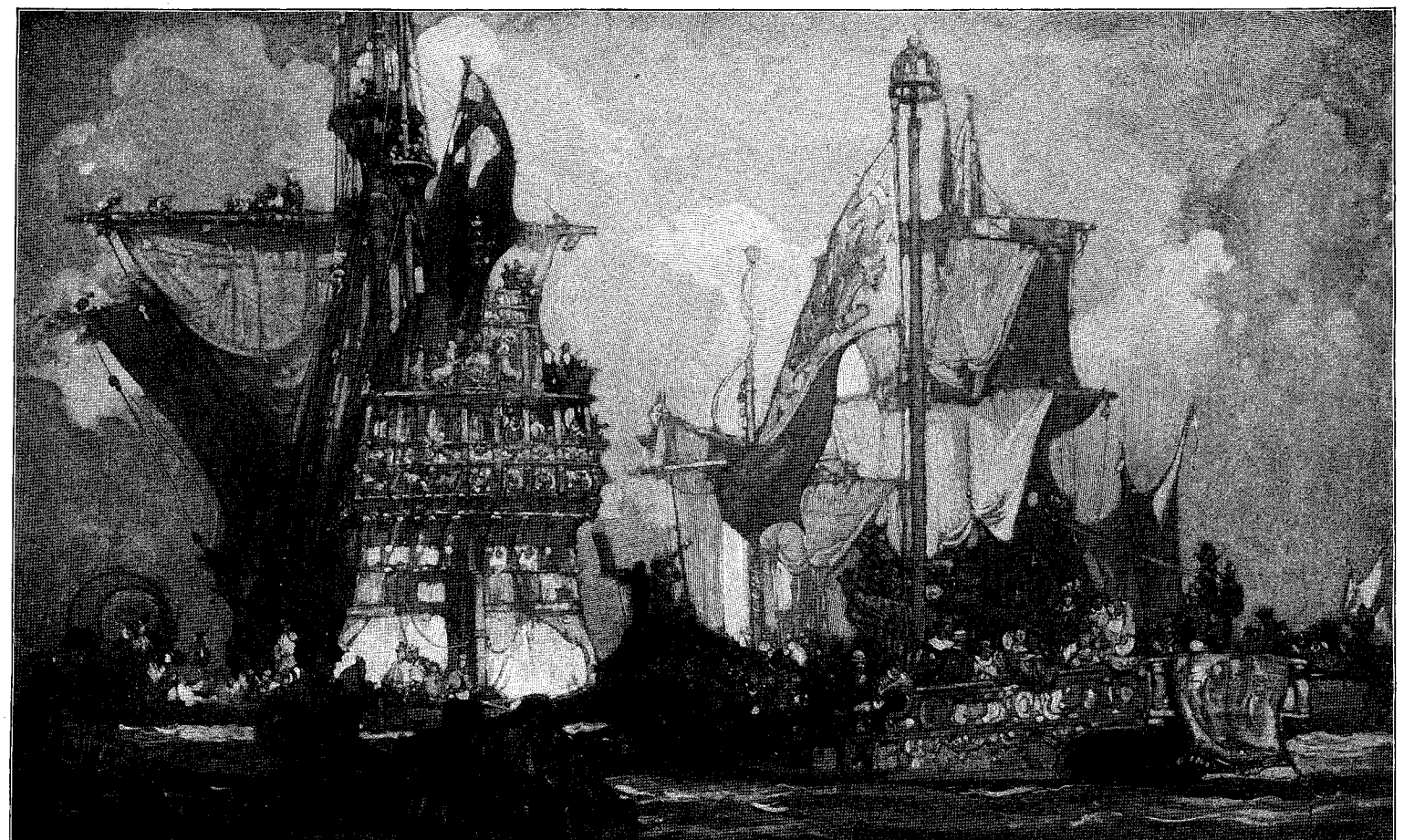

Queen Elizabeth going aboard the "Golden Hind."

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The Departure of Lancaster for the East Indies.

a draughtsman—a power which most people feel, but few, indeed, recognize for themselves. It is this suppression of non-essentials by which one may arrive at a great rendering of a conception; whether or not the effect is obtained from the opposite points of approach, by the selection of the essentials or by the omission of non-essentials, does not greatly matter; the clearness of the painter's perception is demonstrated, and his claim to mastery is established.

Thus, Frank Brangwyn, breaking away from realism, and so from the necessity for observing and dealing with details, aims at largeness of effect in the whole, and, to obtain it, bigness of treatment in the parts. He understands thoroughly how, for his purposes, Nature must be treated as a servant, not as a mistress; how she must be made to yield that which he requires, not allowed to force upon him all she has to offer. He wishes to show the beauty of the world, seeing "life" in the living, not in its social or moral bearings. And thus, while striving for that same nobility of forms, and the same monumental character that makes Watts fine, the views of the two men, the old and the young, are as the opposite poles asunder. Watts is didactic; he regards painting as a mere means to an end—as a language in which fine and great things should be said. Brangwyn insists that art is purely sensuous—to delight the eye and those emotional qualities which depend on the eye alone. The mission of art, he holds, is solely to appeal to the love of form and color, and to leave intellect, and conscience, and morality untouched. He would say that Watts is a fine artist who diverts his mission by becoming a missionary; and Watts

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Charity.

would retort that Brangwyn is a fine artist, incomplete, in that he lacks intellectuality —that is to say, of course, intellectuality outside that which belongs to any fine painter whatsoever. Listening still, we should hear Brangwyn respond that even religious piety is an intrusion in pictures; that it is a prostitution of the charm and the sacred rights and privileges of art to make it utilitarian; and that, when the great artists in the past executed masterpieces for altar-pieces and the like, although those who commissioned them were thinking of the morality, the painters were thinking of the decoration. Even Van Eyck did his best work when freed from thoughts of church and religion on the one hand, and from definite history on the other.

It may be objected that Frank Brangwyn himself paints "subjects." That is a matter which calls for more subtle observation, which would evolve the great truth that *the subject of a picture may and must be the subject, and not the object.* By this means only can the result be a picture with a subject, and not a subject with a picture—that is to say, an independent work of art, and not an illustration.

Here we come to the bed-rock of Brangwyn's art. He paints with the careful yet large deliberation of an old master—quiet forcefulness relieved by an occasional flash, like a touch of fire—and yet he is modern among the moderns, alike in thought and treatment. And yet how often his masterly arrangement of color and free vigor of handling suggest the mighty Velasquez and Tintoret. I am not comparing him with the giants, but I believe that the echo I speak of is truly no echo at all; but the artistic thought in execution springs from the mind of our

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Decoration for billiard room

painter as they sprang from Spanish and Italian brains.

This admitted, there is interest in going through the inventory of Brangwyn's other qualities by means of which he has made his position, and by virtue of which the judgment of posterity will assuredly maintain it. He makes us feel that all are in the presence of a virile artist—of a man of strength who can be bold even to audacity. There is in him that paradox of qualities which can only be defined as judicious recklessness. Yet robust and broad as he is, he is surprisingly adroit, and though strong in imagination, he is alert in arrangement and fertile and elastic in invention. As is natural to a man of inherent largeness of vision, he paints in masses, with the breadth of the scene-painter and the conscientious care of the miniaturist. He makes us feel—a quality not too common—that he knows from the beginning what he is going to do, and has done it; that he is, as Herbert said of Holl, "the big man with the big hoof," who impresses his individuality into his canvas as the buffalo would stamp a mark into the soil. He shows us good line and balance—as, for example, in "The Slave Market"—and he is always suggestive and never banal or commonplace. He knows how to adapt the means to the end, and so paints a big, strong picture, with a richer and heavier impasto than that of smaller or more delicate work. His light and shade and color challenge attention in any exhibition—you must stay and look and linger whether you will or not—not because of the loudness of their statement, but because of the force.

This color, as I have said, is sumptuous and splendid. Though it may blaze, it does not dazzle, for though its red and blues, its green, orange, and black may be as sensuously rich as an Oriental carpet, it is never coarse. Spirited it may be, but harmony is the prevailing merit—a quality not to be conveyed by photographic reproduction; by which tones and masses are apt to be cut up and become spotty. In the matter of light, we may have the intense vertical illumination, such as Mr. Melville so finely suggests, or the Oriental glare, with its red-purple shadows, that distinguish the wonderful canvases of M. Rigolot and his English follower, Mr. Sheard; yet the light does not kill his color or make it crude, as often happens in nature, but it intensifies it. Or we are given the twilight, when all is subdued and perhaps indistinct, and the eye, conscious of the luscious, harmonic pattern, has to seek for the subject and decipher, as it were, the form. To my mind this occasional indistinctness is one of the defects of the painter; he makes, at times, too great a demand upon the spectator, who is apt to become irritable at finding a picture not only designed on the plan of a tapestry, but so carried out as to force the beholder into an effort

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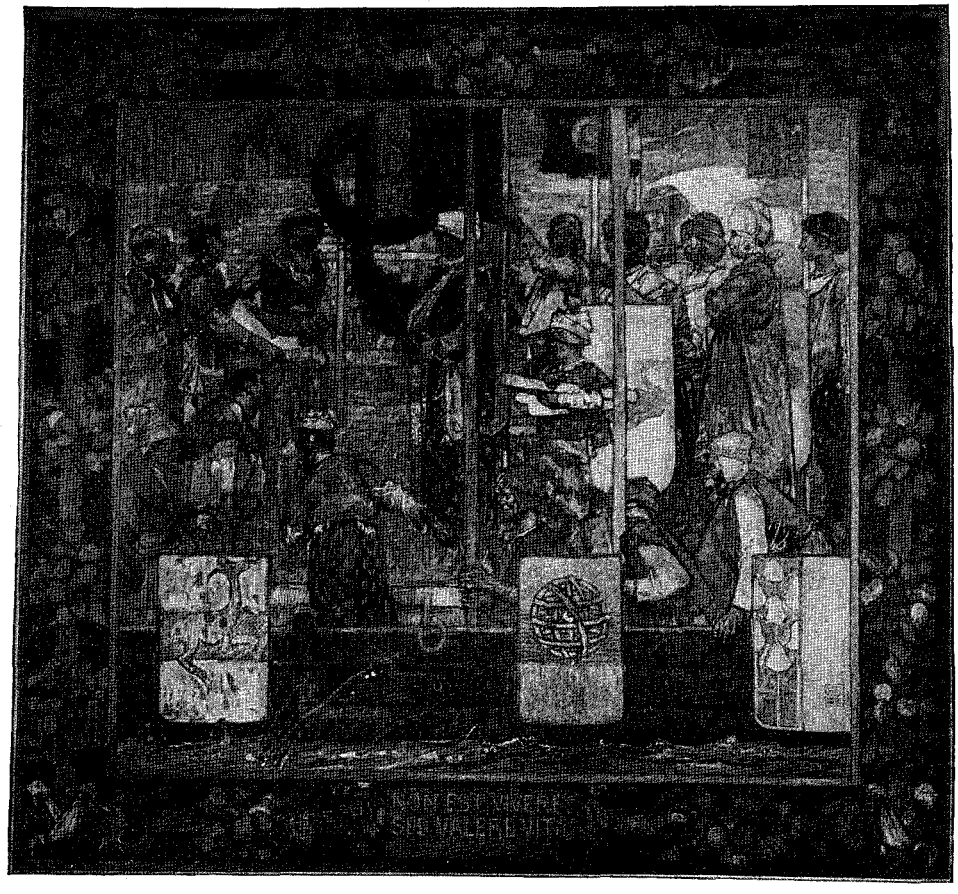
which he resents as unreasonable and unjustifiable. Moreover, we are forced to ask ourselves if these subdued pictures are not painted in too low a key, and if, therefore, they may not, in the course of years and of picture-nature, blacken so far that future generations may deplore the change, as we lament the blackening of Leonardo da Vinci, and the fading of Sir Joshua. And furthermore, we may complain that even in his more realistic pictures Mr. Brangwyn sometimes omits to fill his canvas with the atmosphere sufficient to instil into them the breath of life. But, if I am right in my suggestions, these blemishes, if such they are, detract little from the achievement of this extraordinary painter who has quietly placed himself at the head of his class amid the acclamations of brother artists only too willing to welcome and make room for him.

I am aware that I may have presumed upon the patience of the reader in criticising Mr. Brangwyn with more technical detail than is usual in the pages of a magazine of general literature; but an exceptional man needs exceptional treatment.



Le Roi au Chantier.

He is known in America chiefly by his illustrations in black and white in these very pages, as well, perhaps, as for "Don Quixote," the "Arabian Nights," and Scott, and for kindred work in the *Graphic* and the *Idler*. But illustration, which to him is of little importance, and is as a mere relief and refreshment after his labors in other branches of his art, leaves his more serious efforts untouched. To them I have now to call attention.

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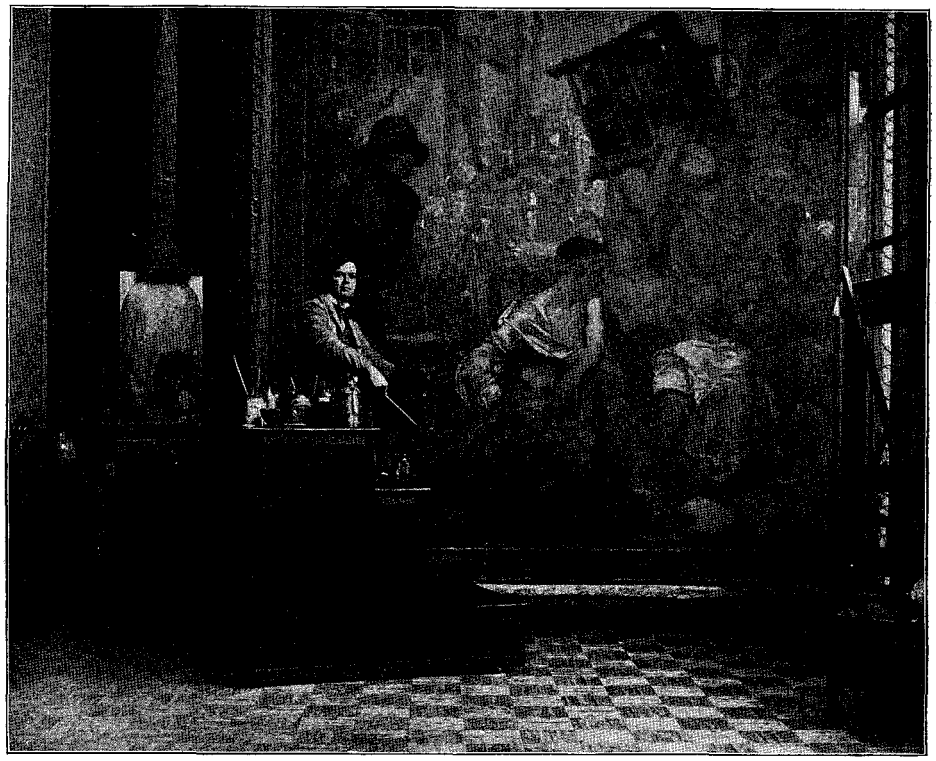

Frank Brangwyn in his studio.

Decorative painting comes first in order. The execution here is big in its forms and in its impression, and though it may not be painting in the subtler manner of the easel-picture painter, it is the most effective for the purpose in hand. In most of these pictures, though the figures are generally those of men at work, they are momentarily at rest, so that to repose—the invaluable characteristic of all true decorative work—there is added dignity to the composition. You may see it in "Venice" (1897), and in "Trade on the Beach," in which movement is obtained by the fine strong color, in the bright blue sky with its radiant cumulus clouds in the one picture, and in the other, in the variety of figures dotted against the background of the white city wall, glowing in the baked and hazy atmosphere. Again, it is the forms, the color, and the line of the composition, rather than the action of the figures, which lend movement to the decorative panel representing the melon harvest. Even "The Scoffers," representing the captured Admiral Guarinos bound to a stake and mocked at by his tormentors, depicts movement less than it suggests it.

As Frank Brangwyn proceeded, his love of perpendiculars in his paintings gave way to more complex lines and forms. Of these, admirable examples are to be seen in the "Cider Press," one of his most opulent designs, such as Titian might rejoice in could he come to life in the twentieth century. Still more complex are the great wall decorations on which the artist is at present engaged. The first of the series for the great hall of the Skinners' company represents Sir James Lancaster leaving Deptford in 1591 on a voyage to the coast of America, which, extended by the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, had the East Indies as its objective. The historic incident is here, but, true to the tenets of his artistic faith, the artist has satisfied himself with the portrait of the navigator-hero, and has abandoned all other temptation to be

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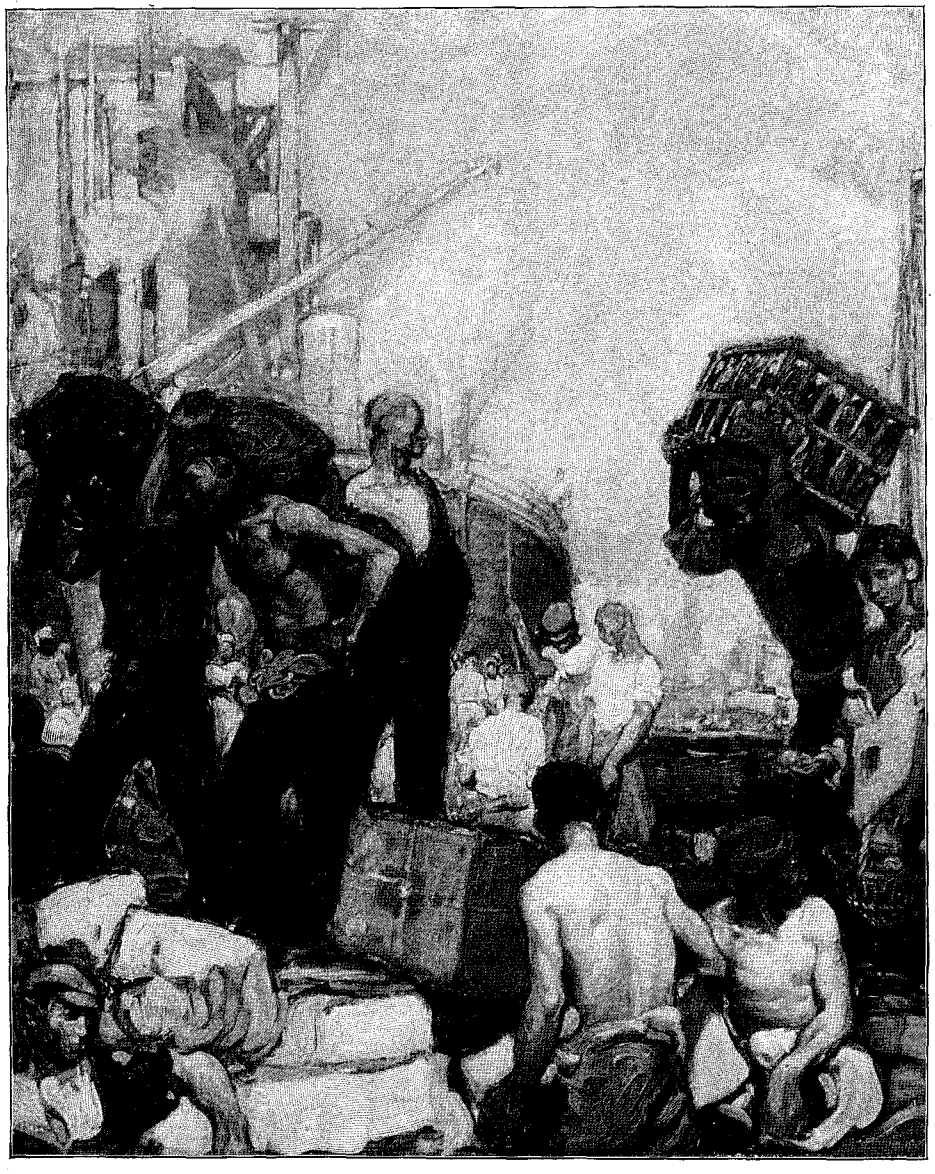
anecdotal. The dignity of the conception is not marred by the intrusion of historic detail, and the composition is aided by the strength of the color-scheme. (It should be explained that the distressing diagonal line of heads and objects on toward the right of the picture appears only in the photograph, which takes little note of the color.) The first sketch for the great panel for the Royal Exchange, representing modern commerce, typifying "Work," is hardly less masterly, but, as may be seen in the view of the artist's studio, it has been entirely reconsidered in the working out. Lastly, we have the wall-picture, executed for Lloyd's Registry, of "Queen Elizabeth



"Work."
Sketch for the Royal Exchange panel.

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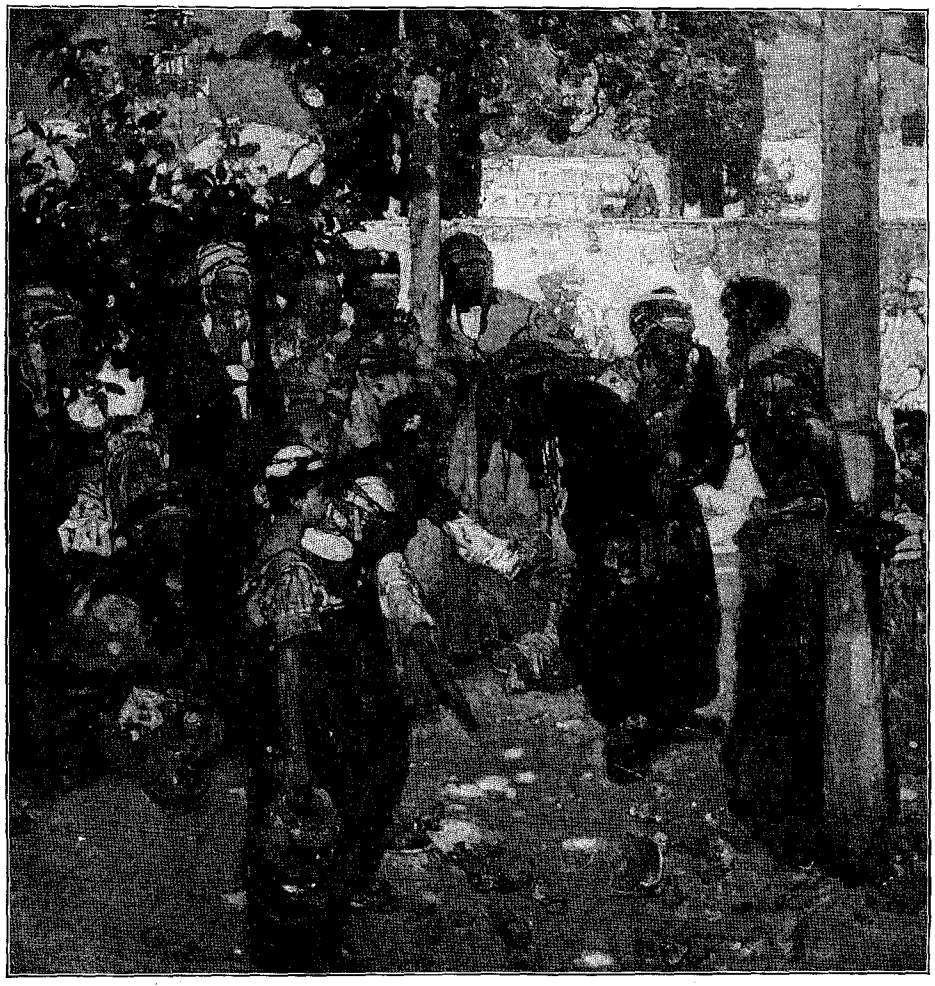

"The Scoffers."

From one of Mr. Brangwyn's paintings in the Sydney Museum.

going aboard the 'Golden Hind,'" in which knowledge and love of shipping are joined with decorative power to produce a fine design, with its bold perpendicular and horizontal lines, modified by masses of splendid color and delightfully varied by the flowing curves of the cleverly varied sails. For my part, I prefer these dignified works to the more joyous panels devised for *L'Art Nouveau* in Paris, for the decoration of which Mr. Brangwyn was selected in preference to any artist of France.

But his work does not stop here. As a decorator he has had to design the whole of the furniture and ornamentation of entire rooms, such as the bedroom designed for Mr. E. J. Davis, and the billiard-room for Thurston & Co. Herein the lines, alike of furniture, panels, and so forth, are parts of the whole composition. They aim at quiet and repose, and are intended to lead up to the painted friezes. The furniture looks stiff and prim and conventional to a degree; but this drawback greatly disappears when it is seen in the room, and it is recognized that the straightness of its lines and its architectonic character are but a foil to the color of the decoration. "The stiffer lines," the artist once explained, "are for repose; they are like the lemon in a rich curry—they stop artistic bilious-

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ness." So while the whole is, in its own way, refined, elegant, and undemonstrative in its sobriety and harmonious in its interrelation, the furniture is but a secondary consideration, as it were. It is sometimes of fumed oak, but more often of fine woods, simply yet richly inlaid, in restrained measure. Pleasing harmonies, too, are obtained with mahogany inlaid with ebony, and cherry-wood with mother-of-pearl and upholstered in antelope-skin. The furniture is all made with mediæval conscientiousness, as if it were to last 300 years. William Morris used to say, "Use plenty of timber and make it strong," and on this behest, Mr. Brangwyn has always acted, bearing in mind that even the advantage of a whole room and its contents, glass, carpet, and all being designed by one man is thrown away, if he bears not in mind the great underlying principle that sound construction must rest upon proportion.

The designing of furniture has led the artist to throw himself also into metal work. With this he decorates his pieces, both as regards purely decorative inlay and fittings, locks and keys, together with door and window handles, electric-light switch-boards, and so forth. These fittings soften the severity of the furniture designs. Pierced, chased, or hammered, with patina and oxidization to suit the color of the wood, these embellishments in silver, steel, brass, and copper are in all cases unconventional, suggestive of no style and of no period, and influenced, if at all, only by the teaching of the East.

Jewelry and enamel have engaged the attention of the artist, but not to the extent of stained glass. The designs in this section have been made for M. Bing to be carried out by Messrs. Tiffany. Their chief technical merit—the beauty of the composition being admitted—lies in the fact that the leading, frequently so grave a blemish in this class of work, has been cleverly devised to break not at all through limbs and essential masses, but intelligently to outline them. Much, of course, is due to the principle of the Tiffany method, by which illegitimate painting is entirely avoided, while in its place is substituted a squeezing up of the half-molten glass, whereby a sort of modelling is obtained with due effect upon the shades of the colors. I need not stay to argue on the degree of the legitimacy of the new method, but I may bear witness to the beauty of the result. Mr. Brangwyn's design for "The Gourd" is in all respects admirable—rich, yet strong and simple—save only in the element of weakness betrayed by the crossing of the lines in the sky. Altogether, the artist has designed some seven or eight windows, of which "The Gourd," "The Flute Player," and "The Baptism of Christ" are the chief.

Textiles, too, have offered a field to the artist which he has energetically filled. His noble design for a tapestry—"Le Roi au Chantier"—was not carried out, for the reason that the estimated cost of manufacture, some ten thousand dollars, was thought too high. Yet picture buyers think nothing of expending such a sum for a painting, and do not reflect that few genuine pieces of old tapestry (which once were new, it is often forgotten) are to be obtained for such a price, or even double. As a carpet designer, Frank Brangwyn has achieved considerable success. His productions prove that he understands the true principles of which so many lose sight—that a carpet must look right from any part of the room; that it should contain a rich, even though a quiet, scheme of color; that there should be such a "scheme" rather than a pattern, which is liable to be too obvious and so be an element of disturbance instead of quiet decoration; and that harmony and equal force of color should leave the carpet a *flat* floor covering, from which nothing should jump at the spectator. If this defect appear, it is destructive of that sort of atmosphere which always makes itself insensibly felt between the eye of the spectator and the rug—such as we find in the case of a fine Persian carpet, where all is rich and subdued. So Mr. Brangwyn, thanks to his training under William Morris, found no difficulty in designing for textile manufactures, and probably he could go beyond his draughtsman's duty and prepare the cards for the looms. The carpets I know of his are generally based on plant forms meandering with careful meaninglessness over a *quadrillé* ground, and so conventionalized that realism is the last thing that could occur to the spectator.

Such are the principal occupations of

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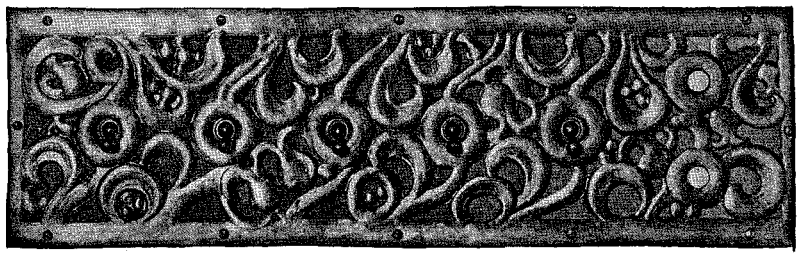
the talent of Frank Brangwyn, an artist as versatile as von Herkomer or Frampton of to-day, or as many of the masters of the past. He has designed, perhaps, the finest poster ever produced, in the great advertisement-picture made for the Pacific-Orient Company; he has produced lithographs, pencil and chalk studies, and has wandered into other by-paths in the realm of art. But more than enough has been said to show how considerable is the personality of the man whose works we have been examining—an artist who has raised himself into universal notice and applause before he is forty, and is mounting higher every day.



Design for an electric-light switchboard.

THE MERMAID

[CELTIC FOLK-SONG]

By Lucia Chamberlain

As I came down by Carnalee
I heard one singing on the sea;
Singing sweetly, terribly,
  Songs for drownèd men.
The moon leaned down from heaven to hear,
The sea drew up, the stars drew near—
Oh, many a night shall turn the year
  Ere such be heard again!

As I came down by Carnalee
I saw one sitting on the sea;
White she was as the white thorn-tree,
  And her hair a fiery crown.
Nor hosen nor hood she happed her in,
Nor linen smock she wrapped her in,
But the long, cold waves she lapped her in,
  And the green weed streaming down.

Lying still upon my bed,
I can hear the ocean's tread
Trampling down the bleaching bed
  For the happy men who drown;
With never a shroud to hap them in,
Nor church-yard mould to lap them in,
But her long, white arms to wrap them in,
  And the sea to roll them down.

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

I

"THOSE whom God has joined together let no man put asunder." It seemed to the bride that the Rev. George Prentiss laid especially solemn stress on these words, and as she listened to the announcement that, forasmuch as Emil Stuart and Constance Forbes had consented together in holy matrimony, he pronounced them to be man and wife, her nerves quivered with satisfaction at the thought that she was Emil's forever. The deed was done, and she was joyous that the doubt which had harassed her in her weak moments—whether she was ready to renounce her ambition to help in the great work of education for the sake of any man—was solved and merged in the ocean of their love. Doubtless Emil was not perfect, but she adored him. No one had even hinted that he was not perfect, but she had made up her mind not to be ridiculous in her rapture, and to look the probable truth squarely in the face as became an intelligent woman. She knew that until recently he had been only a clerk with Toler & Company, lumber merchants, and that he had just started in business on his own account. He was dependent for support on his individual labors, but she had in her own name the nice little nest-egg of five thousand dollars, realized from the sale of the family homestead at Colton, the country town, ten miles distant, from which, an orphan, she had come to Benham a year previous. She was marrying for love a young man who had his own way to make, just as hundreds of others were doing every day, and she was proud of her part in the compact. A great happiness had come into her life, almost against her will, but now that it had come she recognized that it was nature working in the ordinary way, and that she would not remain single for all the kindergartens in creation. She had known Emil only a year; still that year had been one of courtship, and no one had ever spoken ill of him, though she had been told that Mr. Prentiss, as a rector charged with overseeing the destinies of friendless girls who were members of his parish, had made inquiries. Moreover, Mr. Prentiss had agreed that two young people, situated as they were, whose hearts were united, did well to marry on a small income and trust somewhat to the future. How otherwise, as he sagely remarked, was ideal love to flourish, and were mercenary considerations to be kept at bay? Emil was twenty-five, and she just twenty. Youthful, but still of a proper age, and they were growing older every day. Decidedly it was a prudent love-match, and she had a right to be joyful, for there was nothing to reproach herself with or to regret.

It will thus be observed that Constance Forbes was no happy-go-lucky sort of girl, and that though she was marrying younger than she had expected, she was marrying with her eyes open. She had scrutinized severely the romantic episode which had made her and her lover acquainted, and had even refused him the first time he asked her in order to counterbalance the glamor resulting from that meeting. The episode was a sequel to an accident to the train on which she was travelling from Colton to Benham. The engine ran into the rear of some freight cars, owing to a misplaced switch, and the tracks were strewed with splintered merchandize, so that the train was delayed four hours. The natural thing for passengers with time to kill was to inspect the wreckage, which, besides the dilapidated railroad apparatus, consisted of mangled chairs and tables, and bursted bags of grain, a medley of freight impressive in its disorder. Constance found herself presently discussing with a young man the injuries to the cow-catcher of the

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engine, which had been twisted ludicrously awry. A moment before two other persons, one of them a woman, had been on the spot, and the conversation had been innocuously general, but they had drifted off. Constance was conscious of having noticed the young man in her car, and of having casually observed that he had an alert expression, and that his hair rose perpendicularly from his brow, suggesting the assertiveness of a king-bird. To allow a young man to scrape acquaintance with her in cold blood would ordinarily have been entirely repugnant to her ideas of maidenly propriety, but she resisted her first impulse to turn her back on him and abruptly close the interview as needlessly harsh. It would surely be prudish to abstain from examining the battered locomotive, which lay on one side, with its nose in the air, as though it had fallen in the act of rearing, merely because a respectable-looking male passenger happened to be equally interested in the results of the catastrophe. So it chanced that after they had exchanged observations concerning the injuries to the overthrown "Vulcan" and speculated as to how long they were likely to be delayed, their conversation became less impersonal. That is, the young man informed her that he was in the employ of Toler & Company, lumber merchants, and was returning to Benham after having made some collections for them in the neighboring country. Then he was familiar with Benham? Familiar? He should say so. He had been settled there for three years, and—(so he gave Constance to understand)—there was absolutely nothing regarding the place which he could not tell her. First of all, Benham was a growing, thriving city. Its population had quadrupled in fifteen years. Think of that! So that now (in 1886) there were upward of three hundred and fifty thousand souls in the city's limits. It was a hustling place. A shrewd, energetic man, who kept his wits active, ought to make his fortune there in ten years, if he were given a proper chance. Was she going to live in Benham?

Constance admitted that she was, and, helped along by friendly inquiries, she told him briefly her story. That she had lost her father and mother within a few months of each other, and that she had decided to come to Benham, of which, of course, she had heard as a progressive city, in order to learn the kindergarten methods of teaching. Subsequently she hoped to obtain an appointment as a school-teacher, and so earn her own living.

"When you've finished your lessons and are ready to teach, let me know. I may be able to help you. I'm a little in politics myself, and a word to the school committee from a free and independent constituent might get you a place."

He spoke jauntily though respectfully; but the offer reminded Constance that the conversation was taking a more intimate turn than she had bargained for. She thanked him, and began to move slowly away, not with any definite idea of direction, but as a maidenly interruption. Mr. Stuart—for he had told her his name—kept pace with her and seemed quite unconscious of her purpose. In the few minutes during which they had been chatting she had observed that he was somewhat above the average height and rather spare, with a short mustache which curled up at the ends and was becoming. Also, that he had small, dark eyes, which he moved rapidly and which gave him, in conjunction with his rising brow and hair, a restless, nervous expression.

As they walked along the track the conductor was coming toward them. He had been to the telegraph office and was returning with a telegram in his hands.

"Well, what are our chances of getting away from here?" Emil asked, with the manner of a man to whom time is precious.

"It'll be a good three hours before the wrecking train arrives and the road is clear."

The youth and the maid looked at each other and laughed at the gloominess of the situation.

"In that case," said Constance, glancing at the sloping banks bordering the railroad tracks, which were bright with white weed and other flora of the early summer time, "we shall have to dine on wild flowers."

"I have some chocolate in my bag."

Constance flushed slightly with embarrassment. Her random remark seemed almost to amount to a premeditated invitation to share his resources.

Emil's gaze had followed hers in her allusion to the wild flowers. "I'll tell you what," he exclaimed, impulsively, "since

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we have three hours to wait, why shouldn't we escape from this culvert and see what there is to be seen from the top of the bank? I shall be able to show you Benham," he added, noticing, perhaps, that she looked doubtful, "for we are only nine or ten miles away."

This was tempting. Besides it would surely be ridiculous to remain where she was rather than explore the country merely because he was a casual acquaintance and had some chocolate in his travelling bag. The circumstances were harmless and unavoidable, unless she wished to write herself down a prude. The result was the logic of common sense prevailed, and Constance gave her consent to the proposal. So they climbed the bank presently, pausing on the way to gather some posies, with which the party of the second part proceeded to adorn her hat, after they had established themselves on an eligible fallen tree commanding a pleasing view. The fallen tree was at the edge of a copse of pine wood some two hundred yards from the bank. Thus they were sheltered from the sun. Out of the copse, almost at their feet, ran a bubbling brook, which added a touch of romance to the landscape rolling away in undulating and occasionally wooded farming land, as far as the eye could reach, until it terminated in a stretch of steeples and towers surmounted by a murky cloud. There was Benham.

Although they were too distant to discern more than a confused panorama, Emil essayed a few topographical details. He explained that twenty-five years earlier Benham had comprised merely a cluster of frame houses in the valley of the peaceful river Nye, which still served as an aid to description. Primarily a village on the south side of the stream, it had first developed in a southerly direction, spreading like a bursting seed also laterally to east and west. Its original main street, once bordered by old-fashioned frame houses with grass-plots and shade trees, had evolved into Central Avenue, at first the desirable street for residences, but now, and considerably prior to his advent, the leading retail shopping artery, alive with dry-goods shops, into which the women swarmed like flies. To the west of Central Avenue lay the tide of social fashion culminating two miles distant in the River Drive, a wide avenue of stately private houses, situated where the Nye made a broad bend to the north, and the new district beyond the river, where the mansion of Carleton Howard, the railroad magnate, stood a pioneer among Elysian fields of real estate enterprise, sanctified by immaculate road surfaces and liberal electric light.

Constance listened eagerly. She was interested to know particulars concerning the city where she was to live, and she enjoyed the lively sardonic touches which relieved his description. Though possessing an essentially earnest soul, she was susceptible to humor, and had an aversion for lack of appreciation of true conditions.

To the east of Central Avenue, Stuart further explained, lay first the shops and the business centre, and then the polyglot army of citizens who worked in the mills, oil yards, and pork factories. Across the river to the south, approached by seven bridges of iron, replacing two frail wooden bridges of former days, were the mills and other industrial establishments. Beyond these still further to the north was Poland, so called, a settlement of the Poles, favorite resort of the young ladies of Benham's first families eager to offer the benefits of religion and civilization to the ignorant poor. Following the Nye in its sweep to the north, until it deflected again to the east, so as to run almost parallel to its first course, but in the opposite direction, were the public park, the land bonded for an Art Museum, Wetmore College (the Woman's Academy of learning), and the other more or less ornamental institutions. This region of embryo public buildings, garnished with august spaces, was a sort of boundary line on the north, turning the current of industrial population more to the east. Just as the tide to the west of Central Avenue was one of increasing comfort and fashion, this to the southeast, stretching out as the city spread, and forced constantly forward by the encroachments of trade, was one of common workaday conditions, punctuated (as he phrased it) now and again by poverty and distress.

"I tell you, Miss——"

"Forbes, Constance Forbes is my name."

"Thank you. I tell you, Miss Forbes, Benham is a wideawake city. We have all

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the modern improvements. But the rich man gets the cream every time. I heard millionaire Carleton Howard, the railroad magnate, say the other day from the platform, that there is no country in the world where the poor man is so well off as in this. Yet it's equally true that the rich are all the time getting richer and the poor poorer. He neglected to state that." He laughed scornfully, and his eyes sought Constance's face for approval. She knew little concerning millionaires or the truth of the proposition he was advancing, but it interested her to perceive that he was evidently on the side of the unfortunate, for she cherished a keen pity for the ignorant poor almost as a heritage. Her father had been a country physician—an energetic, sympathetic man, whose large vitality had been spent in relieving the sufferings of a clientage of small tillers of the soil over an area of fifteen miles. He had often spoken to her with pathos of the patient struggles of the common people. Her own susceptibility to human suffering had been early quickened by the destiny of her mother, who had been thrown from a sleigh shortly after Constance's birth, and had remained a paralytic invalid to the day of her death, requiring incessant care.

"When I run for Congress," he resumed, scowling slightly as he fixed his gaze on the murky cloud surmounting Benham, "it'll be on a platform advocating government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, waterworks, electric street cars, and all the other fat things out of which our modern philanthropists with capital squeeze enormous profits at the expense of their fellow-citizens. I'm against all that sort of thing. Buy a gas plant to-day and consolidate it with another to-morrow. Profit to the promoter two hundred per cent., without leaving the office. What does the consumer get? Cheaper gas and greater efficiency. That's the fine-sounding tag; and some of the horny-handed multitude are guileless enough to believe it. It won't be long though now before I make my own pile," he added, not quite relevantly. "I'd have made it before this if they hadn't hindered me."

Constance perceived that he expected her to inquire what this meant, and she was curious to know. So she asked.

"My employers, Toler & Company. If I had had the capital and the opportunities of those people, I should be wearing diamonds. I've tried to point out to them more than once that they were throwing big chances away by being so conservative and old-fashioned in their methods instead of branching out boldly and making a ten strike. One thing is certain, I'm not going to invent ideas for them for a pitiful one thousand dollars a year much longer. If they think they can afford not to raise my salary and give me a chance to show what I can do, I'm going to let them try after January first. It isn't very pleasant, Miss Forbes, to be doing most of the work and see someone else reaping all the profits. They can't help making money, old fogies as they are."

It was certainly a galling situation. Constance, who was young herself, felt that she sympathized with his desire to compel recognition.

"It doesn't seem right at all," she said, "that you should be kept down."

"I've made up my mind to give them notice that I must have an interest in the business after the first of the year, or I quit and start on my own account. I've my eye on a man with five thousand dollars who will go into partnership with me I hope."

Constance thought of her own five thousand dollars. She would almost like to lend it to him, though, of course, that was out of the question. Still, there would be no harm in offering moral support. "If I were a man," she said, "and had faith in my own abilities, I wouldn't remain in a subordinate position a moment longer than was really necessary."

In response to this note of sympathy Emil opened his bag and produced two sticks of chocolate. He broke them apart and presented one to his companion. He also exhibited a compressible metal drinking-cup, which he filled from the bubbling brook. A crow cawed in the pine copse as though to call attention to the idyl, but only the two philosophers on the fallen tree-trunk were within hearing of his note of irony, and they regarded it merely as an added rural charm.

"Would you object to my smoking my pipe?"

"Not in the least. My father was devoted to his pipe."

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Another bond of sympathy. Or at least an indication to the swain that here was a maiden who was no spoil sport and who would not have to be wooed by the sacrifice of personal comfort. Moreover, it was not lost on him that she was an attractive-looking maiden, and that her voice was well modulated and refined. Yet he was not thinking of her, but merely of her sex in general, when he said, "Besides, I hope to be married some day. How could I support a wife in Benham on one thousand dollars a year in the manner in which I should wish her to live?"

Constance could not answer this question, and did not try. It belonged to the category of remarks which were to be treated by a single woman as monologues. But she was keenly interested. One thousand dollars a year did not seem to her a very pitiful sum for a young couple just starting in life. She had heard her father say that when he married her mother he had only a hundred dollars in the world, and no assurance of practice. But that was not in Benham. She had already divined that Benham was to be a land of surprises. At all events she could not help admiring Mr. Stuart's chivalric attitude toward his future wife. His ambition was obviously quickened by the thought of his future sweetheart, whoever she might be; which was an agreeable tribute to her own sex, suggesting susceptibility to sentiment.

"Yes, I'd have been married before this if Toler & Company had not, as you say, kept me down," he continued, pensively, blowing a ring of smoke to emphasize his mood. "When after working hard all day I go to my room at night and take up my violin, I often think that if I could play to the woman I loved, instead of to the blank wall, how much happier I should be. But I suppose some of my friends would declare that I was a fool to desire a yoke around my neck before fate placed it there."

His own readiness to relieve the stress of his confession by a sardonic turn counteracted the constraint which his intimate avowal had aroused. Incredible as it is that a man in his sober senses should offer himself to a woman the first time he beholds her, no woman is altogether unaware that he is liable to do so. A modest and thoughtful young girl shrinks from precipitate progress in affairs of the heart. Obviously the ground was less dangerous than it had for a moment appeared, but Constance sought the avenue of escape which his allusion to music offered. Besides it pleased her to hear that he was æsthetic in his interests.

"You play on the violin, then?" she asked. "I envy anybody who has the talent and the opportunity for anything of that sort. I sing a little, but my voice is uncultivated, for in Colton there was no one to tell us our faults." The earnest gleam in her fine dark eyes seemed to second the fresh enthusiasm of her tone.

The warning scream of the whistle, not the voice of the crow, broke in at this point on their preoccupation with each other. This was the romantic episode from which their acquaintance dated—an episode which might readily have signified nothing. But on the other hand, it naturally supplied to the party of the second part a fair field of memory in which her imagination might wander when stirred by the subsequent attentions of this young knight with sympathy for the unfortunate, resolute confidence in his own abilities, generous views in regard to matrimony and a sensitive, æsthetic soul. For Emil Stuart sought her out at once, visited her at her lodgings and gave unmistakable signs that his purpose was both honorable and definite. Within six months she knew from his own lips that he wished to make her his wife. She took another three in which to conquer her scruples and maidenly disinclination to be won too easily. Why should she not yield? He was her first lover, and she loved him, and he declared with fervor that he adored her. Contact with the conditions of a large city had shown her unmistakably that only after years of struggle could she hope to be more than a mere hand-maiden in the work of education, and that during the early period of her employment, if not indeed for life, the hours of work would be long and confining and her pleasures few. Here was a companion who would provide her with a home, and upon whom the tenderness of her woman's nature could be freely bestowed. It was the old, old story, she said to herself, but was there a better one?

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II

THE young couple bought a small house on the outskirts of the city, some distance beyond the Nye, where it flows at right angles with its original course, and in the general region of fastidious growth, but in a settlement of inexpensive villas to one side of the trend of fashion. The bridegroom had not forgotten his liberal intention to begin housekeeping on a somewhat more ambitious scale than his salary as a clerk had warranted. He was now the senior partner in the firm of Stuart & Robinson, lumber dealers, which had been in existence six months. He had parted from his employers, Toler & Company, on the first of January, because of their refusal to accede to his demands, and had been able to persuade the comrade with five thousand dollars, to whom he had referred at his first meeting with Constance, to enter into a business alliance. Robinson was three years his junior, and without commercial experience, but eager to turn the windfall, which had come to him through the death of an aunt, into a cool million. What could be more natural than to take advantage of the experience which Stuart offered him—an experience which gave promise of swift and lucrative operations in the near future?

It was a very modest establishment, from the standpoint of affluence. A neat little house of eight rooms supplied with modern improvements, and, though one of a builder's batch, designed with some regard for artistic effect, which indicated that a preference for harmonious beauty was working in the popular mind of Benham against the idols, colorless uniformity and bedizened ugliness. To the bride, whose experience of housekeeping was limited to a country town where colorless uniformity ruled undisturbed and modern improvements were unknown, the expenditure of her nest-egg of five thousand dollars in this complete little home seemed an investment no less enchanting than wise. Five thousand for the house, with a subsequent mortgage upon it of one thousand for the purchase of the furniture and to provide a small bank balance for emergencies. This was her contribution to the domestic partnership, and she rejoiced to think that her ability to help to this extent would leave Emil a free hand for the display of his business talent.

The basis of a newly married woman's peace of soul is trust. She feels that the responsibility is on her husband to make good the manly qualities with which she has endowed him, and because of which she has consented to become his mate. Occasionally during the first few months of her married life Constance laughed to think that all her maidenly eagerness to solve the riddle of life brilliantly, and all her profound searching of the mysteries of the universe should have ended in her becoming an every-day house-wife with dust-pan and brush, and the wife of one who, to all outward appearances, was an every-day young man. But her laugh savored of gladness. She had given herself to him because she had faith that his energy, self-reliance, fearless humor and sympathetic hatred of shams would distinguish him presently from the common herd of men, and vindicate her infatuation. She had given herself to him, besides, because he loved her—a delightful consciousness. Accordingly, she enclosed herself in the web of happiness which her confidence in him had spun about her, and took up her domestic duties with light-hearted devotion.

Nevertheless, no woman emerges from her honeymoon with exactly the same estimate of her lover as before. If nothing else, she has seen his mental and moral characteristics in their undress, so to speak, and become habituated to their sublimity. We may be no less fond of a person whose anecdotes have grown familiar to us, and analogously a wife does not weary of her husband's qualities merely because they have lost the glamor of novelty. On the contrary she is apt to continue to adore them because they are his. Still she feels free to scrutinize them closely and—unconsciously at least—to submit them to the test of her own silent judgment. She discovers, too, of course, that he has sides and idiosyncrasies the existence of which she never suspected. Ordinarily she finds to her surprise that his attitude in regard to this or that matter has shifted perceptibly since marriage, so that, instead of being lukewarm or ardent, as the case may be, he has become almost strenuous or indifferent

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in his attitude. Hence she divines that during their courtship some of his real opinions and tendencies have been kept in retreat.

Constance sensibly had decided in advance that Emil was not perfect, so she was prepared to discover a blemish here and there. In spite of her happiness it became obvious to her during the first six months of their married life that the self-confidence which had attracted her verged at times on braggadocio, and moreover that opposition or disappointment made him sour and morose. If his affairs were prospering, his spirits rose, his wits scintillated, and he spoke of the world with a gay, if sardonic, forbearance, which suggested that it was soon to be his foot-ball. But if matters went wrong, he not only became depressed, but was prone to dwell upon his own ill-luck, and inveigh bitterly against the existing conditions of society. She had noticed from the first days of their acquaintance that there appeared to be an inconsistency between his eagerness to grow rich and his enmity toward the capitalists of Benham; but she had gathered that he was merely eager to put himself in a position where his sympathy for the toiling mass could be fortified by the opportunities which wealth would afford. But now that his feverish absorption in business had apparently banished all interest in philanthropic undertakings from his thoughts, the inconsistency was more conspicuous.

Constance spoke to Emil about this at last. Naturally, she broached the topic when he was in one of his sanguine moods. In response he took out his pocket-book and asked her how much she required, having jumped to the conclusion that she was beating around the bush and had some particular object of charity in view.

"You don't understand, exactly, Emil," she answered. "I'm not asking for money; I was merely hoping that having me to provide for isn't going to cut you off from your former associations—to lessen your sympathy with political movements for the protection of the people such as you used to take part in before we were married."

Stuart frowned, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets as he was apt to do when he felt his oats. "You don't seem to realize, Constance, that a man starting in business needs all his energy and watchfulness to avoid having his head thrust under water by the fellows who are on the surface of the commercial whirlpool and who don't want company. When I've got the sharks in my line of trade where I want them, which is, metaphorically speaking, at the bottom of the pond, it'll be time enough to take up politics. You'd like to see me in Congress some day, wouldn't you? Well, that will be plain sailing for me in this district as soon as I control the lumber business of Benham, little saint."

This sounded plausible, and did not seem to admit of argument, provided the consummation of the business supremacy indicated by her husband was not deferred too long. She dismissed the matter from her mind for the time being. It was less easy to dispose of another tendency which had revealed itself in unmistakable guise since their marriage, and this was Emil's indifferent attitude, not merely toward her form of religious faith, but toward all religion. Within a short time after their acquaintance began she had discovered that he was not an Episcopalian, and that his views regarding the spiritual problems of the universe were not those of orthodox Christians. But on the other hand, although he was fond even then of blowing down her card-houses, as he called them, with an occasional blast of scientific truth, he had been ready to accompany her to church and had never seemed lacking in reverence. She had asked herself the question why she should stifle her love for him merely because his conception of the eternal mysteries did not coincide with her own, and she had answered it by the independent assurance that his attitude toward life was the important consideration. She had even been fascinated by his broad outlook on the universe, with his flashing eyes and his righteous contempt for some of the dogmas of the sects. He had seemed to her imagination at such times almost as a reforming archangel purging away the dross of superstition and convention from the essentials of religious faith. He did not believe in the miracles, it is true, because he regarded them as violations of the laws of the universe; but was he not a firm believer in the spirit of Christian conduct?

She had reasoned thus as a maiden, and had never doubted the soundness of her

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self-justification. But the sequel was disturbing to her peace of mind and to her hopes. It was not Emil's refusal to go to church, nor his dedication of the Sabbath to mere rest and recreation which distressed her, but his scornful tone in regard to any form of religious ceremonial; his scornful tone toward her own reverence for the faith in which she had been educated. Even the term of endearment which he coined for her, "little saint," was a jocose and condescending appellation reflecting on her susceptibility to ideas which clever people had discarded as fatuous. She could have borne without complaint going to church alone had he been willing to respect her opinions as she respected his. But on her return from service he was sure to greet her with some ironical jest which made painfully clear that he regarded her habit of worship as a sign of mental inferiority. His own habit on Sunday was to remain in bed until after the church hour. Then he would establish himself in a loose-fitting woolen garment, which he called his smoking-jacket, on the porch or in the sitting-room and read the Sunday papers, with a pipe in his mouth. Sometimes he played on his violin, and by the time Constance returned he was ready for a short walk, ostensibly for the sake of exercising a small black and white terrier. His wife could not accompany him on this stroll, for she could not neglect their midday dinner, and when he sat down at table he was apt, if the weather was fine, to refer pathetically to the sin of having wasted it in the city. "If only you were content, little saint, to worship nature with me," he would say, "we would get away into the country with a luncheon basket the first thing in the morning and make a day of it in the woods."

There was something winsome in this proposition, especially as the inability to enjoy an outing because of her reluctance to renounce church worship seemed to spoil his day in a double sense. For, as a consequence, he ate a huge Sunday dinner, including two bottles of beer, smoked more than his wont, and after a tirade against the evils of monopoly or some kindred topic invariably fell into a heavy slumber on the lounge, from which he did not awaken until nearly sunset.

"Another Sunday wasted," he more than once remarked by way of melancholy comment on this state of affairs.

No wonder that Constance was perplexed as to her duty. Since coming to Benham she had been a member of Rev. George Prentiss's parish. Her mother was of English descent, and Constance had been brought up in the Episcopal faith. At Colton there had been no church of that denomination, and to attend the Episcopal service one had to drive or walk two miles to a neighboring village. It had often seemed to Constance more important to remain at home with her invalid mother than to take this excursion. Consequently, during her girlhood, she had been irregular in her attendance at church. Frequently, in order to be able to return home more speedily, she had worshipped at the Methodist or Unitarian meeting-house in the village. Sometimes she had stayed away altogether; therefore she understood the fascination of communion with books or with spring buds or autumn leaves as a substitute for worship in the sanctuary. Her untrammelled experience had made her open-minded and independent, but on the other hand the difficulty of kneeling at her own shrine had nourished her sentiment for the Episcopal faith, so that she had rejoiced spiritually in the opportunity, which her residence in Benham afforded, to become a regular and devoted member of Mr. Prentiss's flock. Moreover, the vital character of St. Stephen's as a religious body had appealed to her. The little church near Colton had been a peaceful and poetic, but poor and unenterprising establishment. Contrasted with it, St. Stephen's appeared a splendid and powerful influence for righteousness, stirring deeply her æsthetic sensibilities, and at the same time proving its living, practical grasp on human character through its able pastor and active organization. St. Stephen's never slumbered; St. Stephen's prided itself on its ardent faith and essentially modern spirit; and St. Stephen's, by common acceptance, was synonymous with its rector, Rev. George Prentiss.

Mr. Prentiss had grown up with the church. That is, he had been curate to the Rev. Henry Glynn, an Englishman who had selected Benham as a promising pasture for the propagation of the Episcopal faith beyond the pale of the mother country,

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who had gone forth into the wilderness and had lived to see a goodly flock of sheep browsing beneath his ministrations. Mr. Glynn was a pioneer, and had gone forth in the early seventies when Benham was in the throes of rapid progress and extraordinary development from month to month. His mission had been to spread the tenets of his sect by the zeal and eloquence of his testimony, and to provide a suitable edifice for the human souls attracted by his teachings. In his time the congregation forsook the small and primitive structure, erected in hot haste within a year of his arrival, for a commodious and sufficiently æsthetic building. Before his death, which occurred prematurely, Benham had become a large and important municipality. His successor found himself not only the pastor of the leading Episcopal church of the city—which had also in the process of social evolution become the most fashionable and probably the richest church in the city—but a shepherd in a wilderness of a different sort. In other words he was brought suddenly face to face with the problems which confront earnest spirits eager to redeem human nature in a huge industrial community. The former wilderness had blossomed, even with the rose, but the thistles, tares, and rank grass which fought for mastery with the wholesome vegetation had revolutionized the soil. There were scores of saloons in Benham; there was a herd of immoral women on the streets of Benham; and, most perplexing problem of all, perhaps, there were, only a mile apart, the picturesque neighborhood of the Riverside Drive with its imposing, princely, private mansions, and Smith Street, boulevard of unwholesome tenement-houses, garnished with rum-shops and squalid lives—contrast repugnant and disconcerting to American ideals, and to him as an American.

But Rev. George Prentiss was not the man to shrink from deep and important responsibilities. On the contrary, it might be said of him that he revelled in them. The consciousness that, in spite of Benham's mushroom-like growth as a proud testimonial to the sacredness of institutions established by the free-born, the city had begun closely to resemble large cities everywhere was sobering, but on the whole, inspiriting to him as a worker. His mission was clearly disclosed to him—a mission worthy of the energies of a clergyman eager to bring his church into closer touch with every-day life and common human conditions. For Mr. Prentiss as an American and a churchman was ambitious for the future of the Episcopal faith. His predecessor and friend had seen in their pastorate only a glorious continuation of English orthodoxy—a spiritual revolt from dissent, transcendentalism and cold, intellectual independence, which would, in the end, gather sixty million people into a Protestant fold, national in its title and dimensions. Mr. Prentiss shared this delectable vision, but he would not have American Episcopacy a mere blind imitation of the mother church or a colonial dependency. He felt that it behooved those of his faith on this side of the Atlantic to gird their loins zealously, and to guide their sheep fearlessly, receiving with respectful attention the interpretations of the spiritual lords of Great Britain regarding dogma, but exercising intelligent discretion in regard to their adoption. This attitude, which might be called patriotism, in some sense reflected the pride which Dante, that stern censor of prelates, condemns. Was the Church of England to prescribe doctrine to the thriving, hardy child of its loins forever? Surely not, now that that child, waxing in size and resources and dignified with power, promised soon to rival its parent. It was agreeable to the rector of St. Stephen's to reflect that the tide of fashion was bearing the children of Unitarian and other indeterminate faiths into the fold of the true and living church of Christ. It was also agreeable to behold in his mind's eye that church—the American church—taking advantage of this splendid opportunity and accepting with fearless and uncompromising zeal the challenge of infidelity and materialism. The people were tired, he believed, of intellectual, spiritual dissipation, in which each soul formed its own conception of God, and defined the terms of its own compact with Him. They were welcoming fervor, passion, color and all the symbols of a faith which beholds in man a miserable sinner redeemed through the blood of Christ. If the people of his nationality had been reluctant in the days of their early history, when population was sparse and sin was kept at bay by primitive

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economic conditions, to admit that man was a sinner, could they doubt it now? Was not Benham with its bustling, seething, human forces an eloquent testimonial to the reality of evil and the intensity of the struggle between the powers of darkness? The Church's mission—his mission—was to take an active part, in a modern spirit, in the great work of regeneration by bringing light to the blind, sympathy and relief to the down-trodden and protection to the oppressed.

Mr. Prentiss had carried his theories energetically into practice. He had striven to make St. Stephen's a tabernacle for the prosperous and the fortunate and also for the desolate and the friendless. His wish would have been to see them intermingled at morning service without regard to vested rights, but his wardens assured him that the finances of the church could not be conducted successfully except on the basis of inviolable pew ownership until after the morning service had begun. But he was able to throw the church open in the afternoon to the general public, and to reserve in the morning certain gallery and less desirable benches for the accommodation of young men and women students who wished to worship regularly and could not afford to hire seats. If it was at first a tribulation to him that his congregation was rich and fashionable and a little stolid, their liberality on collection days was a great compensation, for it gave him scope for extending his influence along the line of his ambition by the establishment of the mission church, known as the Church of the Redeemer, in the heart of Benham's arid social quarter, as an adjunct to St. Stephen's, and to be maintained by the generosity of that body of Christians. When this undertaking was in full operation, under the direction of a competent curate, Mr. Prentiss experienced fewer qualms as he looked down from his reading-desk at the gay bonnets and costly toilettes of his own parishioners. He had been assured by several women active in church work that the independent poor were not fond of worshipping where their clothes would show at a disadvantage. As a Christian who was an American, he deplored the formation of classes in the sheep-fold of the church; yet he reasoned that the preferences of human nature could not be ignored altogether in a matter of this kind, and it was evident that his parishioners preferred to worship God in full possession of their property rights, surrounded by their social acquaintance. There was a zest, too, in the knowledge that he was the rector of the important and powerful people of the city, and that he had the opportunity to denounce the commercial spirit of the age in the presence of men like Carleton Howard, the millionaire, and women like his sister, Mrs. Randolph Wilson, and their friends. If he could reach their hearts, what might he not hope for? Obviously by the support of this class the Church could not fail to increase its revenues and extend its power. The triumph of the Church was after all, for him, the essential thing—the illumination of the souls of men through faith in the Christian ideal. So with this end constantly in view, Rev. George Prentiss ministered to his well-favored congregation in St. Stephen's, and vicariously, and often by personal service, conducted a crusade against ignorance and sin in the Church of the Redeemer and its neighborhood.

III

CONSTANCE FORBES had been one of the students who found a haven on the free benches at St. Stephen's. Almost at once Mr. Prentiss noticed her and, struck by her interesting face, he sent the church deaconess, Mrs. Hammond, to visit her at her lodgings. She was invited to join a Bible class of young women of her own age, and welcomed to the social parlor in the vestry provided for girls who, like herself, were strangers in Benham. Here there were magazines, writing materials, and afternoon tea. While availing herself of these privileges, Constance frequently met her rector. He inquired sympathetically concerning her work and aspirations, and showed afterward that he kept her distinctly in mind. She felt that she could freely consult him if she were in need of advice; once or twice she did consult him about her reading; and she was gratified by the interest which he took in her marriage.

Consequently, the idea of not attending

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morning service was distressing to her. She felt sure that Mr. Prentiss would notice it and be disappointed. Yet, what were Mr. Prentiss and his feelings in comparison with her obligation to her husband? Emil's Sundays were spoiled because she would not accompany him to the country instead of going to church. His attitude was unreasonable and absurd, but the fact remained that he did not go alone, and lounged at home instead. After all, she was no longer a girl, and her religious faith would not be imperilled were she to miss church now and then. Moreover, though she held fast to her creed and deplored Emil's radical views, she knew in her heart that she was more critical than formerly of what she heard in church, and that she was sometimes driven by her doubts as to the possibility of supernatural happenings to seek refuge behind the impenetrable fortress of a righteous life. There she was safe and happy, and free, it seemed to her, from the responsibility of harassing her young house-wife's brains with non-essentials. Might it not be for her own advantage to take a respite from religious functions? Certainly her companionship to Emil seemed more important at the moment than her own habit of public worship.

She began by staying away from church occasionally. Emil expressed delight at her reasonableness and carried out with zest his plan of a Sunday outing. It was a simple matter on their bicycles, or by a few minutes in the train, to reach country air and sylvan scenes, and he was entirely satisfied to spend the day in tramping through the woods and fields, stopping to fish or to lie in the sun as the humor seized him. The working-man's Sabbath, he termed it. The programme was restful and alluring to Constance also. Her husband on these occasions seemed less at odds with the world, and willing to enjoy himself without rancor or argument. After their luncheon he would smoke complacently for awhile and then take up his fiddle and practise upon it with genuine content for an hour or more, while she sat with her back against a tree or a bank, reading. He still drank his bottles of beer, but if he slumbered, it was only for a brief period. He never neglected his fiddle, and its influence appeared, as it were, to soothe his savage breast, and to make him good-humored and agreeably philosophic. He was too fond of theorizing to neglect altogether these opportunities for the enunciation of his grievances against civilization, but he was lively instead of bitter, a distinction which meant much to his wife.

When their first baby was born, these Sunday excursions were temporarily discontinued; but Constance was eager to renew them, for Emil, after going alone a few times, relapsed into his old habits. Accordingly, as soon as the little one was able to toddle, a child's wagon was procured, which Emil was ready to draw, and by avoiding fences and other barriers, the difficulties presented by this new tie were overcome. By the time the child was a year and a half old, Constance realized that she had been to church but once in the last twelve months.

This had been partly due to the action of the rector of St. Stephen's, for Constance knew within a few weeks of her first absences from church that her conduct had been noticed. The curate, Mr. Starkworth, inquired at the door if there had been illness in the family. Later the deaconess made a call of friendly observation, in the course of which it transpired that Mr. Prentiss had observed that Mrs. Stuart no longer occupied her seat. The culprit did not attempt to explain, and within a fortnight she received a visit from the rector himself. No one could have been more affable and reassuring. He established himself in an easy chair and accepted graciously the cigar which Emil proffered him. He was a large man of dignified mien and commanding person, clerical as to his dress and visage, but with a manner of conversation approximating that of men of the world—an individual manifestation which was intended to reveal a modern spirit. He was clearly a person with whom liberties could not be taken, and yet evidently one who desired to divest his point of view of cant, and to put religion on a man to man, business basis so far as was consistent with his sacred calling. He asked genial questions concerning their domestic welfare, and the progress of the new lumber firm, spoke shrewdly of local politics in which he supposed that Stuart was engaged, and sought obviously to give the impression that he was an all-round man in his sympathies, and that he took an

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active interest in temporal matters. When at last there was a favorable pause in the current of this secular conversation, Mr. Prentiss laid his hands on his knees, and, bending forward and looking from one to the other in a friendly way, said with decision:

"I have missed you two young people at church lately."

Constance winced at the inquiry, and her eyes fell beneath the clergyman's searching gaze. She could not deny the impeachment, which was embarrassing. At the same time the color had scarcely mounted to her cheeks before she felt the force of her defence rising to her support, and she looked up. She appreciated that it was incumbent on her, as the active church member, to respond, and she became suddenly solicitous lest Emil might, and so make matters worse. In truth, Emil's first impulse had been toward anger. It was one of his maxims not to submit to brow-beating. But what he regarded as the humor of the proceeding changed his wrath into scorn, and he closed his teeth on his pipe with the dogged air of a master of the situation willing to be amused withal. Mr. Prentiss divined in a flash, from the insolence of this expression, that he had to deal with a hopeless case—so far as the human soul can ever seem hopeless to the missionary—a contemptuous materialist, and his own countenance grew grave as he turned back to the wife.

"Yes, we have been very little, Mr. Prentiss. My husband, you know, does not belong to your church. He went with me while we were engaged, but—but now I think I can help him best by staying away for the present."

"You go elsewhere, then?"

"No. We do not go to church. We spend our Sundays in the country—in the fresh air, walking and resting. We take our luncheon, and my husband brings his fiddle and his fishing rod."

Constance marvelled at her own boldness, and at the ardor with which she delivered her plea of justification.

"I understand," said Mr. Prentiss. His tone was sober, but not impatient. The argument for a day of rest and recreation for the tired man of affairs was nothing new to him. Nor was Mr. Prentiss ignorant of its plausible value. He wished to meet it without temper, as one rational being discussing with another, notwithstanding eternal verities were concerned.

"Supposing, Mrs. Stuart, that everyone were to reason in the same way, what would become of our churches?"

"They would have to go out of commission," muttered Emil with delighted brusqueness.

The rector saw fit to bear this brutality without offence. He ignored the commentator with his eyes, as though to indicate that his mission was solely to the wife, but he answered,

"They would, and the Christian faith would perish in the process. Are you, Mrs. Stuart," he continued, "prepared to do without the offices of religion, and to substitute for them a pagan holiday?"

"We pass the day very quietly and simply," said Constance. "We disturb no one and interfere with no one."

"But you become pagans, utterly."

"I try to think that God hears my prayers in the open air no less than in church, while I am keeping my husband company." It wounded her to oppose her rector, yet the need of a champion for her husband's cause supplied her with speech, and gave to her countenance quiet determination. Constance possessed one of those lithe, nervous personalities, so frequently to be met with in American women of every class, the signal attribute of which is bodily and mental refinement. Her hair was dark, her face thin, her eyes brown and wistful, her figure tall and elastic; her pretty countenance had the charm of temperament rather than mere flesh and blood, and its sympathetic, intelligent comeliness suggested spiritual vigor.

Mr. Prentiss was not blind to these qualities. They had attracted him at the beginning of their acquaintance, and he was the more solicitous on account of them to reclaim her from error.

"God hears your prayers wherever you utter them, be assured of that. But I ask you to consider whether the habit of neglecting public worship is not a failure in reverence to the Christ who listens to our supplications and without whose aid we are helpless to overcome sin."

Emil had been delighted by his wife's sturdy attitude. Now that a question of doctrine was brought into the discussion,

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he felt that the time had come for him to intervene again. "We who worship in the presence of nature are not hampered by dogmas of that kind," he said. "Temptation is temptation, and I for one have never been able to understand why the man who gets the better of it isn't entitled to the credit of his strength and sense. My wife looks at such things very much as I do."

"Not altogether, Emil. You know I miss not going to church."

"I have never prevented you from going."

"But you have discountenanced it, man. It is to please you, and to humor your views that your wife is sacrificing her most sacred convictions," Mr. Prentiss exclaimed with a touch of sternness.

"You think church-going of the utmost importance; I do not. There's where we differ. Everyone must decide those questions for himself—or herself."

The rector resented the smug assurance of the retort by a frown and a twist of his shoulders, as though he were sorry that he had condescended to bandy words with this irreverent person.

"Yes, we all must," he said, addressing Constance. "'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.'"

He regretted the next instant having indulged in this clerical formula, which was foreign to his usual method.

Constance flushed at the words of Scripture, then she drew herself up slightly and said:

"I am very sorry, indeed, to disappoint you, Mr. Prentiss, but I can't promise to attend church regularly at present. Perhaps it is true, as my husband says, that my opinions have changed somewhat in regard to points of faith. I hope—I shall pray that after a time we may both come back to you."

There was no mistaking the finality of this unequivocal but gently uttered speech, and Mr. Prentiss knew that one of the signs of a man of the world is the capacity to take a hint. Though it galled him to leave this attractive member of his flock in the clutches of one so apparently unfit to appreciate her bodily or spiritual graces, he recognized that to press the situation at this point could result only in separating her still further from the influence of the church. "You shall have my prayers, too —both of you," he said, fervently. Then he arose and resumed the demeanor of a friendly caller.

But Emil, now that he had shown clearly that he had the courage of his convictions, felt the need of vindicating his character as a host. He said jauntily, "I hope there's no offence in standing up for what one believes to be true. It's one of the greatest poets, you know, who wrote

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

"You young whipper snapper!" was Mr. Prentiss's unuttered comment, but he did not relax his lay serenity of manner save by the slight vein of sarcasm which his words contained. "No offence, certainly. But you should also bear in mind, young man, that others no less mentally qualified than yourself have pondered the problems of the universe and come to very different conclusions. A man takes large responsibilities upon himself in deciding to deprive his wife and children of the comforts of religion."

"I am anxious that my children when they grow up may not be obliged, as I was, to unlearn what they were taught to believe in their youth," Emil retorted with smiling effrontery. He was pleased with his wife and with himself and he was glad to get in a final body blow on the person of this officious slummer, as he subsequently described their visitor.

"I am not unfamiliar with that line of argument," said Mr. Prentiss, in the act of departure. "But I invite you to consider whether your children, when they are old enough to think for themselves, will be grateful for the substitute which you offer for doctrine. They ask for bread, and what do you give them? A stone."

Emil laughed. He was content to let the parson have the last word. He stood for a moment on the door-step watching him march down the street. He felt that he had turned the tables on him completely and had thereby won a victory for clear thinking and freedom of thought. He exclaimed exultantly as he re-entered the parlor, "I guess that'll teach the old duck to stay in his own barn-yard and not come waddling down here to try to get us to believe that the world was made in seven days and Jonah was swallowed by the whale."

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Constance, who had fallen into troubled reverie, looked up and exclaimed with emphasis, "Mr. Prentiss is a very reasonable man about such matters, Emil. He used particularly to tell his bible class that the language of the Old Testament is sometimes metaphorical."

"Yes, I know how the clergy jump and change feet to avoid being cornered. I'm aware they explain that the seven days were not our days of twenty-four hours, but were symbolic terms for geological stretches of time. Do you call that ingenuous?"

Constance winced. It happened that Mr. Prentiss had offered just this explanation of holy writ, and somehow, now that Emil held it up to scorn, the rector's commentary appeared flimsy. She sighed, then with emotion said, "Emil, I wish you would tell me what you really do believe."

"Believe?" He smiled indulgently as he echoed his wife's inquiry, but his eyes snapped and his shock of hair seemed to stand up straighter. His manner expressed a mixture of amused condescension and the tartness of a dogged spirit suspicious of attack. "I believe, for one thing, that the laws of nature are never violated, and that their integrity is a grander attribute of divinity than the various sensational devices which the orthodox maintain that an all-wise God employs to attract the attention of men to himself. I believe also that you in your secret soul entirely agree with me."

Constance was silent a moment. "And yet you haven't answered my question, Emil. You haven't told me what you do believe. Why isn't religion just as real and true a part of man as any other instinct of his being? It has been a constantly growing attribute."

"And the nonsense is being gradually squeezed out of it. Why should I accept the dogma of that reverend father in God that a man can do nothing by his own efforts? Isn't it a finer thought that we grow by virtue of our struggles and that the free and independent soul wins the battle of life by making the most of itself?"

Emil spoke with fierce rhetoric. To his wife's ear he seemed to be pointing out besides that his own soul was fighting this battle and that he was willing to be judged by the results regardless of doctrine. Constance had long ago convinced herself that his bark was worse than his bite; that he believed more than he really admitted of the essentials of religion; that he acknowledged his responsibility to God and was devoting his days to advancing the useful work of the world, and incidentally providing for her happiness at the same time. His plea for credit to the independent soul which overcame temptation and obstacles was, at least, manly, and a sign of courage. She scarcely heeded the quotation from the "Rubaiyat," which he was murmuring as a corollary to his apostrophe to free and noble endeavor.

> O thou who didst with pitfall and with gin
> Beset the path I was to wander in,
> Thou wilt not with predestined evil round
> Enmesh and then impute my fall to sin?

She had heard him quote these lines and others of like import before, and she had learned some of them by rote. She recognized their charm and cleverness and to a certain extent their plausibility; but she had not the slightest impulse to revolutionize her own faith. Her absorbing thought, for the moment, was how to be true to her husband without being false to the church. Mr. Prentiss, in spite of his appeal, had left her conscience unconvinced, and now her clear-headed, fearless Emil had suddenly given her soul the cue to expression. Her brown eyes kindled rapturously and trustfully as she said:

"It's the life after all which counts, isn't it? Everything else is of secondary importance."

"Of course," said Emil. "And when it comes to that," he added, "there's no one in the world who can pick a flaw in yours, you little saint."

"You mustn't say things like that," Constance murmured. Nevertheless, so far as it was a manifestation of confidence from the man she loved, it was pleasant to hear.

From this time her attendance at church was very infrequent. She did not cease to go altogether, but almost every Sunday was spent in expeditions in the open air. The cares resulting from the birth of two children necessarily interfered with her going regularly to service while they were infants, and as soon as they were able to walk, the Sunday outings were resumed with the little boy and girl as companions.

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Mr. Prentiss did not revisit the house, but on each of the two or three occasions when Constance occupied her old seat in St. Stephen's, she felt that the rector had noticed her. He had apparently left her to her devices, but his glance told her that she was not forgotten.

IV

IT is fitting and fortunate that a young woman in a large city who has given her happiness into the keeping of a man with his own way to make, should be ignorant of her peril, and that charmed by love she should take for granted that he will succeed. But the rest of the world has no excuse for being equally blind, since the rest of the world is aware that there is no recipe by which a girl of twenty can secure a guaranty either of domestic happiness or ability on the part of her lover to hold his own in the competition for a livelihood. It is easy for the moralist of society, writing at his desk, to utter the solemn truth that young people should not rush hastily into matrimony. Assuredly they should not. But after all, is it to be wondered at that so many of them do? Love is the law of life. The renewal of the race through the union of the sexes is an instinct which asserts itself in spite of code and thesis, and the institution of lawful wedlock is the bit by which civilization regulates it. Let us, says the modern scientist, isolate the degenerate members of society, the diseased, the vicious, and the improvident, and prevent them from having offspring. But still the priest of Rome, eager for fresh converts, but wise, too, in his knowledge of the law of sex, whispers to his flock "marry early," and adds under his breath, "lest ye sin." It is a part of religion, perhaps, for the daughters of the well-to-do, who have been screened from contact with the rough world, and who sit in judgment on several lovers in the paternal drawing-room, to weigh and ponder and to call in the brain to assist, or if needs be, silence the heart. Yet even they sometimes elope instead with the wrong man against whom they have been warned, and are unhappy—or happy—ever afterward. But when we turn from these privileged young persons—the pretty, daintily dressed young women in their Easter bonnets, who worship at our fashionable churches—and from some height look out over wide stretches of streets with every house alike, the homes of the average working population, and reflect that every house shelters the consequences of a marriage, shall we ask pitilessly, "How came ye so?" And if the answer of some be "we met and loved and married, and now we are miserable," shall we draw ourselves up and tell them that the fault is theirs, that marriages are (or should be) made in heaven, and that they ought to have discovered before they plighted their troth that John would be a rascal or Mary a slattern? Is it not the privilege and the blessing of the young to trust? Shall we blame them if, in the ignorance of youth and under the spell of the law of their beings, they mistake unworthy souls for their ideals?

The firm of Stuart & Robinson, dealers in lumber, had started with a small capital, but the senior partner had confidence in his capacity to do a large business. His late employers, Toler & Company, according to his opinion, had been old fogies in their methods. To adopt his own metaphor, instead of getting up early and shaking the trees, they expected to have ripe peaches served to them on Sevrès china, or, in other words, they let great opportunities slip through their fingers. He proceeded during the first year to carry out several enterprises which he had vainly called to their attention while in their service, and he had the satisfaction of proving his wisdom and of doubling the firm's assets at the same time. Emil's plans were essentially on a large scale, and he was confessedly cramped even after this success. He explained to his wife that if only he had the necessary capital, he would be able at one fell swoop to control the lumber yards and lumber market of Benham. As it was, he must wait and probably see others appropriate ideas which he had suggested by his novel and brilliant operations. The prophecy indeed proved true, and Emil saw with a morose eye what he called his harvest gleaned by others. This vindictive attitude toward the successful was the invariable frame of mind into which he relapsed when he was not carrying everything before him, and as a result those in the trade presently began to speak of him as a crank.

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His quick comprehension was admitted, but his associates shook their heads when his name was mentioned, and hinted that he was a dangerous man, who would bear watching. It was almost inevitable that a lean period should follow Emil's series of clever undertakings. Toward the end of the second year, he found himself in a position where he had not the means to enlarge the scope of his operations. His working capital was locked up in sundry purchases which he had expected would show quick profits, but which hung fire. If he liquidated, it must be at a loss, and the idea of a loss was always bitter to him. During a number of months he was obliged to renounce certain plans which he had in view and to remain inactive. A falling lumber market added to his complications. Prompt to act when he was convinced of error, he sold out at last his accumulated stock at a loss, which would have been much greater had he delayed a week longer. But he was left almost in the same position as when he started; the previous profits had been cut in two. This was wormwood to his restless soul. It made him moody and cynical at home where one child and the near advent of another foreshadowed increasing expenses. He had expected by this time to be on the high road to fortune, and to be imitating the swift progress of certain individuals in Benham, who even in the short period since he had been a citizen, had risen by their superior wits from poverty to affluence and power.

But Emil's fits of depression were invariably succeeded by intervals of buoyancy. Though he still talked bitterly at home of the methods by which cold-hearted capital squeezed the small man to the wall and robbed him of his gains, he began to scheme anew, and to argue that the assets in his control were still ample for a great success if shrewdly handled. The lumber market was in the doldrums, dull and drooping. It began to look as though some of the industries of Benham had been developed too rapidly, and as though a halt, or what financiers call a healthy reaction in values were in order. Could it be possible that all prices in Benham were inflated? The idea occurred to Emil one day and he jumped at it eagerly. It took possession of him. He feverishly began to examine statistics and found that Benham had experienced only one period of depression since its birth as a city at the close of the Civil War. It was time for another, and the men who were clever enough to anticipate it would reap the reward of their sagacity. What were the staples of Benham? Oil, pork, and manufactured iron. These were the industries which had given the chief impetus to the city's growth, and were its great source of wealth. Emil pondered the situation and decided to sell pork short. If a general shrinkage in values was impending, the price of pork was certain to decline. He had hitherto felt so confident of making money in his own line of business that he had never done more than cast sheep's eyes at the stock market or the markets in grain, oil, and pork futures. It had been his expectation to try ventures of this sort as soon as his capital was large enough for important transactions. It was a favorite notion of his that after he had acquired the first one hundred thousand dollars, he would be able to quadruple it in a very short time by bold dealings in stocks or commodities. He knew now that he had merely to step into a broker's office and sell pork in Chicago by wire. It was a simple thing to do and the shrewd thing, considering his own business offered no opportunity at the moment for brilliancy.

To speak to his partner seemed to Emil unnecessary. He promised himself that after he had put the firm on its feet again he would deal generously with Robinson. Since their late reverses the partnership was not borrowing much money, so its credit was not exhausted. Emil obtained from his bank as large a loan as he dared to ask for, and began to sell pork short on the strength of the proceeds. It was a process which requires small capital at the outset. That is, he had simply to keep his margin good in case the pork which he sold rose in value. To begin with he sold only a few hundred barrels, and within a fortnight the price fell smartly. Not only the price of pork, but of stocks, grain, and merchandise. Emil congratulated himself. Evidently he was correct in his judgment that a period of lower speculative values was at hand. The proper thing would be to sell everything and reap a huge fortune before the dull general public awoke to the truth. His own limited resources forbade

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this, which was irritating. Still, he could go on selling pork short, and this he continued to do.

The proceeding elated him, for the sudden and large profit was in a sense a revelation. He regretted that he had never before tried this method of demonstrating his business shrewdness. He felt that it suited him admirably. He would be no rash-headed fool; he would sell boldly, but intelligently; he would keep his eye on the general market, and not cover his shorts until the general situation changed. If a serious decline in the prices of everything were in store for Benham—and the indications of this were multiplying from week to week—the price of pork might drop out of sight, so to speak, and he win a fortune as a consequence. It was the chance of a lifetime. He reasoned that he would keep cool and make a big thing of it; that a small fellow would be content with a few thousands and run to cover, but he intended to be one of the big fellows. Why take his profit when the whole financial horizon was ominous with clouds, and money was becoming tighter every day?

Emil's reasoning was perfect. The course of prices was exactly as he had predicted; that is, the price of everything except pork. The unexpected happened there, and this from a cause which no shrewd person could have foreseen. One day when, in the parlance of trade, the bottom seemed to be dropping out of all the markets, a despatch appeared in the newspapers stating that a peculiar disease had broken out among the hogs in Western Illinois. The pork market stiffened, but became flat at the advance after somebody declared the story to be a canard invented by the bulls to bolster up their holdings. Emil, adopting this explanation, and certain that this cunning stratagem to check the decline would prove unavailing, sold more pork.

A week later—one Saturday preceding a Monday which was to be a holiday—there were rumors in Chicago, just before the close of the Exchange, that the disease among the hogs was no mere local manifestation; that it was spreading rapidly, and had already shown itself in Indiana and Ohio. Pork in the last fifteen minutes bounded upward and closed ominously strong. Before the market opened on the following Tuesday it was definitely known that the hogs of the country were in the grasp of an epidemic, the precise character of which, to quote the press, was not yet determined, but which, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, would render the flesh of the animals attacked by the dread disease unfit for food, and their lard unwholesome. When the market opened, the price of pork was so high that Emil's margin of protection was wiped out as thoroughly as the tide wipes out the sand dyke which a child erects upon the beach. He was unable to respond to the demand made on him for money to keep his account with his broker good, and was sold out before night at a loss—a loss which left him in debt. He went home knowing that he was bankrupt, and that his firm must fail the moment his note at the bank became due, even if the broker to whom he owed five thousand dollars over and above his margins did not press him. There was no escape from ruin and humiliation.

He disclosed the truth to Constance with the repressed bitterness of a Prometheus. He explained to her with the mien of a wounded animal at bay the cruelty of the trick of destiny which had crushed him. How had he been at fault? He had been shrewd, far-seeing and prompt to act. The wisdom of his course had been demonstrated by the fall in prices. He was on the high road to fortune, and fate had stabbed him in the back. Could any intelligent man have foreseen that the hogs of the country would be stricken with disease? And more galling still, why had luck played him false by singling out the only possible combination of events which could have done him harm?

"An all-wise Providence!" he ejaculated with a scornful laugh. "A man looks the ground over, uses his wits and is reaping the benefit of his intelligence when he is struck in the head with a brick from behind a hedge, and is then expected to glorify the hand which smote him. How could it have been helped? How was I to blame?" he reiterated with a fierce look at his wife.

Constance could not answer the question. The details of business were a sealed book to her. The brief account of the disaster in pork, which he had just given, was confusing to her, and had left her with no conviction save pity for her husband. She

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was ready to take his word, and to believe that this overwhelming misfortune was the result of ill-luck which could not have been guarded against. What was uppermost in her mind was the impulse to help and comfort him. It pained her that he should inveigh against fate, though she recognized that the provocation was severe. But he needed her now more than ever. She would be brave and let him see that her love was at his command.

"You mustn't mind too much, Emil," she said. "We have to start again, that's all. I can economize in lots of ways, and we shall manage somehow, I'm sure. We have the house, you know. If it's necessary—in order to set you up in business—we can mortgage that. We've always had that to fall back on."

She knew as she spoke that from the standpoint of prudence the offer of the house was unwise. If that were gone, what would become of her children? Yet she felt a joy in tendering it. Why did her husband look at her with that malevolent gaze as though she had contributed to his distress?

"If you had put a mortgage on the house when I first started in business, and had given me the benefit of a larger capital, then we shouldn't be where we are to-day. I wanted it at the time, but you didn't offer it."

"Oh, Emil. I never dreamt that you wished it. To mortgage our home then would have been rash, surely. Besides, if I had given it to you, wouldn't it have been lost with the rest now?"

"Don't you understand," he said, roughly, "that if I had not been hampered at the start by my small capital, I should never have been forced to go outside the lumber business in order to support my family? Another five thousand dollars would have made all the difference."

His glowering look seemed to suggest that he had persuaded himself that she was partly to blame for what had happened. Constance was ready to make every allowance for him, but his mood offered fresh evidence of the crankiness of his disposition, a revelation to which her devotion could not altogether blind her.

"I don't understand anything about the business part," she answered, putting her arm around his neck. "Oh, Emil, Emil, I'm so sorry for you! I wish to do everything I can to help you and to show my love for you. This is a dreadful sorrow for you to bear—for us both to bear. But it has come to us, and we mustn't be discouraged. God will give us strength to bear it if we let him."

"God?" he blurted. "You may leave God out of the question so far as I am concerned."

"Oh, Emil, it grieves me to hear you talk like that."

"And it grieves me that you should aggravate my trouble by cant which I thought you had outgrown."

"I shall never outgrow that," she murmured, appreciating suddenly that the substitute which he offered her for spiritual resignation was a cell bounded by four stone walls. She had reached the limit of her apostacy, and she shrank irrevocably from the final step.

"Of course the rich and the powerful and the fortunate," he was saying, "encourage the delusion that if a man's knocked out as I am he ought to believe it's for the best, because rubbish of that sort keeps together the social system on which they fatten. Do the poor in the tenements in Smith Street over there," he asked with a wave of his hand, "believe it's for the best that they should go hungry and in rags while Carleton Howard and his peers imitate Anthony and Cleopatra? Ask the operatives in the factories across the river what they think of the justice of the millionaire's God? The time has passed when you can fool the self-respecting workingman with a basket of coals and a tract on the kingdom of heaven. They may have their heaven, if they'll give us a fair share of this earth." Emil folded his arms as one issuing an ultimatum.

Constance realized that he was in no mood to be reasoned with. She had made clear that she could not subscribe to his doctrine of despair, and save in that respect she was eager to be sympathetic. She could not deny the inequalities and apparent injustice of civilization, and Emil's plea that he had been crushed by an accident which he could not have avoided not only wrung her heart, but filled it with a sense of hostility to an industrial system which permitted its deserving members to be crushed without fault of their own. But

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I have missed you two young people at church lately."—Page 62.

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she felt instinctively that the best sort of succor which she could bring was of the practical kind. To-morrow was before them, God or no God, and they must adjust themselves to their altered circumstances, take thought and build their hopes anew.

She put her arm around his neck again and kissed him silently. Then she began with quiet briskness to make preparations for the evening meal. It was the maid's afternoon out, and Constance moved as though she were glorying in the occupation. Presently she said:

"Of course I'll dismiss Sophy to-morrow. I am proud to be a workingman's wife, Emil. We'll soon be on our feet again, never fear."

The suggestion of the servant's dismissal deepened the gloom on Emil's face. "I've half a mind to pull up stakes and move to New York," he muttered.

"And give up our home?"

He frowned at the involuntary concern in her voice. "What use is a home in a place where a man is cramped and circumvented in every big thing he attempts? I ought to have moved long ago."

"I am ready to live wherever you think best, Emil. And you mustn't forget, dear, that my trust and faith in you are as great as ever."

Despondent as he was, his habit of buoyancy was already groping for some clue to a brighter vision, to which his wife's words of encouragement now helped him. He was sitting with his elbows resting on the table and his head clasped between his hands. "I'll make a fresh start—here," he said. "They've got me down, but damn them, I'll show them that they can't keep me there."

Presently he arose, and walking out to the kitchen reappeared with a goblet and two bottles of beer. One of these he uncorked and poured the contents ostentatiously so that the froth gathered. Raising the glass he buried his mouth in the beer and eagerly drank it off. He set down the goblet with a sigh of satisfaction.

"And what's more," he said, "they can't deprive me of that."

Constance watched him with a troubled look. She shrank at this time of his distress from intimating that she regarded the indulgence of this appetite as a poor sort of solace. Besides, a glass of beer was in itself nothing, and he might well take offence at her solicitude as an invasion of his reasonable comfort. Yet observation had taught her that he was becoming more and more fond of seeking a respite from care in liberal potations of this sort.

She restrained her inclination to interfere, but she saw him with concern consume four bottles in the course of the evening. The serenity of temper which this produced—the almost indifferent calm following the storm—was by no means provocative of satisfaction. To be sure his ugly side seemed entirely in abeyance. Indeed, he took down his fiddle and played on it seductively until he went to bed, as though there were no such things as business troubles. But somehow the very mildness of his mood, gratifying as it was to her from the momentary personal standpoint, disturbed her. Was this good nature the manly, Christian resignation of the victim of misfortune putting aside his grief until the morrow? It suggested to her rather the relaxation of a baffled soul exchanging ambition for a nepenthe of forgetfulness—a fuddled agitator's paradise—and her heart was wrung with dread.

(To be continued.)

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The Seven Studious Sisters

By MARGARET SHERWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. J. GOULD

HIS MAJESTY, the King, was in a terrible state of mind. Leaning back, speechless, upon his throne, with his crown over one ear, his fists clenched, he strove in vain to speak, but only an inarticulate gurgling made its way from the royal throat. Behind him stood his Jester, merry in cap and bells; on the right, the court philosophers, with puckered brows and sagely folded arms; and all about knights-at-arms and ladies-in-waiting, silent and dismayed.

Before the King, on the lowest step of the throne, almost under the gold-brocaded dais, knelt, with clasped hands and beseeching eyes, Sylvie, Natalie, Amalie, Virginie, Sidonie, Dorothée and Clementine, the seven beautiful daughters of old Count Benoît of Verdennes, all badly frightened, but intrepid.

"Speak!" thundered the King at last. "No, do not speak! Every word will be used against you!"

"Your Majesty," began Sylvie, who was the eldest and had black hair, "we came to beg,——"

"With great earnestness," continued Natalie, who had brown hair,

"That you will give us the opportunity," said golden-haired Amalie, shivering,

"To study," said Virginie, who had brown eyes,

"And grow wise," said Sidonie, whose eyes were blue,

"And so we ask," said Dorothée, who had gray eyes,

"That we may enter the university," said little Clementine, who had dimples. It was sad for the youngest to say the hardest part of all, yet perhaps it was only fair, as it was the strong will of Clementine that had led them there, and the courage of Clementine that had kept them from faltering by the way.

They were simply repeating what they had just said; the parts had been arranged before coming, in hope that His Majesty could not resist. Never in their worst forebodings, when they had talked it over as they braided one another's hair in the tiring room of the castle, had they dreamed of anything so terrible as this.

"Wh—what put this idea into your heads?" thundered His Majesty.

Then the seven answered as one maiden: "The Princess Pourquoi."

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"What!" thundered His Majesty.—Page 73.

The King groaned aloud, and the knights-at-arms and the ladies-in-waiting groaned with him. Was it not enough for him to have had a daughter whose useless thinking had embittered his reign? She, with her quick intellect and ready questions, had made his throne totter under him; and now, when she was safely married and away—ay, and had made as good a match as the dullest maid in Christendom, must the spirit of inquiry come back to him in seven shapes? Since she was gone all had been peace; he had been able to sleep most of the other half of the day also. His Majesty fidgeted under his purple robe. The Church had taught him that it was right for the sins of the fathers to be visited upon the children, but nothing about the sins of the children being visited upon the fathers, and he could not understand.

Sylvie, Natalie, Amalie, Virginie, Sidonie, Dorothée, and little Clementine looked at him with begging eyes. Now brown eyes and blue eyes and gray eyes and black hair and brown hair and golden hair and dimples all appealed strongly to the King, and he was surprised at himself for a moment for not being able to act as ugly as he thought he felt.

"What do you want to study for?" he demanded, his hands slowly unclenching.

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"I don't know," faltered little Clementine, blushing into her dimples. Somewhere there was a faint ripple of laughter, and yet the Jester's face was perfectly sober when he lifted his head.

"To be wise and know things," said Sidonie. The King stamped.

"To be a power," said Natalie.

"Pshaw!" said the King.

"To understand all things," said Virginie. The King groaned.

"So that people will like us," said Amalie. Then came again that echo of mocking laughter and the Jester muttered from behind the throne:

"Now are there some here that are greater fools than I; for the whole world knows that a woman is better beloved for what she understands not than for what she understands."

The King looked desperately about him, for he was at his wits' end, but none came to his aid. The philosophers, with their eyes cast down, were stroking their beards; the ladies-in-waiting were looking away, as delicacy demanded, after so shocking a request; the knights-at-arms were frankly gazing at blue eyes or brown, as taste suggested. Then the King spoke hoarsely:

"This is treason. The lowest dungeon in my castle is not too hard a punishment for such offence. At any cost this spirit must be quenched—at any cost."

Tears flowed softly down the cheeks of the seven maidens, and fell on their clasped hands, and the drops from Virginie's brown eyes sparkled like jewels on Amalie's golden hair. Then, in the sorrowful pause, the King's Jester stepped softly forward, and the little bells upon his patches rang as he came.

"Sire," said he, "I could tell a remedy more potent than this and less savage."

"Speak, Fool!" said the King.

"Not afore folks," answered the Jester with a smile,

"They understand not your folly," said the King.

"Ay, but they might, for none can tell when words of wisdom may begin to penetrate dull brains. Clear me the room of these philosophers and the others, and let the maidens begone, for I cannot abide a woman's tears."

"Go!" said His Majesty.

Then the weeping maidens and the ladies-in-waiting passed out in a shimmer of gold color, and crimson, and blue, and rich green; and after them, like a shadow, crept the philosophers in garments of black; and then, with a clash of steel and flashing of wrought armor, went the knights-at-arms, and the presence chamber was empty, save for the King on the throne, and the Jester, who stood before him, in the posture of the philosophers, with folded arms and head bent low.

"Sire," said the Fool, "when women grow wise——"

"The kingdom is lost," said His Majesty. "Little enough comfort is there now."

"They will outstrip their brothers," said the Jester.

"They will meddle with matters of state," said the King.

"They will see through us all," continued the Fool. "For my part I would keep them the sweet blind creatures that they are. 'Tis enough for me that I see through myself. Now there is one way and one only to check the growing intellect of women."

"And what may that be," asked the King, the sadness lifting from his face.

"Forsooth, they must have a university of their own," answered the Jester.

"What!" thundered His Majesty.

"Ay!" said the Fool, nodding, "there is no other way. The Princess Pourquoi has lighted in this land a fire that can be put out in only one fashion. Let a foundation be made; let walls arise; let lecturers come. Naught save a university curriculum will avail now to dull the wits and divert the minds and check the thought of women."

"In truth you have a pretty wit," said the King, and he smiled. "But who will take charge of this undertaking and plan me the work that it may avail?"

"I," said the Jester. "Who else? Cap and gown would become me well, and though the King may lose his fool, he will gain My Lord Rector, who will speak bravely in the Latin tongue."

"And whom can we trust to aid in the work?" asked His Majesty.

"Lend me but the philosophers," said the Jester with a wink, "and their natural parts shall prevail where intent might come badly off in this great task of dulling women's wits."

Then the two spoke long between them-

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selves, and when they had finished, the Jester went and called the pages, and the great doors were thrown open, so that all entered as they had gone, and there was shimmer of silk and shining of jewels and gleaming of armor. The seven maidens came trembling in every limb, not knowing but their heads should fall, and they knelt as before at the foot of the throne, only now they had nothing to say. Then the King lifted up his voice, and smiling, said that it should be even as they had desired, and that learning and wisdom should be theirs. In one thing only should change be made: they should not mingle with the herd of men, but should have, sequestered and apart, a place of learning for womankind. When they heard this, Sylvie leaned her face upon the head of Natalie and wept for joy; and Natalie hers upon the head of Amalie, and Amalie upon Virginie, and Virginie upon Sidonie, and Sidonie upon Dorothée, and Dorothée upon little Clementine, and because Clementine had nowhere to lean her head, she wept into her own dimples.

Then the King's Fool went away and did not come again, and of this there was great talk for three days, and then all was forgotten, for another jester filled his place. One day appeared at court a grave gentleman clad all in flowing black, bearded, and with eyes cast down in a sort of inward look. All called him My Lord Rector, and none knew him for the King's Jester because he had changed his cap. He spoke but little, and that in Latin, as "*Verbum sat sapienti; depressus extollor; veni, vidi, vici*," and if he made jibe or jest there were none who could understand.

There was upon the outskirts of the city a great building that had once been the Palace of Justice, but was no longer used, because a loftier one had been erected in the square where the minster rose. This stood not far from the river bank and was all of gray stone that had crumbled somewhat, so that the tracery of leaf and flower in the Gothic windows and the faces and claws of the gargoyles that peered from roof and corner were in many places worn away. It was built on three sides of a great court, where now grass and vine and flower grew unchecked, on the spot once worn by the feet of gathering citizens and the tramp of steeds. Bluebird and swallow and wren had entered through the broken windows and had built about the window niches and in the crannies of the carven vine. This, said the King, should be the place of learning consecrated to the maidens, for it was not meet that they should gather in the market square or on the hill beyond the minster, as young men did in those days when thousands came together to listen to philosophical disputes, and no roof was sufficient to cover them. Workmen came and mended broken arch and column, and cleared away the tangled vines of the court, but left growing grass and flower, and did not touch the nesting birds, for the seven lovely sisters begged that they might stay. Hither flocked innumerable damsels, who came riding from all parts of the kingdom, with squires before them and waiting-maids behind. They came on black jennet and white palfrey and pony of dapple gray; maiden madness had run throughout the kingdom, and all who could sit on saddle or hold rein rushed hither for their share of the new learning. Many were pursued by father or brother, by maiden aunt or widowed mother, begging them to abide at home in safety as modest maidens should.

It was noised abroad that the Lord Rector would deliver the first lecture when the new work began, and all were eager to hear; so it came to pass one day that a huge company passed in procession under the carven Gothic gate and into the great hall whose stained windows looked one way on the river and the other way on the court. First, in gown of velvet and of silk, came My Lord Rector, muttering in his beard; after him followed the philosophers, with stately step and slow; and then young squires amany, who were eager to see what would befall; and lords and ladies in gay clothing, rarely embroidered in choice colors. There were maiden students also, many score, and at their head Sylvie, in scarlet silken gown, and Natalie in green; Amalie in brown velvet, curiously slashed, and Virginie in yellow; Sidonie in blue samite, and Dorothée in silver, and little Clementine in white, as befitted her tender years. Now behold, within the great hall, the King was already waiting in a chair of state under a velvet canopy, and My Lord Rector, and the philosophers of the new faculty bowed low to him as they entered. Then the

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Rector mounted upon a platform, and bowing to the King with "*Rex augustissimus*," he winked in his old fashion, and fell a-coughing, and the King winked back and then fell a-sneezing, to hide the smile that his beard only half concealed.

"*Viri illustrissimi*," continued the Rector, bowing again before his audience and speaking in a solemn voice: "*mutatis mutandis, horresco referens, da locum melioribus, dux foemina facti, humanum est errare, nil nisi cruce, graviora manent, post nubila Phoebus, sunt lachrimae rerum, vae victis.*"

The last words came with a quiver of the voice and many wept, most of all those who did not understand. Then My Lord Rector turned to the fair body of women students and spoke, seeing only the face of little Clementine:

"*Foeminae praeclarissimae, credo quia impossibile est, inest Clementia forti, crede quod habes et habeo, sic itur ad astra, toga virilis, vita sine literis mors est, varium et mutabile semper foemina, vade in pace*," and with this there was hardly a dry eye in the house. So the new university was opened.

Needless to say the success of the undertaking was great. Throughout the land, bower and hall and dell were left empty, for the maidens had all gone to the capital to get learning. They no longer wrought fair figures in the embroidery frames in the great halls of their ancestral castles, or polished the armor of father and brother, or brewed cordials for the sick over the glowing coals. They no longer wandered in gowns of green on their palfreys by hill or dale for the joy of going. By hundreds they bowed their fair heads before the philosophers as they lectured, taking notes upon the tablets of their brains, for they did not know how to write. My Lord Rector when he spoke could find no room large enough to contain his audiences, so he lectured only on sunshiny days and stood on a platform in the centre of the great court; and words of grave nonsense fell from his lips as the light fell on golden hair or brown. So intently did the maidens listen that they did not smell the fragrance of the flowers crushed beneath their feet, wild rose and lily and violet, nor did they hear the beat of the wings of startled birds, nor see red crest, or golden wing, or blue flash across the sky.

Being a cunning man and keen, My Lord Rector had left to the flocking students the choice of the lectures that they should pursue.

"Let them but manage it themselves," he said, smiling wickedly at a private audience with the King, "and we shall see great things."

So the maidens met in assembly and consulted gravely together, and conferred with Rector and with faculty, and presently many branches of learning were established and all was going with great vigor. Each student chose for herself what course she should pursue, and it was pretty to see how maiden whims worked out into hard endeavor. Black-haired Sylvie specialized in dramatics, for she made, with her sweeping locks, an excellent tragedy queen; Natalie in athletics, and she took the standing high-jump better than any knight in Christendom; golden-haired Amalie devoted all her time to fiddling and giglology, and soon became proficient; Virginie, of the brown eyes, took ping-pong and fudge; blue-eyed Sidonie, acrostics and charades; Dorothée took chattering and cheering, and soon her sweet voice could be heard above the noise of building, or the roar of battle; while little Clementine worked at all branches of frivology, and became a great favorite, for in looks and in manner and in taste she represented that which is most pleasing in woman.

To tell of all they did and learned and thought would be too long a tale, and, moreover, the records of much of it have perished, but men say that their life was both strenuous and merry, and that womankind blossomed out into new beauty of face and form and mind. The infinite range of opportunity has been but faintly shadowed forth in the hints already given; and to those who philosophized and those who poetized, those who took societies and those who took cuts, life was one long burst of irrelevent, joyous activity. Most zealous of all the students was little Clementine. Ceaselessly alert, she listened with upturned face to lectures in the great flower-grown court; with infantile audacity she ventured out into vast unknown realms of thought and puckered her white forehead in trying to work out the unutterable syllable. Now she walked the cloisters where the shadow of carven leaf and tendril fell on her hair, studying a parchment; and

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again, in moments of relaxation, she rode her dog-eared pony fast and furiously. To some this animal may seem strange, but there were many queer creatures in those days, as Sir John Maundeville tells.

It came to pass, no one knows how, that nothing done by little Clementine escaped the notice of My Lord Rector, for his eyes followed her always. When he lectured he lectured to Clementine; whether he said words of Latin or of the vulgar-tongue, he spoke them to her eyes; and he was ashamed of the learned nonsense he was speaking when he gazed on Clementine. Sleeping, he saw her walking so-and-so under the shadow of Gothic arch with leaf shadows on her face, and he dreamed of taking the parchment from her white fingers and—but here he always woke, though he tried to dream farther. Clearly, something had happened to him that neither his experience as Sir Fool nor as Lord Rector had prepared him to understand.

Save for this haunting thought, he was very gay behind a solemn face. Dearly he loved his task and none but the King and himself heard the faint tinkle of bells from under his scholar's cap. Always they greeted each other with Latin words, and they had many conferences wherein they chuckled together over the success of their plan, for they knew that they had drawn all these women forth to follow after the very shadow of learning, and that the end would leave them more ignorant than before. Always, however, in these moments of mirth, like a stab at the heart came to the Lord Rector the thought of deception practised upon Clementine. Her trusting eyes, lifted to him in uttermost faith, reproached him by night and by day. If, by force, he put his conscience from him he was sure to see her face as she listened, writing upon the tablets of her heart the silly words he said. Once, as she went alone toward the lodgings, and he followed at a great distance, a foot-pad set upon her in a dark corner, where a stone stairway gave shelter to thieves, and My Lord Rector rushing forward, struck lustily about him right and left and felled the knave, taking from him the lady's netted purse and giving it back to her. She said no word save one of thanks, but after, when her eyes were raised, he saw that a new light had been added to the old, and that little Clementine reverenced him not only as a learned man, but as a brave one, too.

So weeks drifted by, and months, and then came a great event, for the maidens had determined to carry out a custom that belonged to that olden time and formed the final test of the scholar. All agreed that Clementine brave, childish, perverse little Clementine should initiate the new audacity. Therefore, one early morning, when the first rays of the sun were just peeping over the high stone city wall, she might have been observed stealing in academic garb of black over her white dress to the great oak, iron-studded door of the old Palace of Justice. Here, with a stone, she hammered a long parchment, and she established herself hard by, so that all who saw her knew that she was there to defend against all comers the theses she had nailed up. Now there were eight, and they ran as follows:

1. That the ineffable and the intangible are not the same.

2. That all that is not, is, and all that seems to be, is not.

3. That—but it would be foolish to transcribe all the theses that little Clementine defended, for no one would understand. Suffice it to say that they were subtle beyond the mind of man, and clothed in words drawn from the deep abyss of the inane, where unborn thought goes ever crying for birth. One by one her six sisters came against her and argued, but to no avail, for little Clementine, no less skilful than David of yore, gathered together verb and adjective and slung them so unerringly that antagonist after antagonist went down and she, often snubbed as being but the youngest, stood forth in the eyes of the admiring crowd a victor.

The picture that she made standing against that gray stone wall, flecked with green moss, with a grinning gargoyle leaning down toward her, was very sweet. In little Clementine the brown hair and the golden hair, the brown eyes and the gray eyes of the family met in a peculiarly bewitching combination that had a chameleon quality of color constantly changing. Moreover, as she argued in well-chosen words, she was unconsciously establishing the unspoken thesis:

That four dimples may exist at the same time in a maiden's face without seeming too many.

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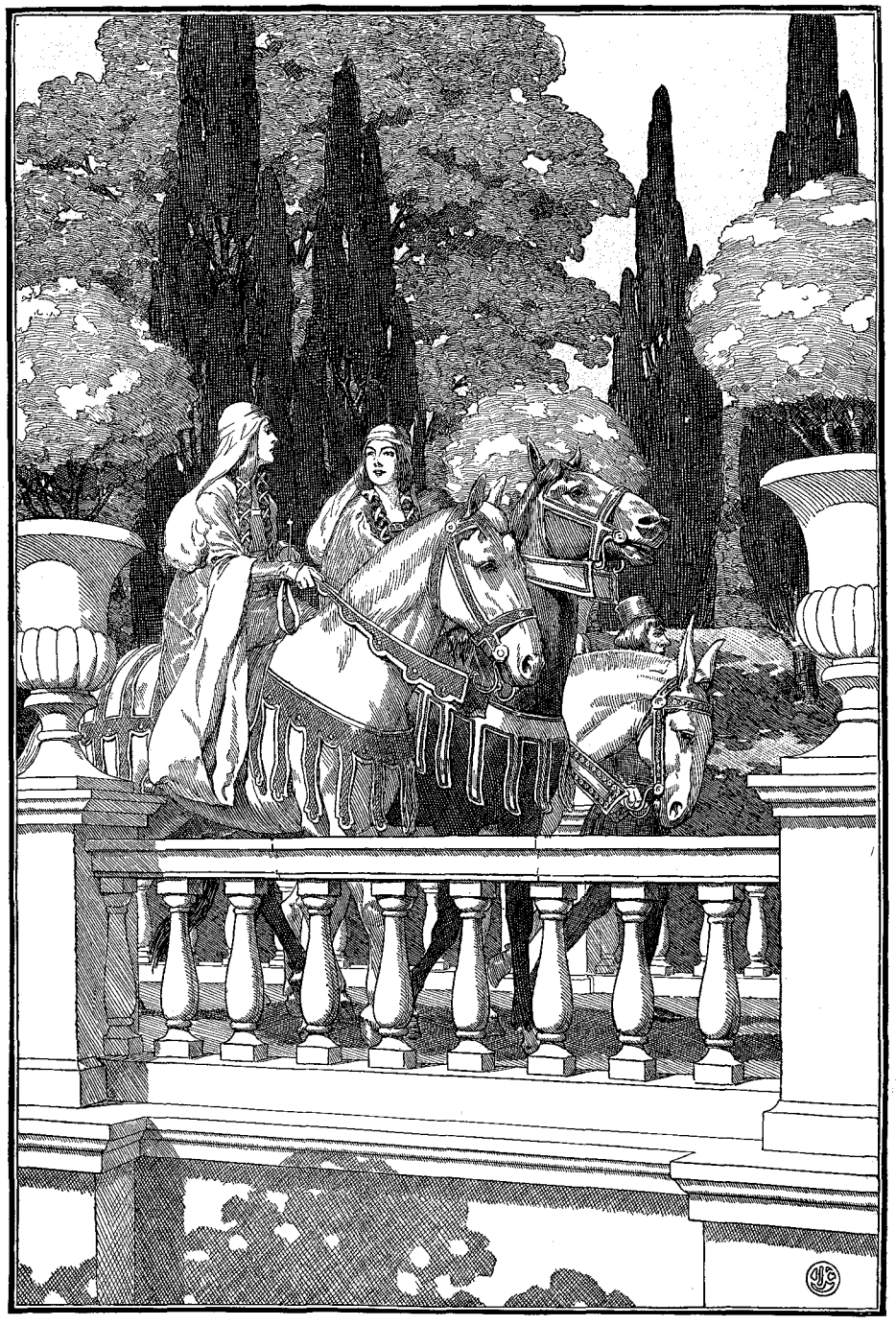

Drawn by J. J. Gould.

Came riding from all parts of the kingdom.—Page 74.

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This my Lord Rector saw, and something gave way within him. When the argument was over and the audience was departing, he called Clementine to him inside the gate as one who would ask something, and then stood speechless. The maiden, who was flushed and weary, lifted her scholar's cap, and he saw, in the locks of hair that were neither brown nor gold, pearls woven; and above the collar of the gown showed the embroidered white samite of her dress.

"Little Clementine," said My Lord Rector, "your student life is almost done. Does that fact cause rejoicing?"

"Nay," said Clementine, casting down her eyes.

"Shall you grieve for anything left behind?"

"Ay," said the maiden.

"And what?" asked My Lord Rector.

"The learned lectures, the dissertations, the wise words," said Clementine, looking up and dimpling.

"And any special ones?" asked he, wondering if she heard about him the jingle of bells.

"Ay," said Clementine, smoothing her gown with slim white fingers and setting her lips together. Not another word would she say, though the great man begged humbly.

"Clementine," asked My Lord Rector, changing the subject, "shall you ever wed?"

"If the right man comes," said the maiden.

"And what must he be?"

"He must be very wise."

"Am I wise, little one?" asked the Rector.

"Wisest of all," answered the maiden, whispering.

Then he took her white hand in his and said softly, "*Amo, te amo*," but Clementine did not understand a word of Latin. Looking up, however, she saw something that she did understand, and then My Lord Rector bent and kissed her hand, wisely using the old, old way of wooing that was found perhaps before words, Latin or other, were invented.

Then Clementine drew back trembling and looked, and behold, he who had been but a wonderful voice was changed, and she saw that he was a man, and young, and comely, with merry eyes, touched with sadness, and a mouth whose curves were both cynical and sweet.

"Why, why should you choose me?" asked the maiden in a voice that shook for reverence.

"Because you are so adorably foolish!" cried the lover, forgetting, and that was a mistaken speech which mere words could not explain away.

It was agreed between them that none should know what had befallen until the day when old Count Benoît and his Lady Myriel came up to the city to take home their seven daughters, for their work was counted done. So the two lived a glad life, though they spoke but seldom; often a glance of the eyes made food for both day and night. All the time My Lord Rector's conscience pricked him more and more until he could no longer bear it, and one day, coming upon Clementine where she passed the path by the rippling river, near three willow trees that were freshly leaved out, for it was spring, he told her the tale of how he and the King had deceived womankind, and, with torture of spirit, confessed himself the King's Fool. Then Clementine looked up at him with eyes where the gray and the brown seemed flecked with green, perchance from the shadow of the willows, and said firmly:

"I have always seen that they who call themselves fools are the least so," nor could he ever after by any words of confession shake her steadfast faith in his wisdom.

At last came the day when Count Benoît arrived, and with him cousins and other kin from far and near, for all would know something of the strange new ways in the city. At lecture hour all crowded together in the great hall, and again the King was there under a dais, solemn of look, but merry of heart, for his eyes twinkled under his heavy eyebrows as he looked at the fair, fresh faces before him, innocent of thought as any other maiden's faces, and he chuckled to think how he and his dear fool had outwitted them all. Then he looked with affection at his trusty philosophers who stood near in silk robes with slashes of velvet and hoods of rainbow colors, and he thanked heaven that had given him strong supporters in the crisis that had threatened his kingdom. Gazing upon the assembled audience of friends and kinsfolk, he rejoiced to think that for

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Princess Clementine.

them, as for him, the country had been saved.

But My Lord Rector was speaking in the Latin tongue, *ad hoc gradum admitto——*" and Sylvie, Natalie, Amalie, Virginie, Sidonie, Dorothée, and little Clementine, with all the other maidens who had frolicked with them merrily so long a time, arose, as pretty a sight to see as ever king in Christendom had before him, and their new honors fell upon untroubled white foreheads. Then there was sound of rejoicing, and light shone through the stained windows on the glad faces and gay garments of the people assembled there; and suddenly, lo! My Lord Rector stepped from his high place and went to take the hand of little Clementine. With eyes cast down she followed him, and now she was rosy and now pale, and so the two kneeled at the feet of the King under the dais.

"We two do crave your Majesty's blessing," said My Lord Rector, "on our betrothal."

Then a ripple of wonder and of laughter ran through the great hall, and His Majesty, smiling, blessed them with extended hands, and as they rose he bent forward with a twinkle, whispering:

"You have done well, My Lord Rector, in carrying out your purpose. It is pity that you may not marry them all."

For the first time he found no answering jest in his favorite's eyes, and would have inquired why, but the philosopher who stood nearest, and had caught the whisper, smiled, and taking Sylvie's hand, led her to the foot of the throne, saying:

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"But I, your Majesty, may wed this lady with the King's consent, for she has given hers." Then a second philosopher led forth Natalie, and a third Amalie, and a fourth Virginie, and a fifth Sidonie, and a sixth Dorothée, and behold! the seven sisters were again kneeling before the throne awaiting the King's blessing, but with their lovers at their sides.

Then His Majesty leaned back his head and roared with laughter till the vaulted ceiling re-echoed, and tears of mirth ran down his cheeks and shone upon his beard, and all laughed with him, though they knew not why, all save My Lord Rector, whose face wore the saddest look a man may wear.

"Now, was this planned among you?" asked His Majesty.

Then they shook their heads, and each philosopher said:

"Forsooth, I thought I was the only one," and with that the King roared again.

In the bustle that followed, when old Count Benoît and his Lady Myriel hung upon the necks of their seven daughters in turn, the King tapped the Lord Rector upon the arm.

"You have builded even better than the promise said," whispered His Majesty. "From this blow shall the aggressive intellect of woman not arise."

But the Rector looked gloomily upon him and knelt again and begged that His Majesty would release him from further service that he might go to the wars.

"Two parts of the Fool have I played for your Majesty," said the man bitterly, "and from both I would be released, for you and I have done a great wrong.

Little Clementine had drawn nearer, and many-colored light of purple and crimson and gold fell on her fair face and parted lips as she looked in wonder at her lover. Then the King saw and understood, and he was ashamed.

"Nay, My Lord Rector," he said, bending low, "what we have done of wrong we will right. You shall even go on with the task set before you, and that that you do lack of a wise man shall this woman's faith make good.

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THE SCIENTIFIC WORK OF THE GOVERNMENT

By S. P. Langley
Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution

IN the century which saw the birth of this republic, it began to be recognized by thinking men that it is the nature of all things in this universe under like conditions, to act with a uniformity which we call law; that the knowledge of such laws might be found of intimate importance to us, not only individually, but nationally; and that it might be revealed not only in the courses of the stars or by the science of astronomy, but through other sciences yet to be created, and to be founded on the great unifying idea of the Reign of Law.

In the beginning, however, this conception was a vague one, and the scientific bureaus of the Government which to-day embody it, are almost creations of our own times, and science itself has scarcely, apart from its immediate utilities, been universally acknowledged as a fit object of National care.

It emerges into National recognition in the Constitution of the United States itself, which provides that Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their writings and discoveries. With the exception of the general powers granted under the preamble, no others for the promotion of science were given by the Constitution, and in an age when it was commonly held that the Federal Government possessed only such powers as were expressly granted to it, and that all others were reserved to the States, it is evident that direct encouragement of science could hardly have been expected in the early days of the Republic, and that whatever scientific work was promoted would either be through the Patent Office or in such economic directions as would appear from time to time to be indispensable for the operations of the Government.

It was one of these practical needs which Washington had observed in his military operations, namely, the lack of engineers in the United States, which induced him and others of the military leaders of the Revolution to advocate the establishment of a school at West Point, originally intended more for the creation of an engineer corps than for regular military training, and it was as early as 1783 that the site of this school was determined upon. With its actual establishment we have nothing to do here, except as the fact illustrates how from the very year of the adoption of the Constitution an urgent need apparently necessitated the inauguration by the newly formed Government of a course of scientific instruction.

As might naturally be expected, the first office the Government established which had to do with science, was the Patent Office.

Any attempt to make a survey of the distinctly scientific activities of the Government must necessarily be brief in a series which has already elsewhere considered the numerous incidental agencies for scientific work in bureaus attached to one or another of the Executive Departments. How numerous these are may be inferred from the subjoined list, which is confessedly incomplete, being confined to those bureaus which have a certain number of distinctly scientific employees:

UNDER THE DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY:

Supervising Architect's Office,
Director of the Mint,
Light-House Board,
Coast and Geodetic Survey,
Marine Hospital Service,
Bureau of Standards.

DEPARTMENT OF WAR:

Surgeon General's Office,
Chief of Engineers,
Bureau of Ordnance,
Chief Signal Officer.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY:
Hydrographic Office,
Naval Observatory,
Nautical Almanac,
Bureau of Medicine and Surgery.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR:
Patent Office,
Geological Survey.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE:
Weather Bureau,
Bureau of Animal Industry,
Bureau of Chemistry,
Office of Experiment Stations,
Division of Entomology,
Bureau of Forestry,
Bureau of Soils,
Division of Biological Survey,
Bureau of Plant Industry.

COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION:
National Museum,
Astrophysical Observatory,
National Zoölogical Park,
Bureau of American Ethnology.

The newly created DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR will include, after July 1, 1903, the following before-mentioned bureaus:
National Bureau of Standards,
Coast and Geodetic Survey,
Commission of Fish and Fisheries,
Light-House Board.

On January 4, 1790, Washington for the first time addressed the Senate and House of Representatives. He urged the "expediency of giving effectual encouragement, as well to the introduction of new and useful inventions from abroad, as to the exertions of skill and genius in producing them at home."

On April 10, 1790, the Patent Office was founded, and it has since that time established a corps of expert examiners in nearly every branch of human ingenuity; it has brought together most valuable records both by way of models and specifications illustrating the development of the mechanic arts in the United States; and without adequate support, without even the use of the funds resulting from its own system; until recently, in cramped quarters, and with an inadequately paid staff, it has still served the Constitution's behest for the development of science and the liberal arts to an extent not equalled by the like service of any other nation.

Were there opportunity to touch on it, it would be interesting to consider the files of the office as a record, not only of human intelligence, but of human ignorance and folly. For perpetual motion machines, there are applications without number, but these are conveniently met by a request for a working model as a necessary preliminary. Even this, however, is not always an assurance, for such devices are proposed as a sextant, which was to be taken down into the hold of the vessel, where an observation made upon a lantern was to give the much-sought-for longitude, the strange thing being that the utility of this invention was vouched for by practical navigators, in one case by a man of known capacity, who asserted that whatever the explanation, as a matter of fact it did do what it professed to do.

Other scientific needs early forced themselves upon the attention of the Government, none more urgently than methods for the improvement of our agricultural system, and these were at the beginning in the care of the Commissioner of Patents. The policy of exploration, both in our Northwest and abroad through the Navy Department, resulted in bringing together models, natural history objects, historical relics, and miscellaneous specimens; and these also were gathered together under the Patent Office, and remained in its custody until the Smithsonian Institution was established, forming, in fact, the nucleus of the present National Museum.

It would appear, then, that apart from certain scientific work carried on under the direction of the various Executive Departments and in strict accord with other needs, the Patent Office was for the first half-century of the Government's existence recognized as its general scientific arm.

Jefferson's interest in science made his administration an especially noteworthy one from a point of view both scientific and educational, and explorations and surveys which ultimately resulted in the establishment both of the Geological Survey and of the Coast Survey, were initiated under his presidency.

The Geological Survey, which was originally a topographic one, practically originated in the expeditions of Lewis, Pike, and Lewis and Clark, but was especially developed by the surveys for a Pacific

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railway, followed by a long list of explorations which became systematized under King, Hayden, and Wheeler, and definitely organized as the U. S. Geological Survey on March 3, 1879, with Clarence King as its first director, Major J. W. Powell being his immediate successor, and Prof. C. D. Walcott its present incumbent.

The Geological Survey has at present an extensive organization under the Interior Department, devoting its energies to geological investigation of the United States, to topographic surveys conducted on a large scale, to a certain amount of paleontological work growing out of such scientific activities in connection with geological investigations, and, more recently, has had placed under its direction the initiation and carrying out of a vast scheme for the irrigation of the arid regions of the West, which it is expected will add to the fruitful soil of the United States many millions of acres. This Survey is in friendly co-operation with other branches of the Interior Department, notably the Land Office, and with each State in the Union; with the Forestry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, and with the various State geological and hydrographic surveys, exhibiting a highly intelligent organization of importance to science and of utility to the people, giving to and deriving help from individual geologists connected with many of the large and even small universities and colleges of the country, and presenting altogether the most perfect system of geological investigation, combined with topographic and economic work known to any country. It has produced a body of most capable men who are original in both their economic and scientific work. It has earned the confidence of Congress and the people, and its requirements both for research and publication are being met with a generous hand.

The credit for the inception of the Coast Survey is divided among various persons, though it would appear to have early enlisted the interest of President Jefferson and Secretary Gallatin, and to have been powerfully stimulated by the arrival in this country of Ferdinand Rudolph Hassler, a Swiss, who virtually made the plans upon which the subsequent operations of this Survey were prosecuted.

The Survey dates its origin from an Act of Congress passed in 1807 for surveying the coasts of the United States. It had a checkered and somewhat intermittent career until 1832 when it was reorganized, though its control has from time to time alternated between various departments. It was attached to the Navy Department for a brief period; then for many years it was under the Treasury, and by Act of Congress of this year has been transferred to the new Department of Commerce. It has had as its Superintendents after Hassler such eminent men as Bache, Peirce, Patterson, Hilgard, Mendenhall, Pritchett and its present incumbent, Tittman. It has now over one hundred field officers, and a fleet of twelve steamers and six sailing vessels, besides many launches and small craft. In addition to topographic work it carries on geodetic and magnetic surveys, it has had an office of weights and measures, and has been custodian of the National standards. The development of this last function recently, and with the fullest co-operation of the Coast Survey, has resulted in the establishment of an independent Bureau of Standards of large scope.

Superintendent Tittman, in a recent description of its work, stated that it had since its inception made about 30,000 square miles of topographic surveys, sounded minutely nearly 300,000 square miles of water and made deep-sea soundings over little less than a million square miles. It has completed a first survey of the Atlantic Gulf and Pacific Coasts of the United States, and its triangulations cover between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles. It has published over 500 charts besides the Coast Pilot volumes of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts; and carefully studied the laws of the earth's magnetism (these latter being now investigated through magnetic observatories in co-operation with foreign governments), and its geodetic work is also being carried on with international co-operation.

The Coast Survey, moreover, is frequently called upon to serve, through its officers as experts, in the determination of boundaries, whether between the States or in matters involving disputes with other nations holding territory adjacent to the United States. Since the Spanish-American War, important labors have devolved upon the Survey in Porto Rico and in the Philippines, where coast surveys are urgently

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needed and are of high importance for military and commercial purposes.

The difference between the unscientific and the scientific idea of the order of this world, already alluded to, can hardly be emphasized more than in the conception which made a meteorological bureau rational and possible. "The wind bloweth where it listeth" was the conception of ancient times, but the eighteenth century had already reached the idea that the movements of the winds, from the Trades which blew across the planet to the eddy that whirls the dust in the street, are as much subject to law as are the courses of the stars.

A meteorological service, then, was the next one which attracted the attention of the Government. Josiah Meigs, who was in 1814 appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office, was, after Franklin, the most distinguished scientific meteorologist in the United States, and as early as 1817 he urged upon Congress the establishment of meteorological registers in connection with the Land Office. Two years following, through the co-operation of the Surgeon General of the Army, reports were made at the end of each month by the medical officers at the various military posts. The Patent Office, the Engineer Department of the Army, and certain local agencies, furthered this work, while with the discovery of the electro-magnet and the invention of the telegraph, new and immensely important possibilities were opened both in the collection of meteorological data and their use in predicting storms. This procedure, first suggested by W. C. Redfield, was afterwards promoted by Lieutenant Maury, but first realized at the Smithsonian Institution under the immediate supervision of Joseph Henry, who, as early as 1856, had established there the essential features for the prediction of meteorological phenomena. In 1858 a large weather map was on daily exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution, and this work was continued, though necessarily with restricted means, until after the close of the Civil War, when it was formally transferred to the Chief Signal Officer of the Army, where it remained until it was placed under the direction of the Department of Agriculture.

The Weather Bureau is now a highly equipped organization under a Chief, Willis L. Moore, the officer third in rank in the Department. The country is covered with its stations. Its reports, issued twice daily, have come to be looked for in every portion of the United States by all the people, whose daily life is to a certain extent influenced by them, and the value of its work in the saving of life and shipping on the coasts by its prediction of storms and floods, as well as the saving to the crops through timely notice of sudden changes, such as frosts, etc., is incalculable.

The work which the people know best is the general forecasts of the weather, which are conducted on the best obtainable system; forecasts which, though founded on an order of things as subject to law as the courses of the stars, are far from having yet reached the precision of astronomical science, though the results obtained are unrivalled in their excellence by those of any other nation. The preparation of the weather map involves the daily sounding of the heights of the aërial ocean above, simultaneously by observers all over the country, and the joining of these sounding stations on the map by contour lines which indicate the direction of that great aërial ocean's flow. This direction cannot of course be determined with anything like the certainty attainable in the deduction of the path of a star, yet the result, though still a probability only, is a very useful one by which we all guide our daily lives. Will it be greatly better for us if it is ever otherwise, and we come to the time when we know long in advance what the weather will be, and this and many other like uncertainties are wiped out from the variety of our daily life?

These general maps are prepared in the office at Washington, from despatches sent by local offices, and the Bureau's use of the telegraph service alone costs $300,000 per annum. It distributes in the shape of cards, maps, and publications nearly 55,000,000 pieces yearly, and in cases of special agricultural industries, particularly susceptible to destruction through changes in weather, special services have been established, notably for cotton, sugar, and rice, in the Southern States, and for fruit and wheat in California.

Meteorology is a science which, in the main, can only be prosecuted successfully

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through the Government, owing to the fact that deductions must be based upon a great number of observations carried on for long periods and over wide areas; so that incidentally to, and prerequisite for, the conduct and improvement of its practical and economic work, scientific investigations of the highest moment have been from time to time carried on under the auspices of this branch of the service. The most notable of these in recent years has been the aërial research of studying meteorological phenomena at high altitudes through the use of kites, experiments in wireless telegraphy, and in other fields relating to atmospheric phenomena. A scientific man whose name has long been honorably associated with this original work is Cleveland Abbe, who has been connected with the service since 1867, and who still continues active as a prosecutor of it, and as Editor of the Bureau's publications.

To John Quincy Adams the foundation of the Naval Observatory is due. As early as 1818, as Member of Congress, he proposed it; he urged its establishment while president; after his retirement he continued to favor it. As a Member of the House of Representatives, he endeavored to direct the Smithson bequest toward establishing an astronomical observatory and the publication of a nautical almanac, and he continued his advocacy of such an institution until it was actually formed and placed under the Navy Department.

The beginnings of the Observatory appear actually to have been made during the Presidency of Mr. Adams, for in 1825 there seems to have been the nucleus of an observatory on Capitol Hill. In 1842, Congress authorized the establishment of a permanent depot of charts and instruments which, though not specifically an observatory, was yet, with the approval of President Tyler, actually begun as one, and in 1844 Lieut. M. F. Maury became superintendent of the Depot. In 1861, Gillis became superintendent, and for years the Observatory has been in the general charge of an officer of the navy, with an Astronomical Director and a Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac. Among the prominent scientific officials has been Simon Newcomb, who is ranked among the most distinguished living astronomers. The Observatory's equipment includes ample grounds.

The Observatory, it has been remarked by scientific men not connected with the Government, has an inherent difficulty in its dual organization. It is not unlikely that at some time in the future, its form of organization will be changed; indeed, certain changes have been made looking to the improvement of the present conditions. The present Secretary of the Navy has seriously taken up this question of organization, and useful results may be expected, but it is in fairness to be remembered that the establishments of the Government are created more for the purpose of making the discoveries of science useful to the people, than for original research. It is essential that scientific officers of the Government should have some opportunity to make original studies, if only for the purpose of keeping their minds fresh and open and in touch with the new work of the day; but, in the nature of things, the greater part of the work of the Naval Observatory must be passed in the furthering of utilities which cannot appeal to the popular imagination for applause.

It was in this same period that the beginnings of the National Botanic Garden were laid, though it was not definitely established until much later. The Wilkes Exploring Expedition brought back a large number of living plants, and these were kept for a number of years in the greenhouses adjoining the Patent Office which, as has been above mentioned, temporarily served as the National Department of Science.

In 1852 these collections were removed to the present site of the Botanic Garden on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, west of the Capitol, and this Garden has been maintained under the present Superintendent, Mr. W. R. Smith, whose training was had at the Kew Botanical Gardens. It is in no way his fault that the locality and area are not favorable to the extension of the Gardens which, although developed to as high a standard of proficiency as possible under present conditions, can hardly, in their present area and location be expanded into a botanical garden worthy

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of the Nation, and it is understood that it will be natural that this institution should pass under the charge of some existing department.

Historians and philosophers have not infrequently remarked that the stress of war results in the advancement of science and learning. Napoleon's invasion of Egypt carried in its train the unlocking of the mysteries of the hieroglyphs and the production of the great work "Description de l'Egypte." More recently the foundation of the University of Strassburg signalized the close of the Franco-Prussian War, while the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University was a direct resultant of the war between the States, and was intended, at least in the mind of the founder, to assist in healing the breaches this had created.

It was during the darkest days of this same war that Congress established the National Academy of Sciences, whose creation, foreshadowed by the organization of such private societies as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, had been long in the minds of public men. The actual need of scientific organization was shown during the war, when this nation apparently first awakened to the fact that in every department of activity, and more especially in the military and naval establishments, the services of scientific experts were required. During the war period, Joseph Henry, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was in almost constant intercourse with President Lincoln; and in that era, before the days of specialization, he was called on to give advice on the most diverse subjects.

It was then that the idea of a non-resident National academy, without localization, like the National Academy of Paris or the Royal Society of London, but composed of eminent men, whose services might be called into requisition by the Government, was created. This body continues in existence, as the most generally representative and dignified aggregation of American men of science, and while suffering under the disadvantages of not having a permanent home, nor officials whose time can be exclusively devoted to its work, has in special cases when called upon, rendered valuable service to the Government by its advice.

The present Department of Agriculture owes its initiative to Henry L. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, who in 1836 began this work by acquiring, without expense, seeds and plants for experimental culture and distributing these under Post-Office franks given him by individual Congressmen.

The first appropriation made by Congress for this purpose was in 1839, when the sum of $1,000 was appropriated from the Patent Office fund to enable the Commissioner to collect and distribute seeds, agricultural statistics, and to make agricultural investigations. It was upon the recommendation of a Commissioner of Patents, David P. Holliday, that Congress established the Bureau of Agriculture with its principal officer as a commissioner, and it continued under this control until 1889, when it became a department of the Government. It was in the same year that the Congress passed a bill introduced by Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, which was supplemented in 1887 by what was known as the Hatch bill, resulting in the creation or strengthening of State colleges in every State in the Union, the States having the power either to found a new institution or to strengthen an existing one, upon the condition of affording instruction in agriculture and providing a modicum of military training.

The Department of Agriculture has become a large factor in the scientific life of the Government, so large as to render possible in a brief article only the barest enumeration of its activities.

As noted above, it acquired the weather service, which had been successfully carried on through various agencies. In the distribution of seeds already alluded to, its work has grown to vast proportions.

The systematic investigations in nearly every department of biological science directly or remotely connected with the life and health and diseases of animals and plants, the observations of the life habits of all forms which may be either helpful or noxious to agriculture, investigations into the origin and spread, the restriction and the cure of contagious diseases among domestic animals, are but a part of its work. These are carried on in highly equipped laboratories by great numbers of investigators, whose work is welded by excellent organizers into a uniform, compact, and

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intelligent whole, together with a system of distribution of information of a popular and untechnical character through suitable publications. This is aided by a most efficient support on the part of Congress, and all these and more have been the care of this Department, which has rendered service of incalculable importance, not only in the spread of ascertained knowledge of economic value, but in the enlargement in all domains of such knowledge, presenting the most signal success of such scientific organization yet undertaken by the National Government.

In 1902 a partial reorganization was effected, the most conspicuous advance being the establishment and greater enlargement of the Department of Forestry, which is seriously grappling with the most interesting and important problem of the control of timberlands, not only upon the public reserves, but even in the vast acreage in private hands; and to such work the new division under the present charge of Gifford Pinchot is devoting itself.

The surgeons of the Army and the Navy from early days exhibited their interest in scientific work, a number of them being among the pioneer naturalists and ethnologists in America. As a result of the important professional labors of the surgeons in the Army, and again, as an outgrowth of the War between the States, the Army Medical Museum was established, with the Surgeon-General's Library, which is believed to be the most complete medical library in the world, and which, under the direction of John S. Billings, aided by Robert Fletcher, not only collected a unique library, but issued the most comprehensively arranged and useful catalogue known in any department of learning. It has added to it a medical and surgical collection of the highest importance to the profession and has stimulated the growth within the last few years of a military medical college.

The United States Fish Commission, established in 1871, has illustrated in a most gratifying manner the great possibilities of applying earnest scientific work to the wants of the people, and these have brought about results of vast importance and of great economic value. It was established as an outgrowth of the Smithsonian Institution under its Secretary, Spencer F. Baird, who is credited with the statement that a mile of ocean along our coasts can furnish more food products than ten miles of fertile land. During his lifetime it was to a certain extent carried on in connection with the Smithsonian Institution, and has done a great work for the advancement of our knowledge of the life of every description of creature inhabiting the fresh waters of our country and the oceans surrounding it. It has increased to a degree hardly to be believed the quantity of fish available for our people, and has put within the reach of the poor, healthful and nourishing food, at one time only possible for the rich to enjoy.

The general work of the Commission as administered is under three divisions, which are known as:

(1) Division of Inquiry respecting food fishes.

(2) Division of Fisheries.

(3) Division of Fish-Culture.

The principal part of its scientific work is under the first division, ordinarily known as the Division of Scientific Inquiry, and comprises:

1. The investigation of the fishing-grounds of the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific Coasts and the inland waters of the United States, with the view of determining the food resources and the developing of the commercial fisheries.

2. The investigation of the causes of the decrease of food fishes in the waters of the United States.

3. The study of the waters of the coast and interior to determine the feasibility of increasing their natural resources.

4. The dissemination of information concerning the distribution and habits of marine animals and their capture, and their preparation for the markets.

5. Examination into the adaptability of sites for fish-cultural stations and investigation of the diseases incident to fishes at such stations and at large.

The second division, known as the Division of Fisheries, deals with the economic phases of the fisheries themselves, such as the collection of statistical data, the study of the apparatus and methods of capture with special reference to their utility and their effect on the fisheries, the best methods of utilizing the products, the

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effect of fishery legislation, international fishery relations and all other matters affecting the economy of aquatic resources.

The work of the Division of Fish Culture consists in the hatching and distribution of marine and fresh-water fishes for the purpose of maintaining existing fisheries, restocking grounds that have been depleted by over-fishing or injurious methods, and creating new fisheries either by the introduction of foreign fishes in the waters of the United States or transplanting native fishes as, for example, the establishment of the shad and striped bass fishery on the Pacific Coast. The results of the work of this division have been most gratifying. Millions of pounds of fish are now captured in waters where they were originally unknown, and equally valuable results have been secured not only in maintaining the various important fisheries of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, but grounds which had become depleted are now supporting valuable fisheries. This work is carried on at thirty-five hatching stations established by Act of Congress in the various States, and four railroad cars are in constant use in distributing their products, besides a number of small boats, launches, and vessels.

Entirely new avenues of scientific research have been opened by the Commission, with which the name of G. Brown Goode will ever be associated, most notably in the discovery of the deep-sea forms of the North Atlantic basin. His work, with the co-operation of such men of distinction as Alexander Agassiz and David Starr Jordan, aided by the faithful and efficient labors of a large staff of ichthyologists and fish-culturists, has resulted in securing a systematic investigation of the waters of the United States, and the biological and physical problems which they present. By a study of the methods of fisheries past and present, the causes of deterioration of fish in various waters have been discovered and remedies applied, and useful food fishes have been enormously multiplied throughout the country; whilst important international problems dealing both with sea and fresh-water fisheries, and with the problem of the fur seals, have been powerfully aided by this Commission and by the experts connected with it.

And yet the expense of the Commission is inconsiderable when compared with the increase of wealth and the means of livelihood it affords the American people.

There is practically no department of the Government in which expert scientific work is not called for. Especially is this true of the medical arms of the Army and of the Navy. The engineering work of both these services, the ordnance work, the construction of vessels, the Bureau of Steam Engineering, the Bureau of Navigation, all represent an aggregation of men making direct application of science to the needs of the Government, not infrequently resulting in original contributions to knowledge.

Among these bureaus the Hydrographic Office of the Navy is deserving of special mention as illustrating an undertaking where the most direct applications of science are made. The hydrographic charts, over a thouand in number, plotted from original naval surveys, some made directly by the Navy, some by vessels under the supervision of the Coast Survey, the deep-sea soundings, the issuing of sailing directions and of other aids to navigation, and the establishment of signals for derelicts are but a few instances of the work of this office.

It is not so very long, as nations count years, since the length of a king of England's arm, marked rudely on an iron bar by a blacksmith's chisel, was made a national standard of lengths; and this was a real advance over a condition of things existing when almost every country had its own measures.

In contrast to this, we have now in Washington the Bureau of Standards, alluded to above in connection with the Coast Survey, which is intended for the purpose of the standardization of machines for measurement and other service, together with the instruments used in everyday life, as well as for philosophical apparatus. It is under the charge of a capable physicist and administrator, S. W. Stratton. Its work will comprehend researches in the domain of physics, extending both into chemistry and engineering, and Congress has appropriated funds for the erection of buildings and the purchase of apparatus. A mechanical laboratory costing about $125,000 and a physical building costing about $200,000

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will be erected. This bureau is so new that its results can hardly yet be spoken of, but in a country like ours, in which so much of the national wealth and progress is due to inventive genius and improvement of machinery, any steps tending to the further introduction of exactness in this important branch of our national life cannot fail to be productive of most useful results.

The Marine Hospital Service and the Department of Public Health, which among other things has under its care all federal supervision of these departments of sanitation, and so far as possible without conflicting with state laws, the control of all persons suffering from contagious diseases, has rendered a great service to the country by its intelligent handling of the various contagious diseases and plagues which from time to time have invaded our shores. Under this service a laboratory has been recently established where constant and successful experiments are being made in that most important branch of medical science, preventive medicine.

The Bureau of Labor, established in 1885, has, incidentally to its practical functions, done much valuable research work and in the collection and publication of statistics bearing upon social and economic problems, and has been effective in bringing about a better understanding of the conditions of human labor.

Many agencies remain unspoken of, but among these, two, the National Library, known to the law as the Library of Congress, and the Smithsonian Institution, must have separate mention.

Scientific research in the modern sense is impracticable without access to books, since it is incumbent upon each investigator to examine the works of his predecessors, and in announcing his results to state the extent of his dependence upon those who have preceded him in the field.

The Library of Congress was not established, of course, with any such purpose in view. It was at first strictly what its name implies, and its need was felt even as early as the Continental Congress. The origin of the present library goes back to the removal of the Capitol to Washington, but in the very beginning, as early as 1806, it was recognized that Congress itself required something different from mere law books or important books of reference, and the general subjects which might now be termed polite literature and "the humanities" began to be incorporated in the Library at that early date. This policy, which has been kept up and extended, has made the Library in fact, if not in name, a National Library.

From the Capitol it was removed in 1897 to its splendid new building, one certainly better adapted to library purposes than any other in the world. This Library contained, in 1902, nearly 800,000 books and over 300,000 pamphlets, a total of over 1,000,000 titles, this being exclusive of the law library and manuscripts, maps, pieces of music, and prints, which together make a total considerably over half a million. It is now virtually a general library, and while it bears some special relation to the needs of Congress, and of necessity devotes itself as one of its main features to Americana, is still a library universal in scope, and in it there is represented every department of human knowledge. Upon it the men of science connected with the Government may draw freely.

By judicious expenditure of its enlarged means for the purchase of books within recent years, it has added materially to its collections in the physical and natural sciences, It is engaged in the publication of special lists and bibliographies which, while not directly intended for scientific purposes, yet have much value to science, and are a most efficient aid to the prosecution of the scientific work of every branch of the Government.

Of necessity special libraries also exist; that of the Surgeon-General's Office, the most notable, has already been alluded to, but the others, maintained by the Geological Survey, the Department of Agriculture, and indeed in every scientific bureau and office of the Government, are of increasing value and utility to persons engaged in special work. These are conducted and added to in harmonious relations with each other, and with the Library of Congress; so that without a common organization, there has grown up an understanding which avoids unnecessary duplication, and which arranges for the interchange of books among the various libraries, and altogether

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furnishes a most efficient system for procuring and using scientific works.

I come last to speak of the Smithsonian Institution. I have endeavored, in the little space allotted, to briefly review the scientific activities of the United States Government. Every administrator is prone to the natural risk of magnifying the work of his own department, but the Smithsonian Institution, occupying a unique position in that it is a kind of ward of the Nation, has secured for itself so firm a hold upon the interest of the people of this country, and so distinguished a position abroad, that it may be spoken of objectively.

The Smithsonian Institution, as is known to all men, originated in the bequest of an Englishmen, James Smithson, who died in 1829 and left his fortune to the United States to found at Washington an establishment under the name of the Smithsonian Institution" for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Congress after much discussion passed a law in 1846 founding the Institution. It created the "Establishment," or corporate body, consisting of the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the Chief Justice and the members of the Cabinet. It provided for a Board of Regents for its government, and for a Secretary who, as Secretary to both of these Boards, should be the executive officer. It named as the principal purposes to which the Institution was to be devoted, the establishment of a library, of a museum, of a gallery of art, the giving of lectures, and other cognate methods in carrying out the will of its founder.

At the time of its organization, the Institution was relatively the best endowed scientific establishment in America. Its various purposes enumerated in its charter have been carried out. It formed a library (now to a great extent deposited in the Library of Congress) which is the best collection of transactions of learned societies and of scientific periodicals in the United States, and one of the great collections of the world. It began a museum, now known as the National Museum, and still under its charge, which in everything that pertains to the fauna and flora, the ethnology and geology of North America, is the most considerable in existence, and which bears within itself the nuclei of most important collections in American History in the progress of mechanic arts and in all the departments of learning which go to make up a museum of universal scope.

The Institution exists for two main purposes:

1. The Increase, and
2. The Diffusion, of Knowledge.

In addition to carrying on the objects in furtherance of these purposes enjoined upon it by its fundamental law, it has published from its private fund contributions for the increase of human knowledge of almost every description, resulting from explorations, the study of collections, original investigations, and experiment.

It has established also a system of international scientific exchanges which has become a recognized means of bringing the learned institutions and learned men of all countries into closer relations.

The income of this original fund has been in later years supplemented by annual appropriations from the Government, for extending and carrying on the work of the Museum, the Exchanges, the maintenance of a Zoölogical Park, an Astrophysical Observatory, and a Bureau of American Ethnology. The relation of the Institution, as such, to these various agencies, is that of a trustee for the National Government, entrusted with their direction and supervision, and bearing the responsibility for their proper and effective administration.

The National Museum, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, does not consist solely of objects for entertainment, but is rather a vast organized collection of the ideas and works of man on this continent, beginning with primitive man, and showing how his simple arts and his simple faith grew into complex culture and organized religions. It is impossible here to give an adequate conception of the range of this collection, which includes with the material products of this continent, relics of the Nation's history in war and peace, and perhaps the finest existing collection of personal relics of Washington and other historic Americans. It is the place of deposit of the collections of the Bureau of Ethnology, which, under the care of the late Major Powell, has described

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and published the history of primitive American man. Congress has just appropriated three and one-half millions of dollars for the adequate housing of these great collections.

The Bureau of International Exchanges is rather for the convenience of scientific men in the matter of diffusing their researches than a work of science in itself, though it spreads its operations over the whole world and has 30,000 correspondents outside of the United States.

The National Zoölogical Park grew from a small collection maintained in the rear of the present building of the Institution to the occupancy of its present picturesque grounds of 167 acres, now embraced in the ever-growing city. Its fundamental object is the preservation of our North American game. It is not supposed that it can in this small space alone keep from extinction the races which are fast following the buffalo, but it can offer a city of refuge for them and an object-lesson under the immediate eye of Congress.

The Astrophysical Observatory is dealing with man's relations to the sun and with problems which affect his welfare in a material sense. It has extended the known spectrum, through the invisible infra-red, to an extent many times that known to Sir Isaac Newton.

The establishment of the Smithsonian Institution at the time when it came into existence was a matter of supreme importance for the development of science in America. Sixty years ago, the funds for research were small and the avenues of publication inconsiderable. Two or three important scientific societies were in existence, but their funds were limited. No body of scientific men anywhere acknowledged a leader, and at a time, too, when most important investigations both in the physical and natural sciences were being made.

The acceptance by the Government of the trusteeship of this fund of Smithson's gave a national centre for American science to gather about. It brought into existence, too, an organization which in Joseph Henry found a man strong enough to take up uninvestigated problems which had not yet been moulded into definite practical shape, and to advance their solution to a point where others might avail themselves of the Institution's work.

This, in brief, was the early policy of the Institution, and continues so to the present day. As indicated in the preceding portions of this article, the Smithsonian Institution has had much to do with originating work in other Government scientific departments. The importance of its early contributions to meteorology and to the establishment of what is now the weather service is universally acknowledged. It gave aid to those explorations which in a large measure resulted in the formation of the Geological Survey. The Fish Commission, the Bureau of Ethnology and the National Herbarium originated here. The system of international exchange of scientific publications, projected by the Smithsonian, found no one to take it up until the Institution organized its work, and this system both of Governmental exchanges and scientific exchanges, it continues to administer. Not so well known are its relations to such remote matters as the acoustics of the Hall of the House of Representatives, the methods by which vessels signal in fogs and the work of the Light-House Board.

In pursuance of its motto "Per Orbem," it has aided by grants not only in the United States but in other parts of the world, investigators engaged in original scientific work. It has published treatises containing new information of great value to students, and it has distributed among the people probably more than a half million volumes containing accurate scientific information in popular form. Ethnological researches among the American Indians were powerfully stimulated by it from its inception, and the first volume of its well-known series of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge" was upon this subject. The researches made here in connection with the problem of aërial navigation have been largely instrumental in taking this work, heretofore derided and considered impracticable, into the realms of respectable and active scientific investigation.

Through a special fund, known as the Hodgkins Fund, a portion of which is devoted to the investigation of atmospheric air in relation to the welfare of man, our knowledge of the composition and properties of the atmosphere has been greatly extended. The Institution laid the foun-

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dation of methods of scientific library work in cataloguing, which so distinguishes American libraries from others, it originated the project of cataloguing all scientific papers by international co-operation and is at present, in default of any action by Congress, acting as the representative of the United States in the present International Catalogue of Scientific Literature published by a bureau with its seat at London. Under its auspices, and through it, such organizations as the American Historical Association have issued many works of value to historians and public men.

It remains in conclusion, to point out the fact not usually recognized, that it was through the gift of Smithson and its acceptance by the Government that the steps for Governmental science, which were deemed difficult under constitutional limitations, were gradually made easy after the Institution was founded. Direct appropriations for science were, and continue to be, resisted upon constitutional grounds, but when the Smithson Fund was finally accepted by the Government and provision for carrying out the will of its founder was made, and Congress imposed upon the Institution obligations which its fund was not sufficient to meet, notably the establishment of a museum for the reception, care, and exhibition of the results of Government exploring expeditions, the step was made easy for Congress to provide through the Institution for carrying out its own behests; and much easier than if the different organization of such establishments outright and upon an independent basis had been attempted.

It is difficult to get practical men to provide for projects which are still in the experimental stage. The work necessary to the creation of the Weather Bureau and the Fish Commission would probably never have been accomplished but for the existence of an agency which provided for the initial and experimental stages of these two important National scientific projects. Indeed, so obviously practical a thing as scientific agriculture was promoted by the Smithsonian Institution in conjunction with the Commissioner of Patents, in the days when Congress had not yet seen its way clear to take this up.

It is not to be doubted that the philosophical workers of the United States will in the future recognize as the two dominant factors which produced the National scientific activity, first, the practical need of the Government for expert work in every department, and second, the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution, which, without violating the political consciences of our statesmen, enabled them to provide the means for scientific work whose ultimate economic importance has proven of the highest value to the Nation.

Such and so numerous are the scientific bureaus of the Government that it has seemed impossible, in this brief space, to do more than catalogue them, though each would become an interesting study if treated in detail, which would occupy a volume rather than an article.

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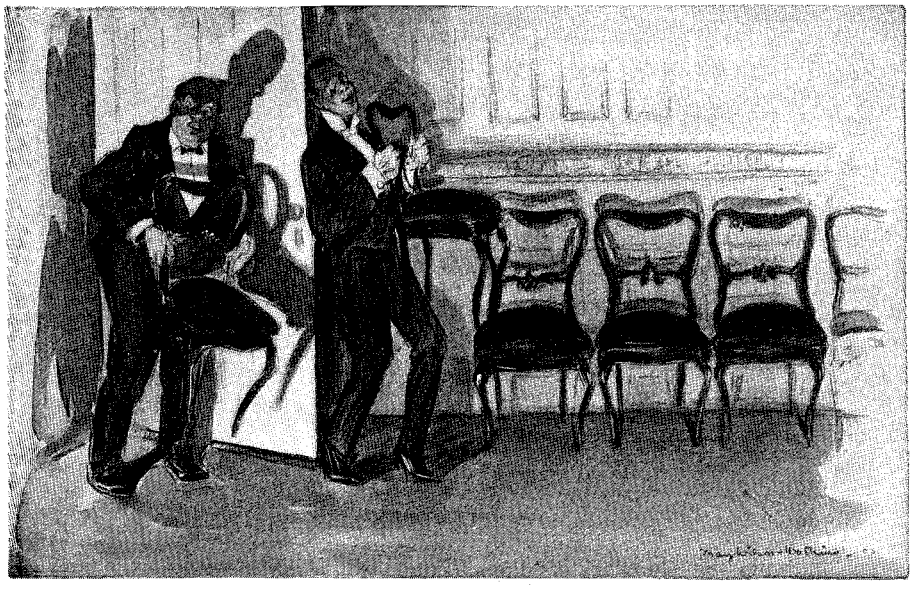
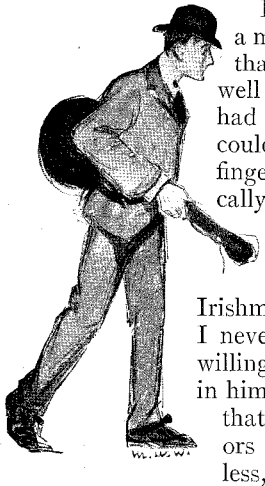


Chairs were being placed for them inside.—Page 98.

THE REVEL OF THE SACRED CATS

By Philip Loring Allen

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON-WATKINS



EDGERLEY could be called a musician only in the sense that if he already knew a tune well enough to whistle it, and had the music before him, he could play it with two or three fingers on the piano, practically without mistakes. As for playing other instruments, his attitude was that of the proverbial Irishman: "I don't know, sure I never tried." Edgerley was willing to try anything. He had in him a great deal of the stuff that flying-machine inventors are made of. Nevertheless, he himself was dumfounded when his friends conceived the Napoleonic idea of making him a member of the University Banjo Club.

"But, fellows," he protested, "I can't play the banjo."

Ordinarily, that would, indeed, have been a disqualification. One is put on a banjo club, supposedly, because one can play the banjo. Yet there are other considerations, and these other considerations had, at this particular time, assumed transcendent importance. One of the prime reasons for wanting to belong to glee, banjo, or mandolin clubs, for giving up valuable time to rehearsals and paying good money for incidentals, is in order to go on the annual concert tour. Now there was a horrible possibility that there would be no concert tour, the reason being that certain entirely unimportant places on the previous year's itinerary had relied on lexicons which were weak in their definitions of "innocent hilarity" and "boyish pranks."

A new qualification, therefore, was demanded of candidates for the clubs. Beside being a good performer, able to look and act the part of the "jolly college

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student" of fiction, each successful aspirant must also be one whom the faculty considered steady and reliable. If it became necessary to dispense with any one of these attributes, the first could be most easily disregarded. Edgerley had the others to perfection, and without hypocrisy. He had a swagger in his walk and a dare-devil twinkle in his eye that were exactly right for exhibition purposes. At the same time, he had strings of "A's" and "Excellents" to testify to his scholarship; he was as temperate as a town pump, and as trustworthy and reliable as the day is long—more so, in fact, for he was the same winter and summer. Into the bargain, people liked him.

One of Edgerley's intimate friends conducted the negotiations with Hitchcock, leader of the banjo club. A trial, or an application in person, was obviously unnecessary when dealing with one who did not even pretend to play the banjo.

"The faculty will stand for anything Edgerley is in," was intended to be the clinching argument.

"I don't doubt that," said Hitchcock. "But what am I to do with him? He can't go along merely as a chaperon."

"Isn't there some unimportant instrument he could play?" asked the envoy.

"It's just as hard to play an unimportant instrument as an important one," said the leader. "Sometimes harder; for instance, a bassoon."

"You haven't got a bassoon," said the envoy.

"I know that," said Hitchcock petulantly, and relapsed into silence.

The envoy, after a brief interval, rose to go, but immediately sat down again. "If you took a piece of music, and measured it along the lines, lengthwise," he asked, "which one of the banjos would have the fewest number of inches to play? You see what I mean."

"I don't know," said the leader. "The one that plays the bass, I guess. Most of them play nearly all the time, though."

"Why not have Edgerley learn to play the bass banjo?"

"We've got a bass banjo player already, for one thing," snapped Hitchcock. "Besides, it's a fool idea, anyhow."

"Then have two. Edgerley wouldn't have to play then any more than he wanted to, and there'd be just so much less chance of his spoiling the music."

The envoy having gone home, Hitchcock thought over the suggestion long and earnestly. The next time he had a conference with the powers regarding the prospects for a concert tour, he essayed a new line of argument. "I'm sure you can't object to the crowd of fellows we've got," he urged. "There's Watkins, and Billy Smith, and Charlie Smith, and Edgerley—and——"

"Is Edgerley on the club?" exclaimed the chief of the powers. "I didn't know that."

The suggestion began to seem less preposterous.

A day or two later, Edgerley, who had been coached privately in the expectation of some such ordeal, was subjected to a test of his musicianship. To Hitchcock, who knew nothing of the coaching, it appeared that he picked up the rudiments of playing with extraordinary rapidity. The leader began to think that perhaps, after all, this large man could be trusted to play a note or two here and there, without disturbing the time or tune of the others. Certainly and pre-eminently he would be acceptable to the faculty.

Thus it was that Edgerley became a member of the Banjo Club.

He went to his first rehearsal with a face as solemn as an owl's, and a large banjo tucked under his arm in a green cloth bag. He had practised diligently in his room, and could now pick out tunes on the banjo with the same facility as on the piano. Since the other bass banjo player was a virtuoso and two of the big parchment heads made a greater volume of sound than was necessary in the lower register, it was really better for Edgerley to keep quiet, merely breaking in faintly at intervals with some of the notes of the common chord. Yet, as time went on, he tried more difficult passages, sometimes of several notes' duration, and executed them without mishap.

Curiously enough, he was at his best in an entirely new piece, when all the others were groping. The stimulus of having before him a brand-new, stiff sheet of music which he had never seen before, put unwonted dexterity into his members. Faster, almost, than his eye could follow the notes, the fingers of his left hand placed

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"All you have to do is to play them."—Page 96.

themselves on the proper frets, while those of his right hand plucked away at the strings, and came through in perfect time, without even considering wether the marks on the paper were crotchets or quavers. Later on, when the first fine, careless rapture had departed, his playing, while earnest and painstaking, lacked continuity as well as accuracy.

All this would not have been so bad had not Edgerley himself found it out. He soon began to realize, however, that constant practice and painstaking study merely deteriorated his playing. If he could not play a composition at sight, or within the first few trials, he discovered there was little use in attempting it at all. So he, supposed to be in the club only on probation, began to cut rehearsals, and gave up taking his music roll home.

His banjo, however, he always kept in his room, and executed, of nights, spasmodic medleys of popular airs, and sometimes impromptus for the delectation of his friends. The club had not yet reached the point of memorizing its selections for concert use, and, when practice day came, he glued his eyes to the music and did what he could. He put off the difficulty of learning them by heart, the difficulty of playing them at all being quite sufficient unto the day.

December came, and the question of a trip was no nearer to settlement. The banjo club members became steadier and steadier. The discovery was made that the president of the Y. M. C. A. had a voice, and he began to sing in the glee club. Everyone felt that the situation was critical.

It was construed as a favorable sign when Hitchcock, the leader, received a note from the President of the University asking if the club were willing and able to play a selection or two at a reception which he was to hold the following week, and re-

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questing him to call and talk it over. Under the circumstances, it is needless to say, the request was quite as mandatory in character as an invitation to dine at Windsor Castle. The only question was to select something that the club knew well enough to play in public. As a demonstration of competence, this performance must be absolutely conclusive.

The president began, of course, by inquiring how the club was getting on. "Can they read at sight readily?" he asked, and Hitchcock, in perfect good faith, answered that they could.

"Do you suppose they could play a new piece of music with a few days to practise it?" asked the president.

"I don't see why not," said Hitchcock, "if it isn't too hard."

"Oh, it isn't difficult at all," said the president, "I'm sure. The last time, in fact the only time, I ever heard it played was by as incompetent a lot of musicians as ever came together in the world. I was one of 'em," he added, and his eyes twinkled. "But I must tell you the whole story. I am giving this reception in honor of Gordon Ollivant, the composer, who, as you probably know, is making a sort of triumphal tour of this country. He and I were at Heidelberg and at Oxford together, and he was always the life or soul of all the fun and nonsense that was going on. His master effort was to get up an Egyptian festival at which everyone had to dress like a mummy. In celebration of that occasion he composed a piece of music, and impressed everyone who could play any sort of instrument into an orchestra to produce it. Now, as I was going over some papers the other day, what should I stumble across but the manuscript of that music which Ollivant gave me!" He held up a yellow roll.

"What's it called?" asked Hitchcock, for lack of anything better to say.

"It is called——" said the president, lowering his voice, "it is called 'The Revel of the Sacred Cats.'"

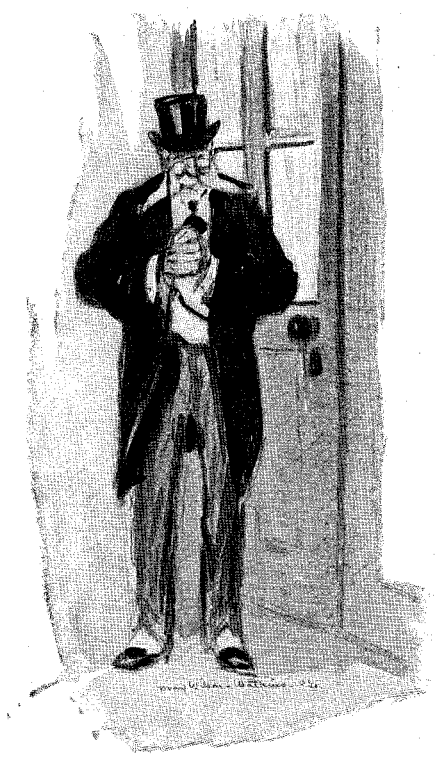
He went on, before Hitchcock had time to make any comment: "Ollivant became famous, as you know, by writing sacred music, and he probably forgot all about this youthful—folly, years ago. I don't suppose there is another copy in the world. As soon as I saw this, it occurred to me what a capital idea it would be to have you boys play it for him as a surprise."

"It's a bully idea," said Hitchcock, "but it isn't arranged for banjos."

"I've seen to that," said the president. "I sent it to the leader of the theatre orchestra down town, and he wrote out the parts for me. All you have to do is to play them."

Hitchcock realized that a good impression now was a probable preliminary to a trip later on. He promised to have "The Revel of the Sacred Cats" ready to play at the reception, even if he had to hold twenty-four hour rehearsals to do it.

There were, in fact, nothing but special rehearsals the following week. The new piece was full of rollicking airs, with droll turns and halts in the melody. There were strange minor passages, too. The banjos suited it all as well as if it had been a plantation breakdown. After all, the museums of Egyptology contain round-headed lutes, which are much the same things.



The President . . . went away rubbing his hands.—Page 97.

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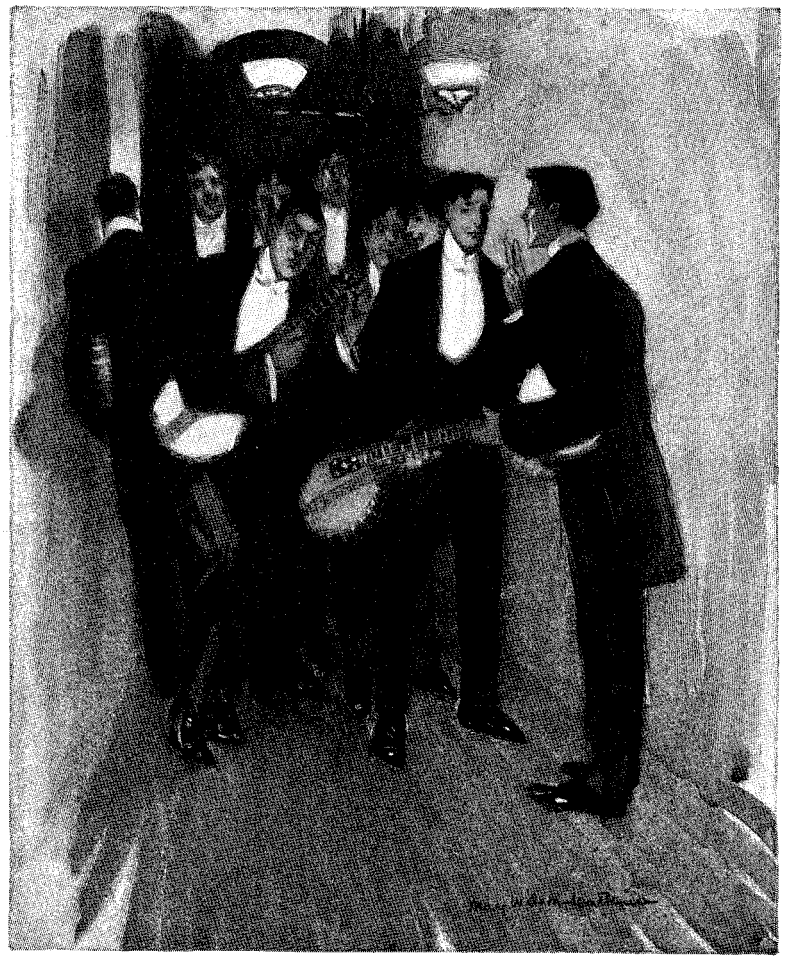

Hitchcock and his musicians were huddled together in the hall.—Page 98.

Edgerley came to the first special rehearsal, but the parts had not yet arrived, and the club merely put a few finishing touches on other portions of its repertory, in which Edgerley acquitted himself as usual. Two rehearsals in one week were as many as the law ought to allow, he thought, and stayed away from the rest. Hitchcock did not object, as it saved them both anxiety, and the other bass banjo player was more than competent.

As a matter of fact, that young man had a very responsible position when the Sacred Cats were revelling. The arranger from the theatre, unpractised in scoring music for such a purpose, had given to his sepulchral-toned and usually unimportant instrument the only solo in the piece. A haunting little melody this was, with curiously syncopated notes, and rests where they were not expected, and unusual intervals. The composer probably had in mind something about the Nile, the waving papyrus, the floating lotos pads, and the Sacred Cats sunning themselves on the bank.

The president came to rehearsal the day before the reception, and went away rubbing his hands at the prospective success of his little joke.

Gordon Ollivant, the composer, was anything but a disappointment. His splendid proportions, leonine head with its noble forehead, large white hands and perceptibly careless dress were exactly what were to be expected in the composer of the great oratorio "Constantine." A shade pom-

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pous he had a right to be, and was not at all averse to the idea of being lionized.

At the stroke of ten, Hitchcock and his musicians were huddled together in the hall and he was whispering final instructions. Chairs were being placed for them inside and there was a hush of suspense. "Some of your negro melodies," the composer was saying, "seem to be perfectly adapted to the instrument on which they

Edgerley was squinting at his music.

took shape—the banjo. I suppose that your young men will be giving us some of them now." The president could hardly contain himself.

Hitchcock raised his eyes toward heaven and then brought them down again, which was the signal, and the club began to play. Ollivant at first looked perplexed. He cocked his head on one side. Then the light suddenly broke and he brought his hand down on his knee so that it sounded over the room. Then he slapped the president's knee, and shook his head at him, and the two gray-haired men laughed into each other's faces like the boys they were at heart. Both were thinking of the night, twenty-five years before, when the Sacred Cats had first revelled.

Meanwhile Edgerley, in the back row, was squinting at his music and, since he had never seen it before, getting along famously. Sometimes he did not have to skip a note for measures at a time. As for the club, it had never played one half so well.

"What in the world is the matter with Mr. Hitchcock?" suddenly whispered a girl in the second row of the audience, to her neighbor. Evidently something was wrong. The leader's face had turned chalky and drops of perspiration stood out on it. His fingers stiffened for a moment and were motionless. Then he played on, but with an expression as if each note were bringing him nearer to death in some singularly terrifying form.

An attack of colic might have accounted for these symptoms, but the real cause was more serious. Hitchcock had suddenly realized that his wonderful bass banjo player was nowhere to be seen. And Edgerley did not even know there was a solo in the piece.

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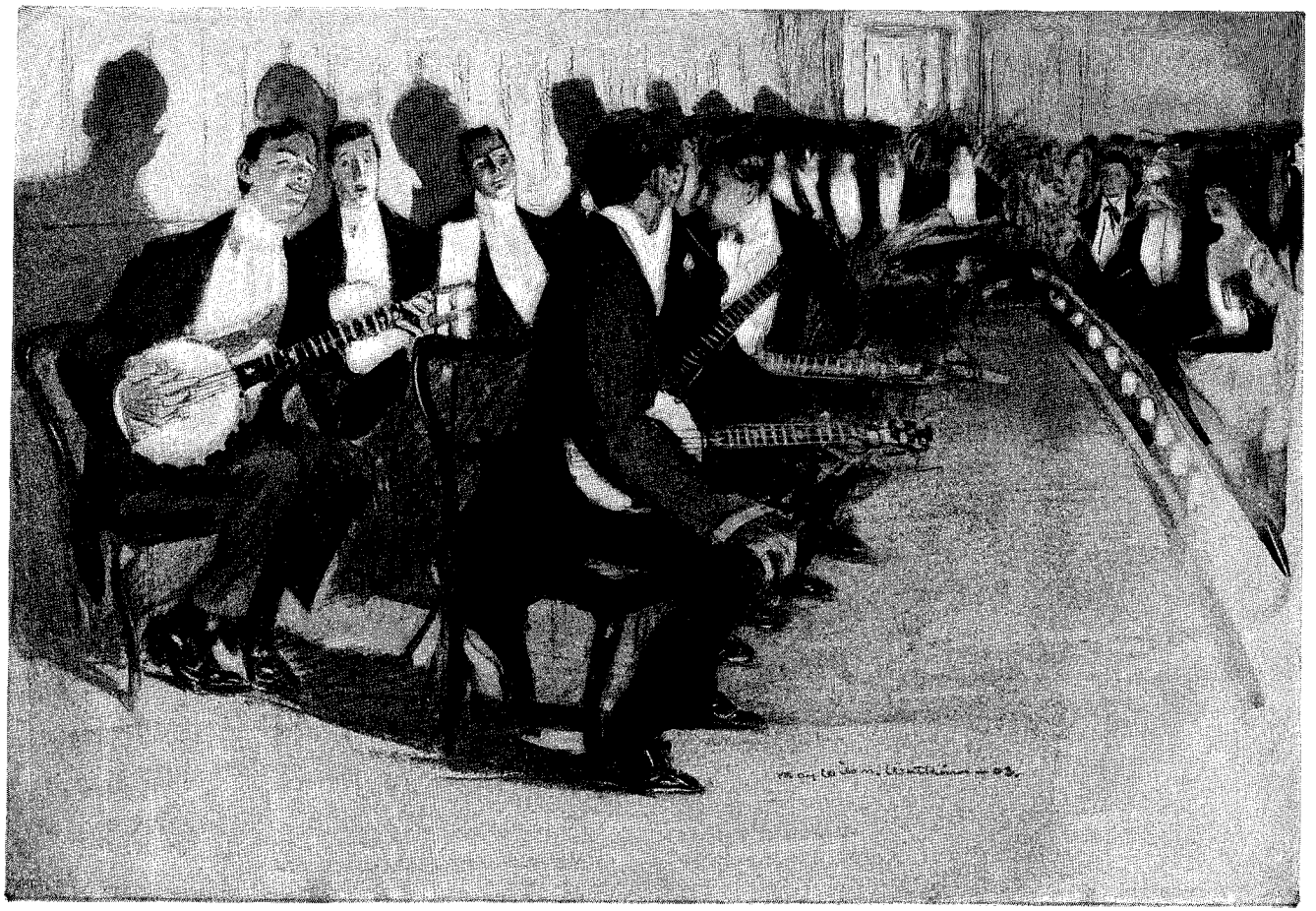

Drawn by May Wilson-Watkins.

He went on thrumming the same chord.—Page 101.

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Happily unconscious, he was playing away in the back row, smiling to himself at his success. He was picking out the notes as a child gathers bright-colored shells on the seashore. If he skipped a few, what did it matter? There were plenty of others ahead. It was impossible, as well as useless, for Hitchcock to try attracting his attention.

Edgerley kept with the others in the sweep of sound which led up to the solo. He had looked ahead far enough to see that his chords stopped about that time, and some sort of an air began. But he was not prepared for it when, after one final ringing chord, everybody else stopped playing and left him with two lines and a half of black and open-faced notes running up and down stairs. He dashed at them. No longer was he the child gathering shells, but a soldier carrying an entrenchment in a valiant charge. An eighth-note, a quarter, another eighth, and a half-note tied to a quarter on the other side of the bar, were the first notes in front of him. He played them as if they were of equal length and then lost his place. A fearful wave of remorse for his derelictions swept over him. He shut his eyes and played two arpeggios from his instruction book. Then the blood tingled through his veins with a magnificent idea, and he straightened up.

All this had happened while one might say "Down, right, left, up," with moderate speed twice over; but to Hitchcock, leaning forward and panting, to Edgerley, who had not yet had time to show any signs of discomposure, and to the other members of the club, gradually taking in the situation, it was like the retrospective moment when a drowning man gives up the ghost.

"I'll swear I never wrote that part."—Page 101.

Edgerley's inspiration was simply this: The last notes of his final arpeggio, played merely to temporize, were D and F, respectively. It occurred to him, the instant his fingers plucked out those tones, that they were the beginning of something he knew. He went on thrumming the same chord, as the orchestra does while the comedian is grimacing over the footlights and humorously postponing the chorus of his topical song. He was trying to think what tune it was, of all the tunes in the world, which, in that key, began with D and F. It came to him in a few seconds and he launched into it:

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Lady, ma Lou,
Ah loves yer, honest ah do.

It was a ditty from the music halls, and everybody in the room, except Gordon Ollivant, newly arrived from England, had heard it a thousand times. He knitted his brows in a puzzled way, partly because the strain was unfamiliar, and partly because he heard the audience titter.

Ah'm tellin' you,
An' ah won't stop till ah'm through.

Edgerley, of course, was only repeating these words inwardly to keep the tune and save himself from nervousness in the presence of all these people. Hitchcock had his mouth open and was clutching his banjorine without knowing just what to do with it. Gordon Ollivant leaned over to the president and whispered so that everyone within fifteen feet could hear him, "I'll swear I never wrote that part."

When ah come woo,
De sky am blue as a blue.
Now tell me true,
Love, say dat yer loves me too.

Seeing that the leader was making no attempt to rescue him, Edgerley serenely began the song over again. So long as his muscles held out, he could keep on playing it. Gordon Ollivant laughed out loud, a melodious laugh. As he began the line about the blue sky, Edgerley, still looking straight before him, uttered two sharp sentences:

"Cut in, you fellows. Are you dead ones?"

Love, say dat yer loves me——

"Now's the chance," Hitchcock said to himself, and dropped his head.

"Plunk," went the nine other banjos and the two guitars, andthe day was saved. The Sacred Cats resumed their diversions and finished them triumphantly, while Edgerley sat with a perfectly vacant face and looked up at the ceiling.

"These young men," said the President, fifteen minutes later, when he introduced the club members to the great composer, "are going on a little concert tour in a month or two. I presume that you wouldn't object to have this composition of yours on their programme."

"Not a bit, not a bit," said Ollivant, who was enthusiastically shaking hands with Edgerley. "And they can make as many variations as they like," he added, "provided, of course, they take along this wonderful—improvisatore, to pull them through."

WHEN PAPADOFF CROSSED THE FRONTIER

By Frederick Palmer

I

OVER the plains of Bulgaria the sun was a round opening of a furnace door in a hot, slaty-blue sky shot by strings of golden cloud. In the distance the Balkans, massive and blackish-gray, now clear of snow, grimly held their secrets. By night, singly, men slipped through the passes with a shepherd's slouching gait, and in the morning they were an armed band in Turkish territory.

If a mountain cannot see, no more, when he does not wish to, can a frontier guard who is both a Christian and a Slav; while the enemy in the little block-house across the line that divides Mohammedan and Christian is stupidly and easily outwitted until he is awakened and gathers numbers and moves forward with the courage of his fatalism and the cruelty of his religion. By night again, the bruised, footsore remnants of guerilla effort return and the morning disperses them in a friendly land.

Every peasant whom the carriage, driven rapidly toward Sofia, passed knew the name and the peculiar fame of both of its occupants. The elder, Alexis Brovsky, was sixty. A coarse white moustache of drooping ends covered a thin-lipped

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mouth. The cheeks were sunken; the big, thin-nostrilled nose was slightly pock-marked; the pebbled, bronzed hardness of his skin you felt must extend over his whole body, which was as gaunt as his visage.

Not these features, but his eyes and the dent of a scar on his brow held your attention. It seemed as if danger had been too near at night for those eyes to be safely closed, and by day they had played with death warily, taking toll miserly in payment of an old score. There was in them the glint of the sun on blood-red fezzes. On his breast was a medal that he always left with a friend in one of the villages at the base of the mountains and always put on again when he returned. It signified that he had been a Bulgarian volunteer in the war of '77–8. Pendant from it were three bars which the Emperor did not confer with the original. Two of these were completely, and the third partly, covered with lines.

The younger, Ippolit Istomi, was scarcely turned twenty. He was not a pure Slav; his handsome features had a trace of that uncertain mixture, the Levantine. Behind him was an enterprise which had been no more successful than others of its kind. But Brovsky had not been with him in this; Brovsky had been on a mission of his own (as he always was), whose secret he held fast (as he always did), except from Papadoff. So Istomi had his tale of narrow escapes after his own pattern to tell. He was no longer dodging from covert to covert; he was free to go and come as he pleased. That evening he would be in the cafés again; he would be the hero of the hour, and the most beautiful woman in Bulgaria, Varenka Kolkoff, would help him to get more money (to raise another band) from Papadoff, smug, roly-poly Papadoff, the richest man in Bulgaria.

II

When a breeze passed through the streets of Sofia on this August day, men bared their heads and opened their coats and thanked Heaven for little mercies.

"May every particle of dust that it raises be a bullet to kill a Turk!" said Boris Papadoff, as he entered the café, earlier than usual on account of the heat, his thirst, and the slack business in the market-place. He started toward his favorite seat and then veered around toward the only other occupant. This man in a China-silk suit sat entrenched, as it were, behind a big pith sun helmet, at the tin table which was painted to look like marble—this being the foremost café of the capital. Young Captain Barker of the British Indian Service (First Sikhs), with "Special Correspondent of *The Times*" temporarily on his card (which was his way of spending his leave), rather liked the trader. So he nodded and coldly removed the barricade.

"You Englishmen carry your umbrellas on your heads," said Papadoff, who never sat down at a table without a pleasantry. "Yes, yes, is it not so?"

"Aw," Barker replied, and stared through his eye-glass. "That's rather good," he added, doubtful as to the joke.

"They have not the sense of humor," thought Papadoff, "these cold white English." Then he put the morning, noon, and evening query of the cafés: "What do you think of the political situation of the day?" which rises to a taut whisper when the attention of the Powers is attracted to atrocities or there is likelihood of the Prince abdicating or assassination is rumored, and sinks to a commonplace when only the ordinary plotting of factions is on the carpet. We in our Northern civilization smile at that from the heights of superficial information. We are great believers in evolution, historically, and yet we witness it contemporaneously without recognition.

"If the proportion of the insurgents' action is equal to their eloquence, then I should say that something must happen; but I have seen only this side of the show." Barker wondered if the Turks would ask him the same question. "Much depends upon whether you persist," he concluded.

"We shall! We shall!" And Papadoff struck the table with his fist. "I know—I—I," and he whispered it, "I am one of the leaders—one of the active leaders."

"Really!" Barker screwed his eye-glass into a tighter position and surveyed this soft café frequenter become suddenly fierce. Now the Englishman thought that he was being most polite by changing the subject instead of speaking his mind. "I saw an awfully pretty girl last night," he said, after a pause; "a kind of Macedo-

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nian Joan of Arc, I should say—had rather a severe old woman called Matrena living with her—a Miss—Miss Kolkoff—yes, that was it."

"Yes. Varenka Kolkoff, my foster-daughter, and Matrena has been her nurse, her foster-mother, her companion." Papadoff tried to conceal his agitation at the mention of the name of her whose care he had undertaken when her penniless father died ten years before and he himself was only a youth of twenty. He thought that no one knew what all Sofia knew—that he was in love with Varenka.

"Really? Is she? Awfully pretty girl, on my word! Er-r—I'll be going. Cantrell must be awake by now. He was up into the small hours of the morning with you statesmen and revolutionists." And putting on his pith helmet he walked out with the languid stroll which Southern races take in the Englishman to be an affectation of superiority. Cantrell, "Our Own Correspondent" in the Orient for thirty years, was Barker's new commander; for no one would have thought of Barker in connection with news. He was only special—"military special."

"You revolutionists—buh-h-h!" said Papadoff, puffing out his lips at the retreating helmet. "Icy, cadaverous monster! All he thinks of is England—and his tea and his bath. I know him—I know them—know them all! The Russian palavers through his big beard, and his hand is soft and he is for Russia, his samovar, and his vodka. It amounts to the same. Fellow-Christians! Humph!" Something in Barker's manner had touched Papadoff to the quick. "Active leader," he repeated, after he had drained his glass and passed into the street and turned in the direction of Varenka's house.

"My Varenka of the roses!" he thought. For outside of the Prince's palace itself, she had the finest rose garden in Sofia. "I have watched her bud and blossom under Matrena's pruning," he went on, in the poetic form of the East. "But my rose has thorns, and the more beautiful she grows, the sharper are the thorns for me. An active leader! If I only were one! If I should only come over the Balkans, tall and thin—oh, not so fat, not so fat as I am—and mysterious, with tales to tell and victories over the Turks instead of good bargains, then it would be different with Varenka."

A peasant farmer stopped him to ask for a loan of money on his crops. Then a shopkeeper told him the story he had from an eye-witness of another horror in Macedonia. Papadoff's black eyes gleamed over the narrative. He thought how he would like to avenge such outrages, only to tell himself how all Sofia would throw up its hands in ridicule at the idea of his taking to the field. Then he saw the lean figure of Brovsky turning a corner.

"Alexis!" he cried, beaming. "Back again unharmed, thou magician!"

The saturnine Brovsky's reply was to hold up both hands with one thumb turned down.

"Nine! What a score!"

"Nine, including a captain of cavalry."

Brovsky was on his way to report first to Papadoff, as he always did. He now turned in the same direction with the friend who was in such strange contrast to him.

"Yes, a captain of cavalry," he repeated abstractedly, as one who recalls with the vividness of the present a scene that is past. "I was in the shade and he was in the sun—the Turk! I was on the soft sod under a bush, my rifle barrel peeping over so unobtrusively between the leaves, and the shade kept the sun off the sight. He was in the valley, a good mark, clean cut against a wheat field—six hundred yards!" As he continued accounting in detail for each one of the nine to the trader whose money kept him in the field, he used no gestures.

"You have the steel in your blood, Alexis. So have I. When I hear you talk it pricks my veins like needles. But I—I am not a soldier." Papadoff was plaintive. At the same time he attempted to smile; for he both wanted to be and feared to be taken seriously.

"Istomi went directly to Varenka," said Alexis bluntly. "I suppose they will be married pretty soon." Out of the corner of his eye he took the measure of the effect of his words.

Papadoff shuddered and tried to appear unaffected as he put his hand on the gate latch. A voice behind them called:

"Cantrell wasn't up." And the Englishman, approaching, seemed to take up the conversation where he had left it off in the café. He nodded and gave a noncha-

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lant hand when he was introduced to Brovsky. Then he plucked one of the roses and put it nattily in his buttonhole. "I don't suppose she'll mind, she has so many. It's deucedly pleasant to see this little garden here, you know."

They were a strange people, these English! Who could ever imagine that they would be fastidious about flowers? thought Boris.

The door was opened to frame Varenka, blooming with excitement. At sight of Barker she inclined her lithe figure gracefully, as she had learned to do in Paris.

"Istomi has just gone. What victories he has won! I'll tell it all to you in his stead. Every detail is as clear to me as it was at the moment he was speaking."

She led them into the little drawing-room, with its French furnishings and Bulgarian embroideries on the wall, whose purchase had given Papadoff, now embarrassed and neglected as a man in a strange house, one of the greatest pleasures of his life.

At one side, Brovsky held up his nine digits to Matrena, who smiled in sinister congratulation. No one in Sofia except themselves knew that they had once been man and wife and still were by law. Long ago, on the other side of the Balkans, when Alexis was in jail awaiting death, Matrena, unbeknown to her husband—she was comely then—had given herself to a Turkish governor to save her husband's life. Tainted, set apart from the world, divorced by her own will, it was to her that Alexis always reported his successes.

"You have made nine lines on the medal," she whispered; and he nodded.

No sooner were the guests seated than, with an eloquence that was never vouchsafed to Istomi himself, even when he played with the cunning little moustache that he had trained in imitation of that of an Austrian officer he had once met, Varenka began to relate the fearless leader's tale of slaughtered Turks and hair-breadth escapes. Barker had already heard many such yarns. He listened purely in the interest of the narrator's charm, until he found himself suddenly looking into Alexis Brovsky's eyes. So they stared at each other for fully a moment, taking each-other's measure, this officer of Sikhs and this insurgent of cold hates.

"You are leader of a band, too?" Barker asked.

"No."

"You have fought the Turks, I suppose?"

"Some."

"Ah!" Barker wiped his eye-glass. He was amazed to find such taciturnity in Sofia. Then he looked at the girl, transported, as she leaned toward Papadoff and made the request that was the climax of her narrative:

"Papa, my Papa Boris, all that Istomi needs is more money and he can raise a large band, the largest ever sent into Macedonia. The men are ready and the rifles can be had. At last we have a real leader. At last we shall win victories. Your whole fortune will not be too much!"

"Varenka!" Papadoff exclaimed. He rose and stepped back from her, as determined as he was trembling. "Yes, I am going to fit out a band," he said, "and I am going to lead it myself."

"And I," said Alexis, "will go with you."

If there was one thing more amazing than the trader turned insurrecto, it was that of Brovsky, who ever hunted alone, becoming his follower.

"Papa Boris," said the girl, "you—you have been drinking too much—to act like a silly old fool!"

"Then I'll go back to the café," Papadoff responded, and left the room.

Both Brovsky and Barker followed him out of the door, Barker saying that Cantrell surely must be awake by this time. As the three walked down the path to the gate, Barker's brow was drawn frowningly over his eye-glass, as he focussed it first on one and then on the other of his companions.

"When are you going?" he finally asked, still languidly.

"In an hour," said Boris desperately. To which Brovsky added, "Good!"

"On my word," said Barker, "I'd like to go with you. H-m-m, but I'd better not. I might get in some bally mix-up and lose my commission. I say, though, just where do you propose to operate?"

Papadoff might have suspected him for a spy, but Brovsky had looked into his eyes too long and keenly for that.

"In the Vilayet of Porico," said Alexis. "Mushti is Vali there, and Mushti is the son of the man—well, never mind. And Ahmud is Pasha, and he was Vali when

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your mother was massacred, Boris. It is luck that we should go together."

"Good-morning," said Barker. But there had come into his face something of the expression which you will observe in the faces of old Indian officers when they talk of the Mutiny.

Meanwhile Varenka, watching through the shutter, unable to overhear their words, could not believe that Papa Boris was serious. She expected him to return in half an hour, complaisant. Had she thought otherwise, she would have rushed out and thrown her arms around him, nor released him till he had released his wild project.

III

"You will need a mountaineer's suit and a clasp-knife," said Alexis, after Barker was out of sight; "a clasp-knife to cut your bread and meat—and the Turks."

"I have both ready," said Boris; and he walked very rapidly, for him, to his house, where he dressed himself brigand fashion from cap to wool leggings and heelless shoes. A dozen times, when he was quite alone, he had put on this garb and surveyed the effect in the glass, and thought boyishly and sighingly of impossible things.

"I have a letter to write," he told Alexis, "and I'll have it finished by the time that the strongest pair of horses in Sofia are at the door."

There was a flicker of surprise on Alexis's face to find that Papadoff was in earnest, but the veteran said nothing.

"My Varenka of the Roses," Boris wrote, "you do not need me any longer now. You have been my first object, and the cause has been my second. I have made enough money for you, and I have given to the cause much, though not all asked. If I had given that, I should soon have had none left, and then who would have bought the rifles and cared for the sick and for you? Some have called me a Jew and a Greek—and oh! you know, you know I am not like that, Varenka! I like my comfortable chair in the café; I like to treat my friends; I like to see everybody prosperous. Beyond that, all that money meant for me was the strife of getting it and what it would do for you and the cause. Now I have not you. Now the hope I had when I thought of you is gone. I have only the cause. Oh, I know it seems very silly in Papadoff, the trader, to turn soldier. But I think I have earned the right to play—the right to fight. When you hear from me again, you will know that Boris is not a coward."

Before Varenka read this, the carriage that Boris and Alexis occupied was well on its way toward the frontier, sluing and bouncing over the rough road. The next morning they were in Turkish territory, and they ate their breakfast of bread and olives and bits of mutton grilled on a skewer, under the shade of a tree whose branches hid the mouth of a cave where five hundred rifles had been stored at Boris's expense, against that time when Brovsky himself should raise a band.

"It's wonderful the Turks never found them," said Boris.

"A Turk finds nothing," said Alexis, "except you hold it before his nose and bore his ribs to make him open his eyes."

The trader was lame where he was not sore. His hands were cut by pulling himself up over the rocks; there were blood spots on his white leggings. Yet jauntily he twirled his moustache and smiled.

"I have always said," Alexis remarked dryly, "that you and I were the only two men in Sofia who had any brains. Petroff, the man who keeps my medals across the frontier, had, before the Turks burned him with a red-hot iron. If the Turks burned you with a red-hot iron, would it take away your courage, Boris?"

"They have yet to do it," said Boris nonchalantly.

At that—in respect, particularly, to the nonchalance and the tribute of result to his own judgment of character—Alexis, without any change in his sinister expression, patted Boris on the shoulder.

"There is Porico," Alexis continued, indicating the plain that lay like a variegated carpet before them, "the third town in line with my forefinger—the one with the five minarets—and there we shall find Mushti, who is Vali, and Ahmud, who is Pasha. Ahmud was Vali when your mother was massacred, Boris, and Mushti is the son of the man—well, never mind. You are in command. You have furnished the money for the rifles; you have kept me in the field—what is your plan?"

"To raise five hundred men throughout

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the valley. They are better than any we can enlist in Bulgaria. They have scars on their souls if not on their bodies, to remind them what freedom means. It has always been a mistake to start our rebellions in the spring. The time is when the crops are gathered and the Turkish tax collector is coming and there is food for insurgents to be had at every house. We will bring our five hundred together, and then we will take Porico and Ahmud and Mushti."

"And Mushti shall be for my blade and Ahmud for yours!"

"Our prisoners," said Boris.

"Prisoners?" asked Alexis, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes, prisoners. Ah, Alexis, I have traveled farther than you, and I heard what Barker said one night, and I heard what an American tourist said too. Ah, that cold, white Englishman! I believe there is a fate in him. I believe that we shall meet him over here. No, Alexis, if you massacre you cannot go with me. Those who are Christians should be the first to show mercy. Because they do, is why they are better than the Turks. It was that, or something like that, the tourist said; and he was a brave man, I know. He stopped a horse that was running away in front of the palace, and he made no speech about it afterward in the café. He said something else, too. He said how rich the land was and how poor the people were, and he made me like America, where a trader is not supposed to be a Jew or a Greek, but as brave as any other man—aye, and a credit to his land. And he asked me to go to America, and I told him that I loved Bulgaria too much. No, we shall not massacre."

"Very well," said Alexis easily; for he knew how hot conflict might make the blood which is cool in counsel.

"And, Alexis," Boris asked, "if that cold, white Englishman were looking at you, do you think that you could stab a man?"

"I am not afraid of the Englishman. But why are you always bringing him in?"

"He hangs in my mind. He keeps me thinking. Look at this fertile plain! Think how happy and well-to-do everybody might be! The way to bring that about is not to do as the Turk does. Ah, if Varenka could only understand that it is as fine to make the land rich and give the people work as to boast of the Moslems you have killed! Ah, Varenka!" He dwelt on her name for a moment, and then they turned to their plans.

That night each set out to his appointed district, bringing to the persecuted who had courage the solid offer of a rifle and ammunition. A week later, by night, like so many ants returning from all directions to their hill, came the quickly mustered company of Irregulars. The morning saw them, blue-eyed, fair-haired Slavs, who had left their wives and children in the valley in response to the call of the centuries which still leaves Macedonia under Turkish tyranny, awaiting the word that was to lead them to revenge. For revenge was all that they understood. Philosophy does not grow luxuriantly in the mind of a subject people who may not bear arms while it is the privilege of the worst bully in the ruling race to carry as many pistols and knives as he pleases. To each one his rifle was a precious living thing; this Mauser, which a German firm had delivered wholesale at four dollars apiece, when actually in their hands in Turkish territory had become a priceless possession. Alexis was their drill-sergeant for one long day. He would not permit a single one to have a cartridge; but he kept the mechanisms clicking until each man understood loading and firing. At midnight he dealt out to each two hundred rounds; and when he told them that he would shoot the first man who fired without orders, they knew that he would be as good as his word.

"Other bands play with their ammunition like children with fireworks," he said.

When he had finished his speech, it was Boris's turn. The trader gave them the digest of all the conclusions he had drawn from his talks with the American tourist and with Barker. They were to take Porico; they were to take the Vali and the Pasha prisoners; and forty-eight hours later, he told them—he was a man of the world, he reminded them, and he knew—the little ticking things that they had seen in the railroad stations would carry the news throughout Europe of a captured Pasha and of an insurgent success where not a single outrage had occurred.

"Ah, then," he cried, "they will have no

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excuse—no excuse at all, those big frauds, the premiers of the nations! They will have to admit that we fought as fairly as they do. It needs only another push to topple their house over. Their people will see that we are not as bad as the Turks; that we are fellow-Christians—and Macedonia will be free!"

"Yes, they will see, too," Alexis added, "that we fought as well. That is what they admire—that we fought as well, and not like monkey-jacks who boast in the café of victories they have won by shooting their rifles in the air and then scampering back to Bulgaria."

The next morning, as they moved on Porico, the trader marvelled to find how careless he was as to his fate, and in his heart there was a prayer, florid and oriental, for Varenka, and a wish, faint and hopeless, that she might see him at this work as well as bargaining in the marketplace. As they marched up from the valley to the summit of a hill, they saw, not more than two miles to their rear, that the road was choked with fezzes. On the high ground beyond the village they saw more marching Turks. The poorest head among them understood that the enemy had learned their plan. They were to be surrounded in a "drive." Their only hope was to break and fly.

"Now to show that we are men worthy of our lives and our religion!" said Brovsky, who craved only to reach the Pasha and the Vali before overpowering forces should reach him. Boris was as cool as he; his moral effect, greater. Again he offered his prayer for Varenka, while he pointed toward the village smilingly, as if it contained a fortune for all. If Papadoff, the trader, could face death so nonchalantly, the illusion for the Irregulars was complete. They followed their leaders in the charge desperately.

Porico had only fifty Turkish soldiers, whom their bearded old captain awakened in their quarters with shouts and beatings from his stick. They went forth with the confidence of a farmer who has to throw a tramp out of his kitchen. They were there to obey the Padishah's will, and their old captain was the Padishah's chief. They met the numbers of the enemy with the abandon of fatalism.

With a dozen of the swiftest of the band at his heels, Alexis hurried on up the main street; while Boris, shouting and protesting, tried in vain to save the lives of those of the garrison who had been disarmed in the rush. Alexis knew that the Vali and the Pasha would be together at that hour. His promise to Boris was forgotten. He was a fiend athirst for blood, and the sight of the house where the quarry lay gave to his old limbs renewed strength. He dashed up the stairs, and there before him was the Pasha, an old-fashioned, full-bearded, venerable Turk, and the Vali, a younger man, with a pomaded moustache and bearing all the signs of the enervation that goes with French brandy and patent-leather shoes in the Orient. Breaking the light from the window was the figure of a man in khaki, strangely out of place in its surroundings, who was speaking French to the Vali, who was interpreting it to the Pasha. Alexis felt the surging in his temples of the final triumph which should wipe out a score that had been standing for twenty years. He sprang forward with his sword uplifted; but before he could strike, his arm was seized and he was whirled around and found himself looking at Barker's eye-glass.

"You must not do murder," the Englishman said, in much the same tone that he had used when he picked the rose in Varenka's garden.

The Vali had fallen back to a corner and was trembling, but the Pasha stood where he had risen, proud and unmoved, and exhibiting the courage of a ruling race equally with the stranger who stood between him and instant death.

"That man has owed me his life for twenty years," said Alexis. "I cannot have the interest, but I will take the principal."

"He is your prisoner, but nothing more, by the laws of war," said Barker, whose eye-glass seemed as forbidding as the muzzle of his steadily held weapon.

It was Papadoff's voice that called from below. It was Papadoff who rushed past Alexis and took his stand beside Barker.

"When we have done with him," cried Boris, "the Sultan will know how to punish a Vali and a Pasha who have surrendered, better than we can. Exile or sudden death will be too simple."

"You are right," Brovsky said, and he laughed stridently. Even Boris had never

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heard him laugh before. "Do you hear that?" Brovsky called in Turkish to Mushti and Ahmud. "The Sultan will—" and he repeated what Boris had said; at which the Vali put his hand on his heart, but the old Pasha was unmoved.

In that exciting moment they were oblivious of the fact that the Turks were approaching from all sides. The shriek of a shell reminded them that the enemy was already within the range of gun-fire.

"Leave four men here to guard your prisoners. Then get the rest of your company together," said Barker.

Both Alexis and Boris saluted the cold, white Englishman as if it were their place to obey. When the men had filed downstairs, the old Pasha bowed deeply, and through the Vali thanked Barker for saving his life.

"If you had had pickets out," said Barker, wiping his eye-glass, "you wouldn't have been taken by surprise in this way." At which the Pasha gritted his teeth and thought: "How impolite! How English!"

With his eye-glass fixed and a thumb thrust in the pocket of his riding-breeches, the Pasha's guest—guest in the name of the British Foreign Office—watching from the window to see if his instructions were being carried out, thought:

"What a beastly shame it all is, to be sure! They need *pukka sahibs* here. They need to be ruled justly and given a chance to improve."

So near were the Turks now that the sighs of dying bullets could be heard. Alexis and Boris were trying to get their company together under cover of a side street; they were doing bravely—too bravely for Barker to remain a spectator and a neutral. Regardless of his commission, he could not resist the "mix-up."

As he emerged from the door he saw Alexis present his revolver to a man who started to run; he saw the others of the band fall back in order; he saw an old woman, duststained and staggering, approach and give Boris a letter. At sight of the handwriting the trader seemed to forget all danger, everything but the message that was within the envelope.

"My Varenka!" he cried. "She has found that she loves me! She calls me back! It was I she cared for—I always!"

"Then fly!" said Matrena, "fly and leave the others. You go to her. Your love is young; ours is dead."

"Yes—go!" said Alexis, deliberately.

To live was not so much. To live and have Varenka—how could he resist that! He could not and he would not, he had determined, when he saw the Englishman was looking at him, and Barker's manner brought a new train of thought faster than words could speak it.

"I can't! I came with my men. We were partners. I will stay! No man ever said that Papadoff broke a bargain."

"Now, see what courage is, *you!*" Alexis cried to the band, and threw his arms around his friend. "We'll spread out! We'll take a toll of ten lives for every one we lose! We'll make this a glorious day for Macedonia!"

Barker had picked up a stick from the gutter.

"We have no pawns, but we have a knight and rook. I think we've enough to negotiate with the beggars, anyway," he said, as he fastened his handkerchief to the stick. "Besides, I'll bluff a bit."

Flag of truce in hand, he passed into the bullet-whipped air of the main street and walked toward the advancing enemy, which was a black monster with a blood-red crest, stretching from house to house. The firing continued, but he kept on, a touch of languid superiority in his gait. A man on horseback broke through the mass and rode forward in the sudden lull that followed his command. It was the General himself. When they had talked for some time, Barker came back in company.

"We struck a bargain," he said, as the officer at his side rode by on his way to the force on the other side of the town. "It happened very pat. The Pasha is the General's brother, you know. We're to march out with the honors of war and keep the Vali—yes, and keep the bally little Vali."

With his baggage-mule laden with his elaborate kit—his Scotch, his biscuits, and his jam—just ahead, he closed the procession that filed toward the mountains.

"Old Cantrell says I'm only 'military special,'" he mused. "Seems to me, though, that I've got what he calls news. But blessed if I know."

And he wiped the dust off his eye-glass and made sure that his folding rubber bath-tub had not been left behind.

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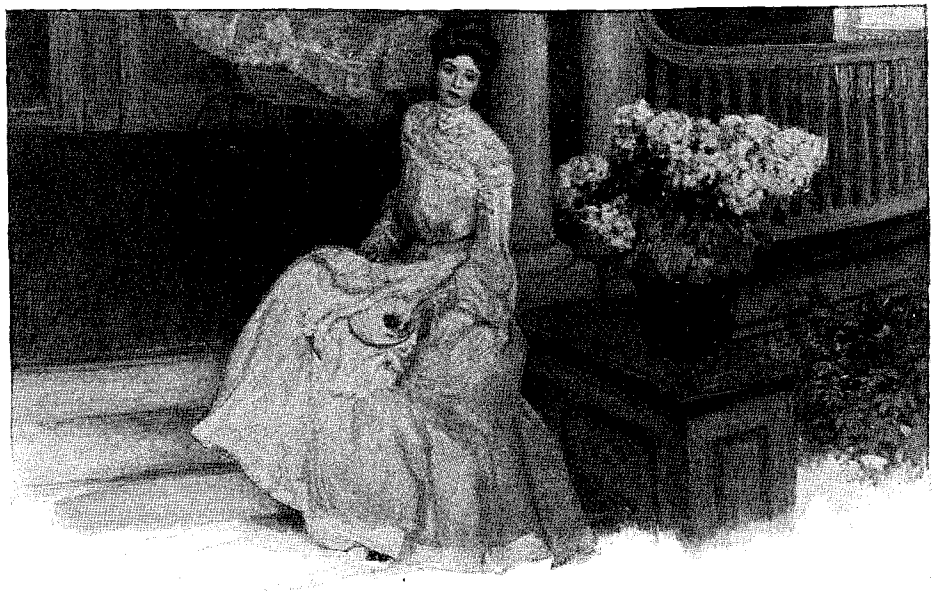

She sat down on the top step of the piazza.—Page 110.

ON THE TRAIL OF A GO-CART

By Ann Devoore

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

SALLY peeped under the lace frill of the parasol. The baby was asleep, her long lashes literally lay upon her ridiculously plump cheeks, and her soft breathing showed that she was lost in that repose which comes alike to just and unjust infants, provided they are fat and hearty. Little Dora *was* fat and hearty, and not very much spoiled, though she possessed a mother whom a more unscrupulous child would have taken every advantage of. Sally was only an aunt, a nineteen-year-old aunt, who had a theory that babies ought to be let alone.

"Why can't you treat Dora like a sensible person?" she would say. "I am sure she doesn't like to be talked to in such a foolish way; and as for patting her to sleep, I think it must be infuriating. If anyone sat beside me, and patted my back and said, 'Hush—sh—sh,' I should go into a temper just as she does."

"But she doesn't," said Dora's mother, indignantly; "she falls asleep like a little precious kitten when she isn't cutting a tooth."

"I don't believe in cutting teeth," said Sally, "any more than I believe in the Bogie Man. It is just a nursery superstition, and helps people out when they want an excuse for spoiling a child."

It was these radical views of Sally's that made Dora's mother so uneasy at leaving the baby in her aunt's charge for a morning, but on this particular morning it couldn't be helped. The waitress had been discharged for impertinence the day before, the cook had discharged herself out of sympathy, and in the evening the nurse had announced with tears that her mother was

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sick and she must spend the following day in Hoboken. It was impossible to send Sally to engage new maids, as she had such radical views on the servant question that she wouldn't look at a reference, and went entirely by the impression an applicant made.

"If I liked her face," she announced, "I should engage her, even if she had never cooked anything but boiled potatoes."

"Very well, dear," said her sister, "then I suppose you will have to take care of Dora. I will have everything ready before I start, and I think I can be home by one o'clock. Mrs. Ferris has asked us to come in and lunch with her."

So Sally was left with her radical views and her six-months-old niece to get through the morning as best she could. Somehow she didn't feel like being very original in her treatment of Dora. She gave her a bath and dressed her in careful imitation of her sister's methods, and then she held the bottle of milk just in the way that Dora's mother always held it till Dora drained it, though she had often given her opinion that Dora would enjoy much more holding it herself; and after she had tucked her in the go-cart on the shady side of the piazza, with the parasol tilted at the customary angle, she patted the little shoulder and joggled the go-cart and murmured "Hush—sh—sh," though she despised herself for yielding to the overmastering dread that Dora would cry which she found was taking possession of her. It was with a wonderful sense of elation that she listened to the baby's regular breathing, and realized that she was actually asleep. It meant a morning of peace and freedom from anxiety, unless something very noisy happened, and that hardly seemed likely, with no one in the house. She sat down on the top step of the piazza, her embroidery in her hands, a little smile of satisfaction on her pretty sun-burned face, which gradually faded as her thoughts turned from her achievements of the morning to an occurrence of the previous evening. She dropped her work and her eyes wandered across the bit of lawn, across the public drive and the strip of park beyond, to the dancing blue waters of Long Island Sound. Except for the white sails flecking the waves, and the voices of the children bathing, which were blown to her from the beach under the hill, she was alone. The houses on either side of her were screened by trees and shrubs, and she could puzzle out her problem undisturbed.

Why had Harry Trent danced twice with Mrs. Sutton, and sat with her for nearly half an hour in the very darkest corner of the piazza? The obvious answer was that Harry had wished to do these things, and the explanation was as simple. A pretty widow with a lively tongue is an explanation in herself. Mrs. Sutton had a dazzling complexion, red hair, and a rippling laugh. Sally admitted all this, but there was something else to be considered. The truth was that Harry Trent had belonged to Sally for a year and a half, and had never in all that time danced more than once during an evening with anybody else. Sally had danced as often as she pleased with any partner to whom she took a fancy, and she had given Harry many or few dances, as her whim inclined her to be friendly and enticing or illusive and bewildering. She confessed to herself that she had not treated him well of late. She had given away halves of his favorite waltzes, she had not been able to keep her engagements to play golf or sail, and though she couldn't resist an invitation to try his new automobile, she had made him feel that it was only in the machine that she took an interest. The odd thing was that she couldn't explain to herself why she behaved in such an unfriendly way. Perhaps this morning, as her eyes grew large gazing at nothing, a suspicion of the real meaning of her mood was creeping into her mind. It was enlightening to recall the strange shrinking as if from pain that she had been conscious of when Mrs. Sutton confided to her on the way home, that Harry Trent had said copper-colored hair had something electric about it, and that a red-haired woman was always more magnetic than a brunette or a blonde. Mrs. Sutton had laughed as she told it, but she was evidently impressed.

"I wonder if my old carrots really are an attraction," she said. "I used to cry over them when I was your age. Marie does her best to wave them into becomingness, but I would change with you any day, dear."

Sally doubted the sincerity of this avowal, but then she doubted everything and everybody this morning; worst of all, she doubted herself.

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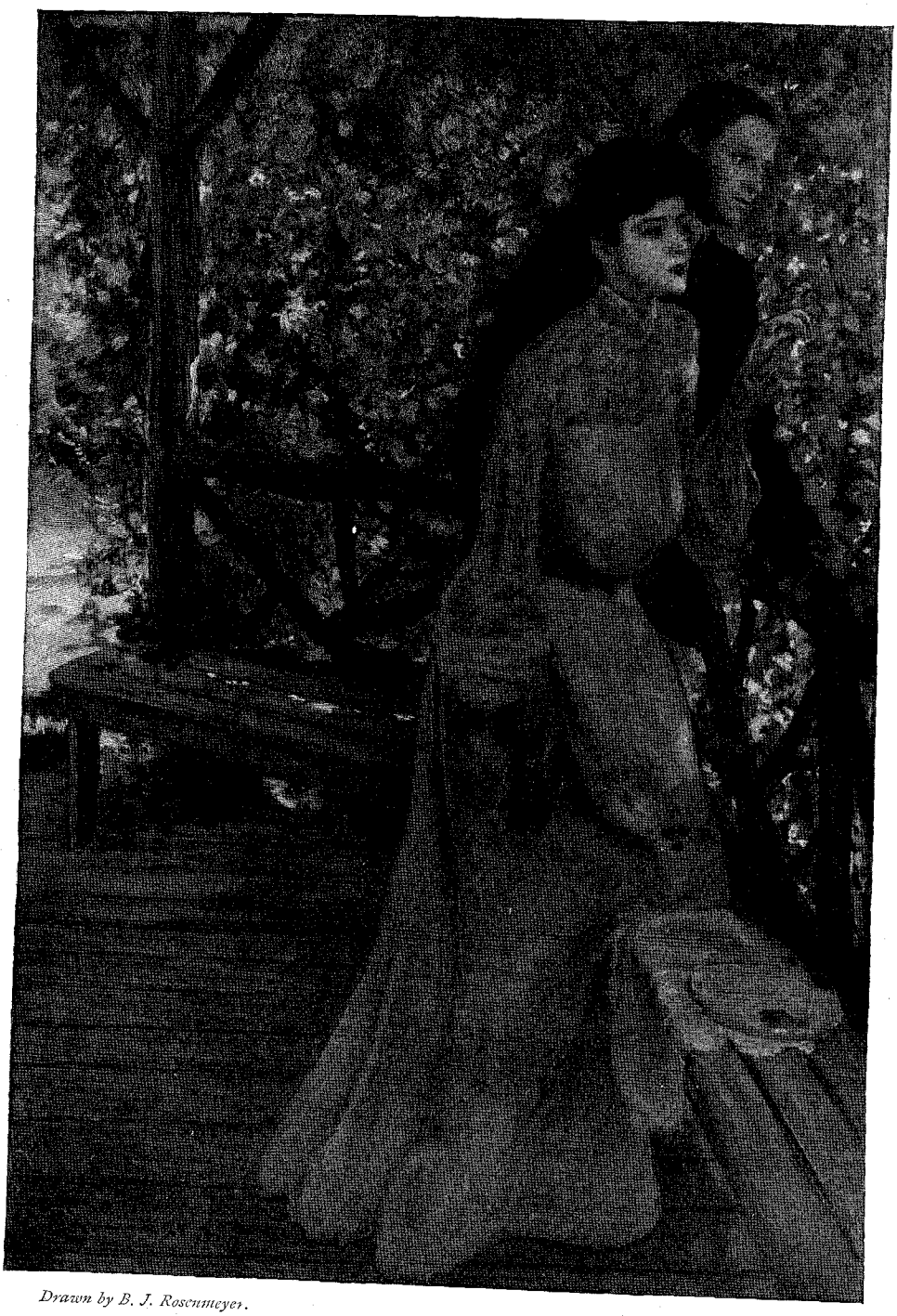

Drawn by B. J. Roscumeyer.

"Harry," cried Sally in a despairing voice, "it's an organ-grinder."—Page 112.

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A step was audible on the sidewalk, and a man turned in at the gate and came walking up the drive to the house. Sally blushed from her pointed chin to the dark hair that Mrs. Sutton professed to admire; then she glanced apprehensively toward the baby carriage. Harry Trent had such a hearty voice! She didn't want to run to meet him, but if she hesitated for a moment, Dora's nap would come to a sudden and uproarious conclusion. So she flew down the steps and toward him, and she could see by his enlarging smile how much pleased he was with this enthusiastic reception.

She put her fingers to her lips, and said, "Sh—sh!" instead of greeting him. "The baby is asleep on the piazza," she explained, "and I am taking care of her."

All the awe a man feels in the presence of a napping infant was visible on his face.

"Asleep!" he whispered, and seemed for a moment afraid to draw his breath; then he took courage and continued to whisper. It was not a bad plan for keeping her near him. "Can't we sit on the steps?" he said.

"Oh, no!" said Sally; "Dora would wake up the first time you laughed."

He looked around. "The summer-house, then. I have something I want to talk over with you—about the automobile," he added, hastily. She was looking unpropitious.

"Well, perhaps we might sit in the summer-house," she said. "We can watch the baby from there, and you will not be obliged to whisper. It must tire you so, it's such an enormous whisper!"

He laughed. They were safe in the summer-house. Through an opening in the vines a corner of the piazza and Dora's lace parasol were visible. Sally took up her embroidery, and her slender fingers seemed to him to be doing conjuror's tricks with the pale-colored bits of silk thread.

"What about the automobile?" she asked.

"I'm planning a little party," he said, "to go over to Ardsley for supper some night this week, whatever night you like best. The Ferrises will take their auto and Will Verplank and his sister and Charlie Martin can go in Charlie's, and will you and your sister and George go with me?"

"I should like to," Sally said, enthusiastically; "I wonder," she added, "if Belle will be silly enough to think she can't leave the baby."

"Well, if she won't come, I can ask Mrs. Sutton," said Harry.

"Oh, I will persuade Belle," Sally assured him. "She oughtn't to be allowed to have only one idea in the world. I know George is lonely sometimes."

Harry was on the point of saying something about George not being the only man who was lonely, when someone was heard approaching with feet scraping on the bluestone.

"Harry," cried Sally in a despairing voice, as she peeped through the vines, "it's an organ-grinder."

Harry realized the need for prompt action. He reached the man as the organ slid to the ground, and interrupted the polite greeting, "Good-a-morn."

"Here," he said, "get out of this, won't you? We don't want any music."

The man looked mystified. "No want-a-music?" he asked.

"No," said Harry. In explanation he drew a quarter from his pocket. "Bambino asleep, mustn't wake it up," he hazarded.

Comprehension dawned on the Italian's face. He shouldered his organ. "All-a-right, good-a-morn." He grinned his melancholy grin and scraped away down the drive.

Harry returned to the summer-house.

"It's 'all-a-right,'" he said.

He stood in the vine-shaped doorway, smiling down at her. She couldn't help thinking he looked big, and—well, perhaps not handsome, but very attractive. His rather piercing eyes were soft to mistiness, his jolly, bold, manly face was refined, and made transparent by emotion, till the sensitive tenderness which was at the core of his nature was visible. As she looked up into his, her own eyes grew misty.

He said, "Sally, Sally!" more as if he were speaking to himself than to her. Then he bent over her. "Sally?" He was asking a question this time.

She was so much afraid that her eyes would answer him that she shut them up.

"I won't look at you," she said, laughing a little uncertainly, "till you go farther away."

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"But I am not going farther away," he objected.

"Then I can't see to embroider," she said.

"But you are not going to embroider."

"What am I going to do?" she asked. "I don't believe you can guess."

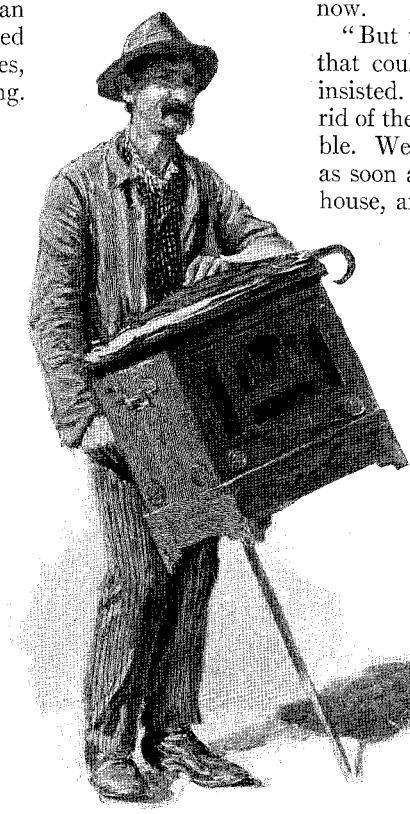
Her command of her tongue made her over-confident, and she opened her eyes. In an instant they had confessed the truth to the other eyes, so near and so imploring.

"You are going to love me, Sally," he said, exultantly, and took her into his arms.

It was a half-hour at least before either of them wasted a thought on the world beyond the summer-house; then Sally glanced toward the piazza, and gave a cry of guilty terror. "Why, the go-cart has gone!"

He, too, had a qualm of conscience, but he said unconcernedly: "So it has; the nurse must have come home ——"

"No, no!" cried Sally, running for the house. She flew around the piazza, through the rooms and up the stairs, calling distractedly, "Belle! Dora! Susan!"



He ground out a dismal march.—Page 114.

There was no answer, and no trace of go-cart or baby. The house was deserted, the baby gone. Sally grew very pale.

"Harry," she said, "it is the organ-grinder. He has stolen Dora."

"Nonsense," said Harry. "How could he, with us right there?"

"Didn't you tell him the baby was asleep, and point toward the piazza?"

"Yes, I did, but I saw him go down the drive, myself."

"Did he go out of the gate?"

"I did not notice."

"Oh, Harry, he must have taken her; no one else has been here. We were so much absorbed that neither of us noticed anything."

They were hurrying along, almost running.

"It can't be, Sally, that a man like that would dare to take a child in broad daylight, let alone a go-cart," argued Harry.

They were in the public road now.

"But there isn't anything else that could have happened," she insisted. "Of course he will get rid of the go-cart as soon as possible. We can turn off into the fields as soon as we pass Mrs. Sutton's house, and strike right across to that Italian settlement near the railroad. We want to catch him before he has a chance to hide Dora, or stain her brown, or get up any plot with the others. The trouble is he may have had time enough already. I—I don't know how long it is since——" She did not finish her sentence.

Over the high privet hedge they were passing, a lovely rose and white face appeared, set off by a halo of ruddy hair, and a larger halo of white parasol.

"What is the matter?" laughed Mrs. Sutton. "You two seem in a hurry. Where are you going?"

"We are looking for a baby," explained Sally, breathlessly.

Mrs. Sutton laughed again.

"And an organ-grinder," added Harry.

"It's Belle's baby; Harry and I were taking care of it," explained Sally, her eyes brimming with tears. "Harry and I think the organ-grinder must have stolen it. Have you seen an Italian passing here, within—within half an hour?"

"It doesn't seem possible he could have stolen the baby," said Mrs. Sutton, "but a

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man did pass here not ten minutes ago, while I was cutting my roses."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" cried Sally, darting forward. "You see, Harry," she said, "if we hurry, we shall catch him."

They sped along through the fields and strips of woodland, the narrow path leading them.

"It's not far now," she panted, and at that moment they dodged around a clump of trees, and came upon the Italian mending a shoe-lace. His organ was propped against a tree, and also a bundle on which Sally fixed her eyes. It consisted of a coat and blanket rolled around something.

"It must be Dora," she whispered to Harry; "but she is so dreadfully quiet! Could he have drugged her?"

"I don't think so," said Harry, also looking suspiciously at the bundle. Then he whispered more excitedly, "It seems to me I see a slight movement, like breathing. Do you notice it?"

"Yes," said Sally, clinging to his arm. "Oh, Harry, it must be Dora!"

"Good-a-morn," said the Italian, straightening up and grinning sadly.

Sally was about to demand her niece.

"Take care," Harry whispered.

He said to the Italian, "The lady wants you to play," and to make English intelligible, he produced another quarter.

The Italian's face grew more tragically mirthful He bowed to Sally, got his organ into place and ground out a dismal march. Sally looked expectantly at the bundle; there was no sign of disturbance, but the slight trembling motion continued.

"She must be drugged," Sally whispered. "We ought to be quick."

"Wait a little longer," he insisted. When the tune was ended, he signed to the organ-grinder to stop. "The lady loves music," he explained, "but she loves a bambino still better. Show us yours." He pointed to the bundle.

The man looked extremely puzzled. "Bambino?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Harry. He resorted to broken English. "She love-a-bambino. Give us a look at that-a one."

"Bambino?" the man inquired, still more stupidly.

"That's what I said, *bambino*," repeated Harry, and as usual when in difficulties, he drew out a quarter.

The Italian at sight of it struck his breast mournfully, and did his best to explain his situation.

"No-a bambino," he said; "no-a wife, no-a luck." He pocketed the quarter and resumed his grin.

But Sally was not to be held back any longer.

"Then what is in your bundle?" she demanded. "It *is* a baby, I know it is."

The Italian shook his head. He stooped and lifted the bundle.

"No-a bambino, only da monk," he explained. "He have-a da malaria."

He undid the wrappings, and the wizened little creature was exposed, his teeth chattering, and his tiny body shaking with a chill.

Sally gasped convulsively.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried; "oh, Harry, I'm so sorry for the poor little thing, but I can't help laughing; he's so different from Dora!"

Harry shouted with joyous relief; the Italian grinned drearily; the monkey shuddered.

"I'll give the little chap a quarter for himself," said Harry.

They went off laughing.

"Good-a-morn," the organ-grinder called after them, bowing low.

"But, Harry," said Sally, when they had returned part of the way in the highest spirits, "I don't see why we are so cheerful. We haven't even a notion now where to look for Dora."

"Oh, Dora is all right," said he.

Then he explained elaborately that there must be some simple explanation, and this made everything seem clearer to Sally.

"I suppose so," she assented.

He was emboldened to forget their quest.

"Do you know, Sally,' he said, "it is just an hour since we became engaged. It's our first anniversary. This is such a high hedge. Don't you think you might kiss me?'

"Certainly not," said Sally. "Why, this is Mrs. Sutton's hedge."

"Well, *she* wouldn't mind *us*," said Harry, confidently.

"But I should mind Mrs. Sutton," said Sally, and sped along so that he could scarcely keep step with her.

"What is the use of tiring yourself to death?" he inquired, breathlessly. "I am sure there's no need to worry. Didn't I tell you so?"

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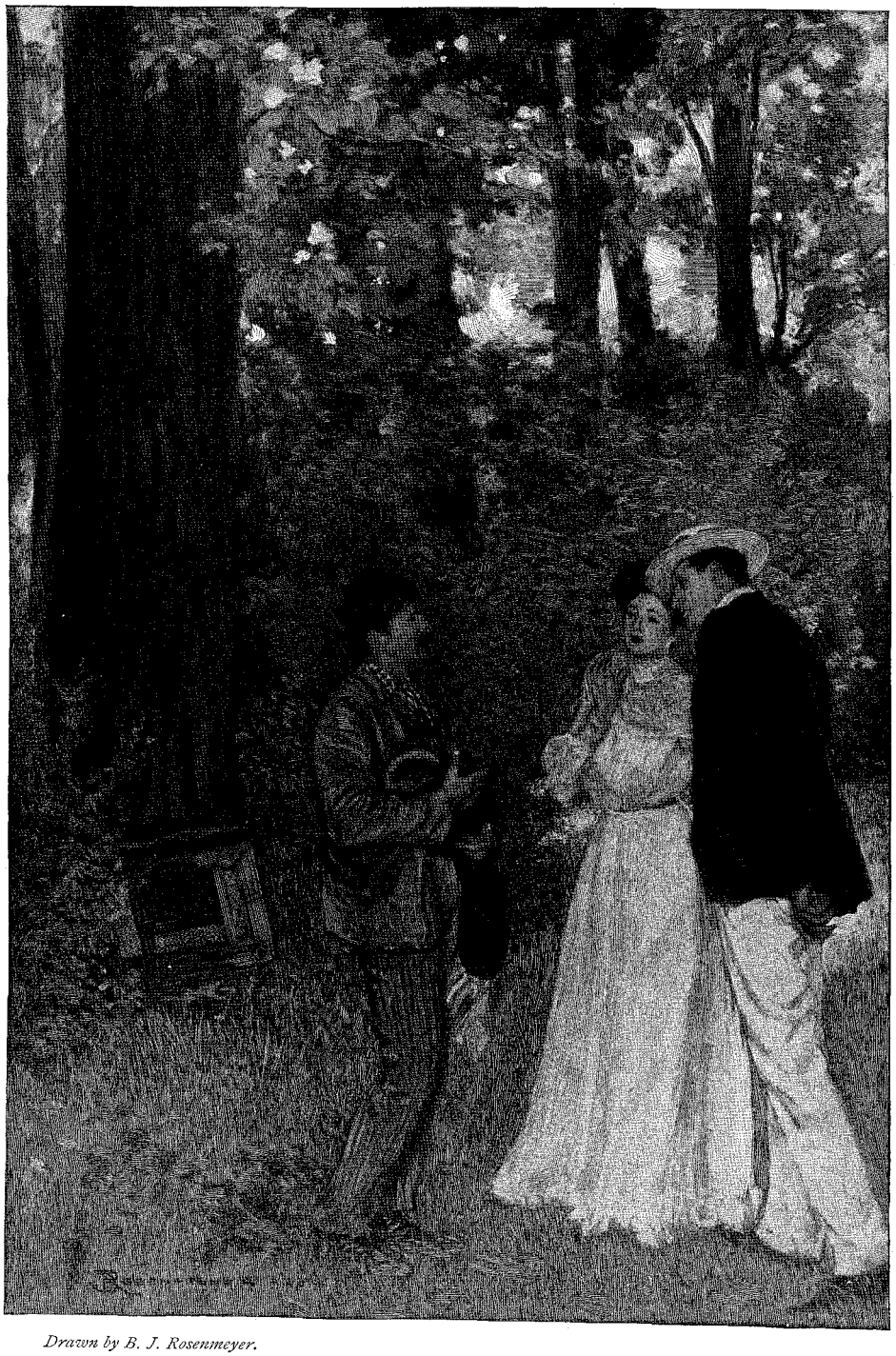

Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer.

"No-a bambino, only da monk," he explained.—Page 114.

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They had turned into the blue-stone drive, and there, rushing toward them was Belle. In the background Dora sat in her go-cart, chuckling to herself, and pulling handfuls of wool from the back of her favorite worsted dog. Mrs. Sutton was approaching leisurely in Belle's wake.

"You poor dears!" cried Sally's sister, hugging and kissing her. "What a fright you must have had! And it was all my doing. I came back on an early train, and—well, dears, I saw you in the summer-house" (she hugged Sally again). "Of course, I didn't want to interrupt you, so I just went softly up on the piazza and wheeled Dora over to Mrs. Ferris's, so that you could have the whole place to yourselves. I hadn't a notion of the consequences, till Mrs. Sutton came to see if she could be of any help, and she stayed—well, to congratulate you."

Sally looked indignantly at her sister.

"Don't blame me, dear," said Belle. "I didn't tell her. It was all Harry's fault."

"No, it wasn't," said Mrs. Sutton, clasping Sally's reluctant hands. "Mr. Trent told me only his half last night. It was you, Sally, who let me guess the rest. Your way of saying 'Harry and I' is as good as an announcement. I congratulate you both with all my heart."

Sally's face grew sunny.

"Thank you, Mrs. Sutton," she said, warmly. "Oh, Harry, we must make Mrs. Sutton come with us to Ardsley to-morrow night. We are going in the automobile, and Harry and I will both love to have you. Belle and George must come, too."

Belle looked up from where she was kneeling beside the go-cart.

"Oh, it sounds very nice," she said, "but after all that *hasn't* happened, I shouldn't dare to leave Dora."

She was kneeling beside the go-cart.

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THE FORTUNATE

By Theodosia Garrison

Pity me not that I, who am grown old,
Fold empty hands no other's hands may hold,
And sit in silence in a silent place
With never hope to-morrow may redeem,
Nor joy of yesterdays upon my face.
Pity me not—for I have had my dream.

Give me no tears that I, who much desired,
Failed those far heights to which my life aspired;
Where joy to seek and ecstasy to gain
My one star lured and drew me to its beam.
Oh, you who saw the failure and the pain,
Pity me not—for I have had my dream.

Yea, I, whose life is chained to dragging days,
Have sped my heart through sweet and wondrous ways;
In far, fair lands beyond the day and night,
On strange, still seas where white moons drift and gleam,
I—I have kissed the lips of my delight.
Pity me not—for I have had my dream.

Oh, you with hope fulfilled, that realized
Seems but a little triumph and unprized,
For me a joy more exquisite and fine:
Though life hath led me by a barren stream,
Though my desire hath been never mine,
Pity me not,—for I have had my dream.

THE MAJOR GETS EVEN

By Ewan Macpherson

"GET up, you lumbering Haustralian Henglishman." The tall youth with the peaked reddish beard was shedding his dress coat and waistcoat as he strode into the room and found his companion stretched like a log on the sofa. "Get up off that elegant plush furniture, Garoo, and go to bed.—Ever see such luck? eh? —Hotel chuck full, and we've got the swellest double bedroom in it. And all owing to my kindness in offering to change with the old colonel, so he might be nice and quiet up on the fourth floor. Wish you could see the little cubby-hole."

The inert mass on the sofa began to show signs of life. It drew up one leg, hoisted a patent-leather-shod foot over the knee, and yawned. "Which colonel? Met six at this hop." For Danforth, known in the Latin Quarter as Garoo, was very new to Kentucky. Having been one of Charlton Garrard's intimates at the Beaux Arts, he had "thought he would drop in on Kentuck" in passing toward New South Wales. "Which colonel did you bilk?"

"That old Yankee veteran."

"The buyer of coal mines? Huh! So that's the sort of way you Southern fellows get even.—Oh, I say, Kentuck, that's the very old boy who made your governor so

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mad he got up and left 'em all, out on the piazza. Fact. The Yankee colonel told a war story——"

"Which war story? I believe there are just ten."

"Oh. Well, this was about a Reb—*he* said 'Reb'—who went all by himself against a whole skit of Yankees behind a fence, just to pick up a flag the other Rebs had——"

"——Had dropped in their hurried retreat. I know it by heart," Charlton interrupted. "He approached their lines so close that the Yankees could actually see the whites of his eyes. But the generous foes unanimously refrained from shooting, and even cheered him to the echo."

"No, Kentuck. You're out there. One Yankee had him covered, dead, but the officer—old Roper himself—knocked the gun up just in time. Where did you hear it?"

Charlton laughed and yawned. "Why, man, that's one of our favorite war heroics—happened at Shiloh, Antietam, Chancellorsville—everywhere. Those are our old masters over here. We've got ten: five comics and five heroics. What was there to get mad about?"

"I thought it was because the Yankee said 'Reb' instead of 'Confederate.' Wasn't it?"

"Oh, come off! Truth of the business is, my dad's heard all those old stories till they make him tired. And anyhow, he isn't the type to sit swapping Blue-and-Gray fossils when forty-six live girls are dancing in the next room.—Look here, Garoo, aren't you going to bed?—unless you want to go out and see how Yellowbanks starts a Fourth of July bright and early. Listen to that."

It was a volley of crackers and pistol shots out in Courthouse Square.

"National Corroboree?" the Australian asked, lazily sitting up and beginning to untie a shoe. "Well, I vote we ring up the charcoal Chappie and the beverages, and then try to sleep through it."

No sooner had Charlton touched the button than, with a stamping and shuffling in the passage outside, the wished-for Chapultepec plunged headlong into their room, though with no beverages.

"Fo' de Lawd sake, Mahs Cap, ain't you *smell* it? Ge'lmen, you all must p'intedly git out o' thishyer hotel this minute." As he talked he swept together clothing, jewelry and valises. Then he stood at the door and bellowed, "FIRE!"

Garoo fell back on the sofa in a spasm of laughter. But Charlton, after one or two misses, got a grip on the darky's neck and shook him. "Say, Chapultepec, are you drunk?"

The answer was strangled to a whisper. "Me, Mahs' Chahlton? No, suh. I tell you, they done turn the 'lahm. *Here she come now.*"

A thick, brown wave of smoke, with a stench of burning wood, burning paint, burning grease, instantly choked Garoo's laugh. Charlton picked up a flannel blazer—the only loose article left by Chapultepec—and all three rushed out.

Chapultepec's cry had already been taken up by half a dozen voices. Danforth, the first of the three to reach the narrow back stairs, was just in time to see a big creature in pajamas, carrying a sample case, fairly run over a stout elderly woman in a calico dressing sack; he knocked the pajamas down and set the dressing sack on her feet.

"Keep cool, all." It was Wilgus, the hotel-manager, shouting up from the ground floor. "The fire's in the basement. You've all got plenty of time." But another swirl of stinging, nauseous smoke destroyed the comforting effect of this speech.

A piteous voice screamed from the next landing above: "Will somebody help me get my wife down? She's fainted, and I cannot carry her and the children too." This, emphasized by infantile wailings.

"All right, sir. We're with you," Danforth shouted cheerily, springing back again up the stairs. "Here, Kentuck. Never mind about Chappie; he's gone down with the luggage. Come up this way."

Garoo had already reached the upper floor. Charlton, stretching his long arms from wall to wall, so as to bar the passage, was calling at the top of his voice, "All you people, go by the front stairs—the front stairs, I tell you. They're wider, and farther away from the fire. It's right under here, can't you see?" Then he sprang up the back stairs, three at a bound.

The appeal for help had come from a preacher newly arrived in Yellowbanks. Danforth already had the fainting wife over his shoulder; Charlton picked up the

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two terrified and recalcitrant children in their nighties; the father of the family distractedly loaded himself with a pile of books, a dressing case, a hand satchel and a wicker laundry basket. So the convoy, though with stoppages—when some of the books dropped, or when a child refused to be carried any further—passed in safety, if not with speed, through the deserted, smoke-dimmed passages to the wide front stairs, where bunting and smilax decorations, put there for the big midsummer dance, drooped, awaiting their fiery doom. And so at last, with the taste of smoke in their throats, and the sting of it in their eyes, they passed out into Courthouse Square.

"I say, Kentuck, isn't it wonderful what rummy things people sleep in?" Danforth remarked, aside, when he had set down the preacher's wife, and his eyes opened to the crowd of refugees drawn up along the iron railing of the enclosure opposite. Each refugee had his or her pile of salvage, and no two persons in the crowd looked in the least alike, except in their dumb, helpless air of vague expectancy. Chapultepec, however, was easily distinguishable; with his collection of valises and loose articles of clothing, he danced and gesticulated like a demon, and his yells for "Mahs' Cap" rose above the hissing and throbbing of an engine that had already arrived and the clatter and clanging of another that was just wheeling into the square.

As these six descended the steps of the piazza, followed by a belch of smoke, Wilgus, the manager, rushed forward as if to fling his arms about the necks of the whole party at once. "The Lord be praised!" he said. "Charlton, your father and mother are safe—over there." And he pointed over his shoulder.

Charlton took the information very coolly. "Why shouldn't they be? They went to the Babcocks'."

"Did they? I thought I saw them come out of the hotel. Then everybody is safe. I tell you, one time I thought you were all lost."

He was brusquely interrupted by the Captain of Police. "Stand back now, please. This way. Here." And the men with ropes began to sweep the crowd on that side of the square toward Main Street, on their left, and Third, on their right. They were forming lines for the firemen at right angles to the front of the burning house, leaving the railing, parallel to it, to complete the boundaries of the clear space.

The rush toward Third Street carried with it Garoo Danforth, Charlton, and Chapultepec. Augusta Street, where the Babcock residence was, joined the square on that side. As yet the fire made no glare; but two clusters of electric bulbs, put there specially for the big midsummer dance, lighted the corner, even if the first foreflush of dawn had not begun to be noticeable, and in that brightly lighted area they seemed to recognize half the people who had been dancing and feasting in the hotel less than an hour before. Yellowbanks is not large, and all these guests had hurried back at the first rumor, many of the girls still wearing long gloves, or carrying their bunches of roses and their fans.

Charlton soon recognized the big soft felt hat his father was waving to attract their attention, and the voice that called to them: "Here, Australia! Here we are, Charlie boy—your mother and all of us." And Chapultepec vigorously cleared the way by swinging a valise against the nose of a horse just unhitched from the hook-and-ladder truck, thereby occasioning confusion and profanity. By dodging under the horses' necks and round another truck that was being backed into position, they had almost reached their party, when someone in the crowd gripped Charlton's arm from behind.

"Have you seen Colonel Roper?" It was one of the Pennsylvania coal experts who had come to Yellowbanks with the old colonel.

"No. But Wilgus said everybody was out."

"Wilgus be damned! I don't believe Colonel Roper's got down. I haven't seen him. Schroder hasn't."

"What are you waiting for, Kentuck?" Danforth turned his head to ask, as he elbowed on. "Here they all are."

But Major Garrard had overheard Colonel Roper's name and was already pushing toward where Charlton was standing with the Pennsylvanian. Then Charlton heard another sharp Pennsylvanian voice inside the railing of the Courthouse yard: "Meacham, haven't you found him? My God! *And he's got a wooden leg!*"

Charlton's flannel blazer was off, and he turned, but only to come face to face with

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a big policeman, who, like everyone else in Yellowbanks, was a friend of his.

"Can't get back now, Charlton." Then, to Meacham's expostulations, "Can't help that, sir. Firemen got to take care of him, if he's——"

Some sudden twist of Charlton's body cut the sentence short and sent the policeman down with a sharp *squash* on a hose that was just filling. A streak of white shirt-sleeve and many-colored flannel shot through the lighted area, between trucks, into the shadow between the two humming, throbbing engines, and into the cloud of smoke that covered the piazza, before police or firemen could stop him. One breathless moment, before the crowd realized what was happening; then a confused roar: "Stop him." "Head him off, can't you?" "Come back, Charlton; you're too late."

But to Charlton all these were mere noises. He heard and heeded only one trumpet-like word of command, that rose above everything: "Fahwa'd, boy! Git that Yank out, if it kills you."

And Major Garrard had no idea of stopping short at words. The policeman whom the son had tripped so cleverly was up again just in time to meet the father's headlong charge. As many as five other men came to the policeman's assistance, and all merged into one swaying, scuffling, grunting mass. The Major fought like a maniac for liberty to follow his boy—fought in grim, speechless earnest, while the engines throbbed and puffed, and the first two crashes of window glass followed one on the other.

"Let Mrs. Garrard speak to him," someone called out. And they made way for her.

"Oh, Major—oh, Martin, love!" Her voice rose to a shrill wail and then broke. Then, turning as if in distraction, "Won't nobody save my boy? I don't *want* to lose my boy and my husband for no Yankee colonel."

From the middle of the struggling bunch a grim, grizzle-bearded face looked up at her with a strange smile—a smile almost of amusement. "Hush, 'Tula, hush. You don't know what you're saying."

"Oh, Jesus, Saviour!" she moaned. "Am I going out of my mind? Don't let me lose my mind! Give me my boy and my husband." She sank on her knees, and two girls in ball dresses ran forward to kneel beside her, laying bare white arms consolingly about her neck.

By this time the crowd threatened to become unmanageable. Charlton Garrard—the only Shellback County boy who had ever gone over to Europe and returned with the glory of Parisian art honors about him—was a considerable and a precious personage in the esteem of Yellowbanks. Moreover, the horror of having their favorite sacrificed in a vain attempt to save a stranger was much intensified at that moment by his mother's cries and prayers. Danforth took independent action at once, stealthily scaling the iron rails of the courthouse yard in hopes of circumventing the police; he nearly succeeded, but, making a dash out of the middle gate, directly opposite the hotel door, he—luckily or unluckily—tripped up over a spare length of hose hidden there, and was pinned down by a fireman until a policeman came. Another young man was caught crawling under a ladder truck toward the dark sidewalk. Young Babcock had to be forcibly held back by his father and Judge Bolder, one on either side. And John Spingler, the publicly notorious bad boy of Professor Sinclair's select school, was grabbed by the ankle and jerked down in the act of swarming up a pillar of the piazza. The crowd as a whole, unable to see what the firemen were doing in the shadow and smoke that covered the middle of the block, swayed and growled in just the fashion that makes police authorities anxious. At last someone boldly called out, "Get together, boys, and rush the line, unless you want Charlie Garrard roasted alive."

Hearing that, the fire chief realized the danger. He mounted the driver's seat of an engine and, putting his hands to his mouth, shouted: "Can't you all *see* we nearly got a ladder up? Well, you can't see, but we have. It's just like hell inside that door. No use any livin' thing goin' in thar. Give us two seconds, and we'll git through a window and chance it. That's what the city pays us for."

The force of this, and the fear of driving the firemen—who were not heirs to his obligations, like Charlton—to risk their lives on a slender hope penetrated Major Garrard in the midst of his obstinate strug-

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gles. He stood perfectly still and called out: "Don't you do it, Jim. This ain't no business of the city's. It was me sent my boy in thar, and the good Lord can get him out if He wants to."

The crowd received his words in reverent silence, realizing that he was publicly offering up his son's life to the Divine Mercy. Then, after the moment's pause, there were cries of "You hear, Cap'n Sykes? Come back." "We don't pay you to kill yourselves." "We'll all keep quiet. God help him!" Sobs came from the line of women, in delicate gowns and dainty mantles all along the curb of Third Street. Garoo Danforth, a prisoner at the gate of the courthouse enclosure, heard what Charlton's father said; and though he had believed himself a thoroughly cool and callous globe-trotter, yet the words made him gulp horribly.

In spite of all this, the fire chief had his ladder in position, and had begun to mount it. Just then a sudden diabolical tongue of orange flame licked out from a window just above him. There was a rattling explosion somewhere inside—young Tony Wilgus's provisions for the day—rockets shot out in various directions, and an avalanche of broken glass and window-framing fell on Jim Sykes. Two firemen instantly sprang up the ladder to his rescue. The crowd felt that their fire department had been goaded into foolhardiness, and they groaned remorsefully.

Then one of the two girls kneeling by Mrs. Garrard stood up and called to the other women, "Why don't you all pray? Everybody pray their own ways."

And the recommendation was taken as simply and earnestly as it was intended. The preacher, whose family Charlton and Garoo had brought out of the hotel, came and stood by Mrs. Garrard's side, wrapped in a light overcoat some one of the boys had lent him, and began praying aloud, leading a group of kneeling women and bareheaded men who gathered about him. A little distance away, over by the iron railing, another group of women knelt in the mire, in all the flimsy finery of the midsummer dance, one of them repeating over and over the same ancient Salutation, the others answering in chorus with the Petition. The engines incessantly throbbed, and the water splashed; from one window after another smoky flames shot out and waved, making a glare in frightful contrast to the cold, even electric light. In the fever of suspense that had come upon them all, the quick pulsations of the engines were hurrying to beat out their little spell of hope.

It seemed to the women that their prayers must have lasted an hour—really, not three minutes—when one heavy, muffled crash was heard inside, and then Charlton's mother sank, fainting. But next moment an unearthly whoop and screech, utterly outlandish to Yellowbanks, rose somewhere near the gate of the enclosure:

"Coo-oo-oo-oo-ee-ee-ee! Good old Kentuck! Here he comes, you fellows!"

Something divided the thick smoke on the piazza—a great shadowy thing—tottered down the steps and fell into two parts across a hose, splashing the muddy water.

No articulate utterance could have been discerned in the roar that arose on all sides. It was just such a roar as might have come from a primitive crowd before the evolution of human speech. As Garoo Danforth afterward said, "Fact is, I went all to pieces myself for a couple of shakes." But this uncontrollable agitation passed, and Garoo, propping his stocky figure between the trunk of a tree and the top bar of the railing, yelled out bulletins as fast as the doctors would let him:

"*Both* alive, boys, *both!* The old colonel too." "Doctor says he can pull them both through." "Garrard badly burned, and wrist cut, but they can fix him up all right." "Colonel's head wrapped in the blazer—blazer saved him." "Hurroo!"

Charlton and Colonel Roper were carried away to the drug-store, where the fire chief was having his head and hands stitched. With the colonel it was chiefly a case for fresh air and stimulants; he was half suffocated and quite unconscious. Charlton was in pain, his hair, beard, and eyebrows singed, his chest and arms all blisters. For twenty minutes, which seemed at least an hour, the doctors worked over him in the room behind the dispensary, his father and mother, Garoo Danforth, and Chapultepec doing all they could to help.

At last the Major seized one doctor by the arm and whispered peremptorily, "Now tell us the whole truth, Doc."

"Major, the whole truth is, that all his injuries are superficial. He may lose the

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full use of that right hand, but that is the very worst you have to fear."

Charlton's father sighed, but smiled too, nodded his thanks and his confidence, and marched proudly out to the dispensary. There Colonel Roper was beginning to revive. The Rebel veteran pushed his way to the Yankee and stood waiting to see his eyes open.

Soon the lids fluttered, and then the eyes stared about. At last they rested upon the Major's face. One of the women gave their patient another spoonful of diluted whiskey, and he tried to speak. One more spoonful and his whisper became audible to Major Garrard, stooping over him:

"Don't like my story, eh? Why, man, I knew you all the time. Saw your face quite plain. Saw your boy—same—same—" the Colonel stopped to take breath.

Charlton's dad smiled happily. "They say he's like me, sir; I don't know—" Some thought of the blistered, agonized face and the cotton wrappings checked his smile and broke his voice at the end.

Again Colonel Roper whispered: "What you were—that time—Perryville." Then his face suddenly became anxious. "I can't remember. What's the matter? Is he hurt?"

"That's all right, Colonel." Major Garrard smiled once more. Though he could not but think of the doctor's warning about possible lasting damage to the hand trained by those wonderful six years in Paris, still a stubborn triumph lighted up his face. The lips curled under his red-and-gray moustache, and the blue eyes gleamed. "No more hurt than what I'd have taken any time this thirty-six years to get even with you."

And then the doctor insisted that his patient must be left quiet.

Garoo Danforth heard most of this dialogue. The doctors and Mrs. Garrard had driven him out of the back room. Hatless, his white shirt torn, begrimed and wet from his struggle with the police and his roll in the mud, he wandered out to find where Chapultepec had bestowed the rescued baggage. He ought to have waited at least to borrow a hat and coat, but he was thinking of other things.

"One of their old masters," he kept saying to himself—"one of their favorite war heroics. I fancy it's a genuine masterpiece this time."

The dawn showed him, as he stepped out of the door, four streams of water still playing into a black, dirty, steaming gulf, all encumbered with iron girders and the crumpled tin roof that had fallen in a few minutes after Charlton's final escape. While he stood staring, several girls in ball gowns came to ask him questions—they, too, seeming to overlook the impropriety of his costume.

"Oh, his life is safe," he told them. "But he's in pain. They've turned me out. I have to find my way to the Babcocks', I believe."

"Come on, then, Mr. Danforth," said one of the girls. It was Mella Harrison, with whom Garoo had danced the Virginia reel less than ninety minutes before. "You can escort me home, and I'll show you the way. My slippers are soaked through."

And so the weird procession started, Garoo the most remarkable figure in it. They were all, both the girls and the men who fell in with them, in a nervous condition bordering on the hysterical. A fresh breeze springing up from the river blew clouds of smoke over the post-office, only a few yards east of the ruins. Somebody remarked that if that breeze had come earlier Uncle Sam's building might have made a Fourth-of-July bonfire, and they all laughed at this as if it had been extremely funny. Then Danforth, looking up at a corner of the mansard, fancied for a moment that he saw fire up there.

"By Jove, though, perhaps it isn't too late yet. Look. What's that?"

"'Oh, say, do you see by the dawn's early light?'" one of the men quoted. And they all laughed again.

"No, Mr. Danforth," said Mella Harrison. "That's only Uncle Sam's nigger janitor trying to hoist his flag on his birthday.—There. Up she goes!"

It was not until two weeks later that Garoo was allowed to talk over these experiences with Charlton. The intelligent foreigner then summed up his impressions: "Your country may be a trifle out of drawing here and there, Kentuck. But for general effect—*well!*"

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IN a St. Louis hotel the other day—late in September, to be more accurate—an American lady from the East fell into discourse with a newspaper reporter, and was promptly credited in print with views which, whether they were properly hers or not, were widely read and discussed. "I do not believe in equality," she was quoted as saying. "There will always be classes in this country. We are coming more and more to have an aristocracy and a common people. I do not believe in being too democratic." It may be that these were not important remarks, but at least they were sincere. They are not the sentiments of a statesman, still less of a politician, but they are obviously candid, and expressed the real feelings of a speaker who had at least had opportunities to observe.

"Classes" in America

Is it true that there are, and always will be, classes in this country, and that we are coming more and more to be divided into an aristocracy and a common people? We have, and have always had, all sorts and conditions of men—rich men and poor men, professional men, farmers, artisans, laborers, men whose hands were soft, men whose hands were hard, wise men and foolish, polite men and rude, dwellers in palaces and dwellers in cottages, and in tenement houses. There is no lack of variety about us. Some of us are born to ease if we are content to accept it; others to struggle, whether we like it or not. Even the equality of opportunity which our laws aim to secure to all American citizens, and which our fathers strove to bequeath to us, is so greatly modified by circumstances that it seems less real, even, than it is. One child gets better milk, better air, better food, better care, better training, better teaching than another. One man has the means to qualify himself for more desirable work than another. That does not look like equality of opportunity, but it is not so inconsistent with it as it seems. Our laws provide for the transmission of property from father to son, but not for the transmission of power or privilege, except such as are incidental to the possession of property. Our laws do not classify us. They recognize no rank. We Americans have no constituted betters to whom we are taught to look up because they are higher born than we. We have individual betters whom we look up to because they inspire us with respect, and we have officials whose authority we respect, but it is not in our training as Americans to feel, much less to admit, that we have superiors by birth. Great inequalities of condition, great disparities of quality we recognize, but from anything like a sharp division between an aristocracy and a common people we seem further off a good deal than we were when Washington was President.

For we have the common people in great store and more coming; but where is our aristocracy, and who are of it, and why? It takes two sorts to make an aristocracy: one sort to sit in high places and another to look up. We have not enough of either sort to be worth classifying. We have a great many rich people, most of whom are busy trying to get richer. Among them are a few families in whose possession within the last forty years wealth has accumulated in such enormous quantity that their position, fiscally considered, seems assured and stable. There is no prospect of shirtsleeves ahead for these families in three generations or ten. Some of them, who have a liking for fashionable life, have intermarried with families that undoubtedly belong to the aristocracies of European countries. But these rich people do not constitute an American aristocracy. They are a feature, a new incident of our civilization, rather than a class. They are a fairly definite group, but not an especially important one. Their countrymen regard them with an interest that is lively but humorous. They are leaders in fashion and, some of them, in sports—but not in much else. And the men of even these families are very slightly concerned with being aristocrats. They are busy making money and having

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fun. Those that are competent are usually deep in business employments, and the rest are building houses or sailing boats or racing horses.

AN aristocracy, to be worth counting, must have something substantial to rest upon. It must have power, position, and money. We have plenty of rich people, plenty of well-born people, plenty of men of power, but they do not constitute an aristocracy. Is Mr. Morgan an aristocrat? He is well born, rich, and powerful, but he is too much of a working-man to be a standard aristocrat. Mr. Rockefeller is no aristocrat. Mr. Carnegie may belong to the aristocracy in Scotland, but at home he is one of the common people. Mr. Roosevelt has power and all kinds of position, but he is notoriously a democrat in sentiment. There was an aristocracy in the South, but it lost its money and most of its power a generation ago. The lists of members of the various societies of descendants of Colonial and Revolutionary fighting men that have sprung up within the last twenty-five years might constitute a basis for an aristocracy founded on birth. But they don't. The development of patriotism seems to be more their aim than the development of exclusiveness.

A Republican Aristocracy

Aristocracies can hardly thrive without primogeniture, and that we have not got and do not want. All things—and especially the great increase of our wealth—considered, we seem to stick remarkably close to democratic ways and feelings. But though we have no aristocracy in the more familiar sense, we have old family stocks that hold their own well in the competition with new-comers, and it is encouraging to find signs of an increasing disposition in well-to-do Americans who are the descendants of American forbears, to force their way into the public service. If we can develop a true aristocracy—a government by the best men—based on democratic institutions, happy will that day be for us. An aristocracy that is merely rich and exclusive is of no use. An aristocracy that governs by the consent of the voters, newly granted on each election day, is the ideal government. Politics is a hard trade for an honest man, if he must live by it. A man who truly cares to serve the people has a very great advantage in not being obliged to concern himself about his own living. In the rescue of American cities from misgovernment in the last decade we have seen some honest rich men labor with great usefulness and success as working politicians. Their example, as well as their work, is profoundly valuable. It has been a reproach to the republic that its great cities were governed by their slums in the interest of thieves, blackmailers, and bribers. We have needed more real aristocracy in our cities—more government by the best men. Really, we seem to be getting it. Rich men who furnished corruption funds in return for franchises and privileges we have known. Rich men who wanted nothing except good government, and who were clever enough politicians to get that, have been sorely missed, especially in municipal affairs. But they do exist, and we have begun to count on them. They are our true aristocrats: the sort we want. No aristocracy can help us much unless it will work. It must insist on having its share of political power, which it can never get except by demonstrating its capacity for leadership.

These are days of much uneasiness in the public mind. We Americans have been drunk with prosperity, and have behaved in a manner characteristic in many particulars to a state of intoxication. We have had much to divide, and have squabbled untowardly over the division. Groups of us have banded together to wrest spoils from other groups. Violence and greed have been rife. Order and law have been violated. It is high time for us to be sober again. It is a time for everyone who has a stake in the republic to guard it; for everyone, rich or poor, in whose mind the traditions of free and honest government are firmly fixed, to constitute himself an active member of that great republican aristocracy on whose virtue and constancy and vigor the future of the republic depends.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ALFRED QUINTON COLLINS: MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE AND WORK

OUR first and last feeling in remembering Alfred Collins and his work should be that of recognition of his perfect and entire devotion to his art, his persistent search after perfection.

It was the sincerity of his seeking that most of all compelled regard, and this devotion and sincerity were the warp and woof of a most interesting personality and the instruments of unceasing efforts.

He shut himself up with his work and asked it every question, experimenting unendingly, changing his whole treatment again and again, making of his subject in hand, upon fresh canvases, study after study which might illustrate this or that potentiality in the direction of what he hoped to find. Eventually, if the result did not please him—and he was not easily pleased—he rejected all unhesitatingly. In this respect he seemed to be especially self-sacrificing, especially ready to throw aside without counting the cost, and to consider no time lost which had been given to searching, if the thing sought might be brought but ever so little nearer. Theoretically the public demands just such disinterestedness; but it does not always meet it, nor always recognize it when met. Not, indeed, that considerable, even very considerable, disinterestedness is a rare quality with artists, for no true artist was ever entirely commercial; they have, on the contrary, again and again wreaked themselves upon their work when they found the opportunity a worthy one; and to *most* painters *most* opportunities are worthy, and are entertained if not strenuously at least not insincerely. But Collins belonged with the group of men who NEVER slighted a piece of work because it was to pass into the Camp of the Philistines; it appears to have never even occurred to him to do so, and his indifference to any and all opinion which did not seem to him valuable brought with it to his work the usual, indeed the inevitable, loss in volume and gain in quality. He cared so much for extracting the ultimate, both for its own sake and for the sake of the experience acquired in the process of extraction, that he often pushed the execution of a particular phase of his portrait far beyond any possibility of its endurance as a visible factor in his final result. Take as an instance of this, his portrait of the Reverend Doctor Rainsford: in it Collins carried his drawing upon the canvas of head, hands, and drapery so far that both ensemble and detail were fascinating at once as a picture in black and white, and as a piece of work not only technically apart from the technique of painting, but impossible of realization in painting by the modern methods of handling pigment, or at any rate by the methods which Collins approved.

The desire to enter upon the next phase of work without loss of time was too strong to be resisted, and the placing of the first broad planes of color soon made an end of the beautifully delicate yet effective drawing. If he was wholly indifferent to opinion which did not seem to him helpful, he was most catholic in his attitude toward example which appeared to him in any way illuminating. On one occasion, and having very little time to spare from his work, yet wishing for that freshening of impression and immediate stimulus which should come from a renewal of souvenirs and an abrupt confrontation of the art of the past with his own seeking and results in the present, he took the double voyage to and from Europe, made a flying trip through a number of the great continental galleries, travelling by night, gathering and noting his impressions by day, not permitting himself to be turned aside to any other object than that he had planned to attain, and returning to his New York studio almost before his portrait in hand had dried upon the canvas. But with all his respect for the great art of the past he did not allow it to disturb his personal way of looking at nature nor sink his individuality in imitation.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

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THERE is danger, in speaking of the art of the late Alfred Q. Collins, of becoming too technical for the lay mind; for it was eminently the execution, the workmanship, the method that absorbed him. And it is doubtless because of this side that he was so highly regarded by painters generally. These notes or appreciations by his fellow-craftsmen are written to bring before the public who knew him least, some sort of just estimate of his standing as a painter; for in connection with the tribute these comments express, the writers would make them the means of establishing between the painter and his public a closer and more scrutinizing relation. There are artists now working with sincerity who seem to be producing with but slight recognition outside the esoteric circle of practised painters. These conditions did not exist in the best days of painting, when, during the Renaissance, "every Italian was a judge of art." Is it not well, then, to take advantage of every opportunity to foster similar conditions here—this life-giving relationship—although these seasons be at times those of sorrow over the worker who has fallen? With this fact in mind let us not overlook the purely technical value of this painter's accomplishment.

Collins was thoroughly modern—as modern as Monet, and at times as audacious. Whatever light revealed, he believed could or should be effectively rendered by painting. But painting in his sense did not mean staining or slurring or glazing—it meant simply painting. In portraying a head every passage from forehead to chin was, for him, susceptible of treatment by solid pigment; as much so when passages receded into the mystery of shadow as when they issued into broad and salient planes of light. One might perhaps say that this was a defect of his qualities—he seemed to leave so little to the imagination. One recalls no slurring, or if not slurring, confusion of touch, so to say, in Collins's work—that touch which the painter of perhaps more charm resorts to for the mystery and vagueness it suggests. This was not real, not frank and sound enough for the purely painter instinct of Alfred Collins. Call this a defect, if you will—it is really temperamental; and the price in loss of a certain charm was largely balanced, in this instance, by the big, wholesome method it insisted on. That method declared by every touch that it was "the painter's business to paint." But in addition to this integrity of pigment which was usually pure and fresh, kept so by an apparent force of will, Collins respected the character, and presented with largeness of vision the planes and essential construction of the subject before him. It must be admitted that a conscious effort was discernible in all his work—its freshness of color even did not impress one as the result of fluency of touch. The çareful juxtaposition of particles of pure pigment gave it its vibration; it was really truthfulness of color, the play of surface light on flesh in faithful relation to the background relieving the human form. And to-day, in spite of the numerous experiments to secure light and surface, it is valuable to find one who was so convincingly successful in what he undertook to represent. This is much. Had more time been given him, we feel that he would have contributed still more to a broad realization of the things of sight. Perhaps, indeed, Collins did not appeal to the emotions, but to the vision. May it not be contended, however, that an appeal to the sight, when made with potency and splendor, is one way of stirring the imagination? In any event this was Collins's way—this was his language.

FRANK FOWLER.

QUITE apart from his great achievement in art, Alfred Q. Collins's ideas on the study and practice of painting are of the utmost importance to the world. For the first time after a century of darkness in art teaching, he has brought a message of hope to every artist and art worker in the land. He believed, sincerely and thoroughly, that the expression of an idea in art is a science which can be taught by one person to another as definitely as any purely scientific study; and his own life and painting are such a shining example of the truth of this belief, that no man who is earnestly striving for a frank means of expression in art need ever again be discouraged, or in doubt as to the possibility of his success.

Early in his career, Collins set himself the task of finding out the laws that govern the practice of painting (including the laws of optics), of formulating them, and then putting them in logical sequence so as to develop a set process. Painting has almost come to be regarded as an inherent quality, born in the individual as much as the circulation of the blood, in total disregard of the fact that

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the art of painting, as practised in its best periods, was evolved through long generations of human endeavor, and that this technique is quite apart from the emotion which painting intends to convey.

He began this study with the determination to paint nothing which he could not see, to accept nothing the truth of which he could not demonstrate, never to put down a color or a value unless he was convinced that it was before him; and strangely enough, this very realism led him straight to the most cut-and-dried formulas of the academies, which had been swept away as worthless when the impressionists first let in the sunlight upon the darkness into which the schools had lapsed. He thus rediscovered and proved, by his own independent work, the value of these academic traditions.

So much mystery, one might almost say superstition, has grown up about the memory of great painters, that for the young artist it is almost as impossible to get any helpful clew from the instruction given at the schools, to the way they did their painting, as if their pictures had dropped ready-made from the sky; and here is a man who says: What troubles you most is not a lack in your own being, as the world would have you believe, but in your education, which you can repair by using your intellect. Set your slves to learn all the science that you can discover in the paintings of the great masters, if it takes you twenty years, and then you can express your own emotions in a form so simple they can be plainly understood, and that will last as long as pigment will cling to canvas.

And he speaks with the authority of one who practised what he preached, and whose accomplishment has placed him among the greatest of painters.

KENNETH FRAZIER.

THE Society of American Artists, to whose organization, already counting a quarter century of existence, still clings the familiar appellation of "the young men," in contradistinction to our more venerable Academy, has been peculiarly tried by the loss of many of its members in the prime of their life. Upon this sad roll must now be placed the name of Alfred Quinton Collins, by whose death last summer in his fortieth year our art loses one who, upon the foundation of rigorous training, kept faithful to an ideal of technical expression no less rigorous; who had the courage to produce little as the result of untiring assiduity, ever insistent that this self-limited production should represent his work at its best; negligent only of the cheap applause of the uninformed, and holding as his chief reward the approbation of the few who follow with jealous eyes the slow yet vigorous growth of our art.

These are not qualities which make for wide publicity, but among his fellow-craftsmen Collins received a recognition as far removed from the easy bestowal of factitious honors in cliques where mutual admiration runs rife, as it was from that often accorded to laudable effort where the result falls short of the aim.

In the virility of mind which informed his work one felt that men were the chosen subjects of this painter, though I remember one most successful portrait of an elderly lady painted with the sensitive appreciation of a refined and kindly nature; but among the exhibited portraits none of younger women come back to me, and the incisive character of his drawing, the frankness of his painting lent themselves more readily to the portrayal of the masculine type. With this there was naught of brutality of execution or of insight; few men manage to retain a more respectful attitude before their sitters than did Collins, and, while he sought character and scorned to wilfully extenuate, a gentleman at his hands remained a gentleman. A pupil of Bonnat, and of aim equally realistic, Collins was endowed with a more delicate and less objective perception, and in that respect his work was more akin to that of Elie Delaunay, whose realism, more subjective, evoked the sense of full solidity of the head and the differing modulations of the features and yet refrained from the more insistent form of realization by which the painted subject appears to project beyond the plane of the picture.

Once a year the Society of American Artists assembles thirty men chosen for its Jury of Selection to pass upon the pictures offered for its annual exhibition. Upon such an occasion a few years ago, Collins being of the number, his contribution was a portrait of another painter—Joe Evans—also a member of the Society, much esteemed for his personal characteristics, and again, like Collins, doomed to an early death. It happened that when this portrait was placed be-

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fore the jury, Evans, seated near by, unconsciously fell into the exact position in which he was depicted on the canvas.

There are few portraits that I know more admirably true than this, and the confirmation of its truth by the chance juxtaposition with its subject produced its effect upon the jury. Our eyes went from the canvas to where our friend, its counterpart, sat, and back again with ever-increasing approval, and finally, with the facetiously obvious question, "On which are we voting?" the portrait was received unanimously.

Recognition such as this sustained Collins during his brief career the whiles he untiringly worked to perfect his art, the sole title which his proud spirit could have accepted as a reason for larger popular recognition which he would have welcomed as an incentive and a means of further effort. A modest painter intent upon his chosen work, his own most severe critic, destroying far more than he retained that his work finally shown should be definite and accomplished—such men as he are the leaven of our artistic fermentation; such as he serve to help their fellows, in the dearth of tradition and established standard prevalent (to pursue the simile) in our half-baked civilization, to a realization that sound drawing and construction, honest and direct painting, are the sustaining ingredients of the perfect bread of art.

If he had achieved no more than this in his brief passage on earth, his life had been useful; but the few works which he has left have the other qualities essential to their completion, and to them we can consign the task of preserving the name of Alfred Quinton Collins for the day of fuller recognition and public honor; simply enregistering here that during his life he received the recompense he valued most; that this painter for painters had the respect and admiration of his fellows.

WILL H. LOW.

ALFRED Q. COLLINS was a painter in the truest sense of the word; an enthusiastic believer in truth, he ever made devoted endeavor to achieve that just relation of the parts to the whole, by which truth and beauty are secured.

His life work was portrait painting and into it he threw the full strength of his rare nature. He always began a canvas with the deepest solicitude for those two qualities he considered vital in his form of art—the human interest in the portrait and the purely technical expression of the painting. He had a keen appreciation of character and a firm grasp of it. Many of his portraits had even at the first lay-in astonishing truth and realism; but these elements were made to be a kind of foundation upon which with slow, sincere labor and patient research he brought to bear what Whistler called the "Painter's poetry—that amazing invention which shall put form and color into such perfect harmony that exquisiteness is the result."

Always a student even to the time of his death, no one knew better than he the difficulties of "beginning all over again." He would destroy seemingly finished work because some subtle problem of light and form which baffled him would seem to be for the time being the critical note of the whole scheme. Only his most intimate and enthusiastic friends could reconcile themselves to the often apparently useless blotting out of some fine achievement.

If he had a limitation it was that of excessive conscientiousness; yet that word could not be made to imply with him a real defect: it was, rather, significant of a high ambition that was balked and restricted by some small detail when that detail went wrong. Such a fault (as he would consider it) became a nightmare and ended repeatedly in the destruction of some splendid beginning.

Sometimes when he failed to reveal his highest level he disclosed his greatest faults—a tendency to an almost brutal realism; but when he succeeded it was with an extraordinary subtlety and delicacy, coming like a soothing touch, bringing gentleness and sweetness with his work.

It was often said of him, as it always will be said of one whose ruling passion is his work, that he did not know when to "let well enough alone"; and perhaps, from the world's point of view, his success might have been greater, his honors more numerous, his reputation wider, if he had been less exacting of himself—but he chose the better part!

ROBERT REID.

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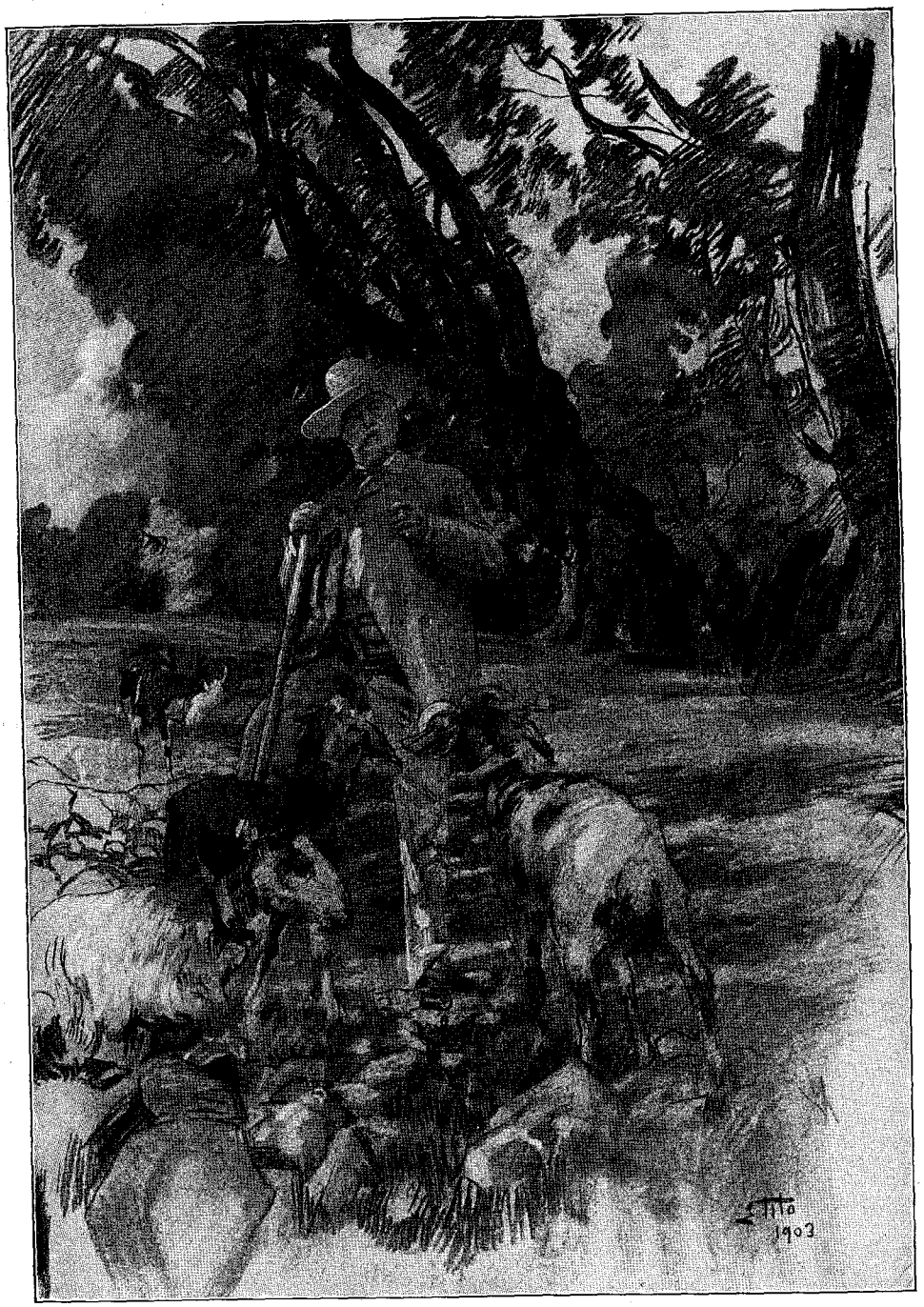

Drawn by E. Tito.

SALVINI AMONG THE OLIVES ON HIS ESTATE NEAR SIENNA.

—"Salvini," page 234.

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